

METHODIST REVIEW

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ART. I.—THE AUTHORITY OF CHRIST

THE most urgent question of religion to-day is the question of religious certainty. Increasing numbers of the Roman Catholic Church are unable to accept the voice of the church as supreme. The Protestant claim for the Bible as the final authority in religion and the Rationalist's claim for the Reason as the ultimate court of appeal to many are alike untenable in theory and unsatisfactory in experience. But if the gospel is to command a hearing it must come to men with the note of authority. The absence of the great "verities" of Jesus is the weakness of much of the Christian teaching of to-day. With popular confidence shaken in the supreme authority of the church, or of the Book, or of pure reason, the religious mind is asking, never so anxiously as to-day, "To whom shall we go for the words of eternal life?" The truth of Christianity must have a living test. The effort in recent years to reconstruct theology around Christ as the center is the recognition of the mastery of Jesus in the field of morals and religion. The popular and much misunderstood cry "Back to Christ" for theology and for conduct is profoundly significant as a recognition of the centrality and mastership of Jesus. Further, it is interesting to note that all schools of thought, radical and conservative, socialistic and evangelical, ritualist and non-conformist, represented by men differing as widely as Tolstoi and Peabody, Harnack and Stevens, Fairbairn and Bousset, all alike turn to Jesus, saying, "One is our Master, even Christ." And what is

this but a recognition of the New Testament impression of Jesus? The note of authority in Jesus's teaching made a mighty impression upon the disciples' minds. "Verily, verily, I say unto you" has been recorded by the evangelists more than seventy times, and the first distinguishing feature which the people noticed in Jesus's teaching was the authority with which he spoke. But the very fact that men representing the most extreme views of the personality of Christ recognize his spiritual Mastership indicates the need of some clear idea as to the sphere of religious authority, and how it is to be understood.

Fundamental to any intelligent discussion of this subject is our conception of the person of Jesus. If the claim is to be made that Jesus is the Supreme Teacher of truth, that he has given to the world the final moral ethic, it is tenable only on the ground of the genuine historic incarnation of the Son of God. If Jesus has spoken the final word for belief and duty and destiny, it is because of his unique character as the Redeemer. We may rightly claim that Christ's teaching surpasses by infinite distances all other teaching of spiritual things, we may justly hold with John Stuart Mill that there is no higher law of conduct to be found than is given in the life of Jesus, but in the strict sense there can be no such thing as an external authoritative truth-test in the realm of theology. There can be no such thing as authoritative, inflexible rules which are adequate for the guidance of life. The seat of Christ's authority is to be found not in his teaching nor in his ethic alone, but in his redemption. Jesus's unique authority rests, not on the ground of his encyclopedic range of knowledge, bordering even on omniscience, nor on the ground of his superiority as an intellectual genius in comparison with the philosophers and poets of the race, but on the fact that he is so bound up with the highest and best in us that he claims our allegiance. The authority of Christ is the authority of the divine man who becomes to men the Way, the Truth, and the Life. It is not the standard of a truth or a system of truths. It is not a law embodied or expressed in some historic institution as its custodian. It is the voice of the living, holy God, manifesting himself at one supreme point on Calvary, but throbbing

at every other point in human history with the compassion of an eternal cross. To what, then, does religion make its appeal as it turns to the Christ of the New Testament for the words of eternal life? Not alone to the supreme intellectual genius of the ages, not alone to a masterful teacher of ethics, but to the God-man; to One whose human life received and manifested the divine as fully as human life can receive and manifest the divine life; not a double-headed person in a dual personality, acting now as man and again as God, but one conscious personality, human in all his divineness and divine in all his humanness. This view of Jesus, as the incarnation of God restrained within the limits of the human, is fundamental to a rational conception of his authority. And this at once guides us in determining the sphere of Christ's authority. The revelation of Jesus has to do then, primarily, with the character of God and the needs and possibilities of the human soul.

The supremacy of Jesus thus interpreted has important bearing upon some vital problems. First let us consider the problem of Religious Belief. What was the character of Christ's teaching concerning God? We turn to him in vain for proofs of the divine existence. In his teachings there is an utter absence of arguments such as Kant or Hegel used. He never deals with the metaphysical side of divine things. While his whole mission was to reveal and attest the reality of God, he always approaches it ethically and vitally, and never speculatively. He reveals God by moral illumination, not by intellectual demonstration. His utterances concerning the Father have the accent of absolute assurance, but it is not merely an intellectual certainty. His conviction of God's being and character rises out of his profound communion and spiritual oneness with God. The inspiration of the great "verities" of Jesus is not an intellectual act so much as personal experience. "Whatsoever the Father hath said unto me I speak," is the testimony of One whose knowledge of God comes not from reasoning, but from fellowship; is not a deduction, but a vision. Do we wonder at the moral penetration and the spiritual wisdom of Jesus? Great tracts of divine knowledge which are veiled to us seem to lie open to his eyes. He did

not reason about truth, he saw it. "I do always the things which are pleasing to the Father." His unbroken devotion to the doing of righteousness gave to him a clearness of spiritual vision and a mastery of spiritual forces which seem utterly beyond us. Christ sets forth God as a power illuminating, restraining, and transforming man, not as an idea. Instead of an intellectual conception of God we are given a conscious fellowship; we become sure of him, not chiefly because the mind is convinced, but because of the place which he has in our life—ruling, rebuking, uplifting, sanctifying. Christ reveals God to men neither by definitions nor by logical arguments, but by quickening men's spiritual perceptions, by disclosing the spiritual realities of their own lives; the deeps in man answering to the infinite deeps in God until in adoring wonder and filial trust we cry, "My Lord and my God."

The impression we get of Christ in the Gospels is not as a lecturer giving formal instruction for notebook preservation. Here is the Great Teacher, with a perfect vision of God, trying, by epigram and parable, by miracle and conversation, by every means in his power, to make men see God. His teaching lacks bulk, but Jesus so packed his words with a few vast ideas that they became first luminous, then germinant. They are authoritative because they are vital; and the mark of the authority of the gospel in the field of truth is that its utterances still throb with a dynamic force not unlike the power of Christ in Galilee and Jerusalem. Here, then, is an authority in the field of religious truth which is not chiefly intellectual, but vital and experimental. His matchless sayings caused men to wonder, but it was the whiteness of his imperial spirit, the perfect poise of his character, and the vitalizing and transforming power of his life, which satisfied their longings. His imperatives were reinforced by his own perfect doing of the will of God. "Men saw in him a flawless purity, a steadfast purpose of good which never wavered, gentleness, and a charity which knew no limit." His disciples saw that to him God was the one vital reality, that he lived in the abiding consciousness of the Father, that he wrought no work without seeking his guidance, that he taught no truth without claiming him as its source, that he met no temptation without seeking strength

from him, that he looked upon every disaster as having a place in God's wise ordering, that he found in prayer relief and exaltation, and that his matchless life drew from a divine communion its beauty and glory. The supremacy of Christ's teaching, therefore, is to be tested by moral experience. Jesus's appeal to every man is primarily to the moral sense through personal obedience, not to the intellectual judgment. "If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know of the teaching whether it be of God." He rests his Gospel upon the satisfaction which it gives to the mind of man who obeys its truth. He never seems anxious to fortify his teaching by intellectual bulwarks or miraculous wonders. "If any man come unto me, the water that I shall give shall be in him a well of water springing up into eternal life." If the gospel stands, it will be because it satisfies, and satisfies forever, the men who will to do the will of God. If the gospel ceases to satisfy the lives of men by its discovery to them of spiritual peace and power, no defense of argument or régime of miracles could preserve it in the confidence of mankind for a single generation. But while man's own nature remains what it is, with its deeply imbedded moral instinct, with its longing to see the Father which is awakened by Jesus's presence, Christ, and Christ alone, is eternally the Way to the Father.

Another vital question upon which the authority of Christ sheds important light is the problem of Personal Conduct. More and more men are seeking practical guidance in duty by asking, "What would Jesus do?" The authority of Jesus's teaching is being invoked in support of Tolstoi's theory of nonresistance and the latest socialistic and communistic scheme as well as the most ascetic ideals of personal living. Are Jesus's commands general in their form and universal in their application? Are they to be interpreted literally, as absolute commands for the regulation of the details of personal conduct, or is the application of his teachings affected by changing conditions of life? Take, for example, his instruction concerning almsgiving: "Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." Now this teaching was given before there was any organized system of philanthropy or charity. Urgent

cases of human need must be relieved, and in order to provide, in any degree, this relief, Jesus sought to inculcate the spirit of charity and of brotherly sympathy. But under the different social conditions of the present day, with our great number of philanthropies thoroughly organized, with an entirely different economic system from that which existed in Jesus's day, the carrying out of the spirit of Jesus's commands requires a very different course of action from that required in his time. In other words, the pithy, epigrammatic sayings of Jesus cannot be converted into articulated and complete systems or final laws for human society. His teachings are like a great searchlight, revealing here and there distinct glimpses of the landscape, but unrelated and disconnected. They must be interpreted always from the standpoint of the great, loving heart, and not used as the measurement of a social system or of a hard-and-fast scheme of life. His strong and sparkling utterances were designed to be a vitalizing power in moral experience, not a contribution either to a sociological scheme or a theological system of doctrine. "He was not drawing up a code of moral instructions, but arousing men to a diviner life." The commandments of Jesus, taken as positive rules or legal injunctions to do this or to do that, are in no sense an adequate solution of the problem of conduct. Life is too vast, duties are too complex, for rules in hard-and-fast forms. The vital point is this: What did contact with Christ make men think they must do? What impulses did he arouse? In what direction did he set them? With what spirit did he fire them? The mark of his supreme authority in the field of conduct is that he made men feel that they should and can be like him. It is, then, absurd to raise the question, "What would Jesus do?" as an infallible guide for the purpose of securing authoritative guidance in the particular forms of our duty. To be sure, the very asking of that question brings one into the presence of the Lord, confronts him with the supreme revelation of God in man, and "recalls to him the forgotten ideal of his life." To imagine Jesus in the midst of the experiences of our human life at once presents to us an image of all that is divinest in humanity whether in work or in suffering. "It hushes the turmoil of contending passions. It

brings into the ear the accents of a higher world and points out the way to the highest." But the question, "What would Jesus do?" has no significance for us as a practical guide except as it means, What is Christ's will for me? And what his will for me may be depends upon my personal conditions. We are not, then, to hope to solve the perplexing problem of personal conduct by projecting imaginatively Christ into our experience with his different surroundings and his unique religious mission in the world; but rather by asking what loyalty to Christ requires of us—being what we are, with our specific work and condition. The possibility of Christian discipleship is not slavishly to imitate Jesus, but to be loyal to him in spirit in the untrodden paths of life. "The one necessity is that we should be conscious of fidelity at every step to the authority of the Christ-life, which reveals itself to us ever more fully as we follow on to obey it." And this mighty impulse to obey Christ, impossible though it seems at times, goes hand in hand with increasing accomplishment of the impossible, until in adoring wonder we cry with Paul: "Now unto him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we ask, or even think, unto him be glory."

Another important inquiry is concerning the application of the authority of Jesus to the larger Social Problems. As civilization becomes more complex in its forms, the questions of social duty grow more perplexing. What does the Kingship of Christ in society demand? Of course, it demands of the ruler or officeholder that he shall be controlled always in his official duties by the spirit of loyalty to the will of Christ. To submit to the authority of Christ in the state means simply to bring political action to the test of the ethical standard which grows up out of the Christian faith. We cannot claim the authority of Christ for any particular form of government or for any political policy. We may insist, under all forms of government and in all policies, upon the fundamental demands of Christ for justice, purity, and kindness. We can neither rule out nor establish the right of the labor union by an appeal to the authority of Christ. The question is in no wise illuminated by speculating as to whether Jesus would be a labor unionist. The only pertinent question is: Does this

organization promote the welfare of men and foster the spirit of Christ in men's relations under the existing industrial conditions? The appeal, then, to the supreme authority of Jesus in society, if rational, is nothing more or less than a serious effort to bring every political action and every social organization to the ethical test of Christian faith, and to embody, wherever possible, the highest conception of justice and mercy. We cannot make a nation Christian by putting the Golden Rule into the constitution, nor by stamping the nation's coin with "In God We Trust." If we should christen a political party "The Christian Prohibition Party" and put the sermon on the mount into its platform, we should make no worthy recognition of the supreme headship of Jesus Christ. The authority of Christ must be invoked in the sphere of motive and ideal, and not in the sphere of policy and method. These must be adapted to meet intelligently the ever-changing conditions of human society. Now, exactly the same principle applies to all matters of ecclesiastical government and polity. How utterly barren the endless discussion concerning divine authority for various orders of the ministry and for various modes of church administration when we discover that Christ is not a divider of ecclesiastical honors, but that he came that we might have life more abundantly. Any form of church government—congregational, presbyterial or episcopal—that intelligently serves the ends of the spiritual kingdom in any age has upon it the seal of the supreme Christ. But unless we have some infallible external authority, giving an unchanging standard of belief and duty, what is to safeguard the Christian faith? It must be remembered that the voice of the church and even the "thou shalt" of Holy Scripture gives no sure guarantee of the future of the Christian faith except as these holy voices are vindicated in the living experience of men. This is the living test of Christianity: that it approves itself from generation to generation to the highest and best in men. Humanity continues to bow before Jesus Christ as King of kings and Lord of lords, because the eternal truth which he revealed in an historic life is perpetually undergoing reinterpretation, and with every fresh interpretation proving itself to be spirit and life.

In a word, then, the authority of Christ is not mechanical or external, it is vital. Life is the final source of all authority—Christian life, the life begotten and inspired by and completed in Christ. Beliefs and doctrines, rules and laws, in so far as they help to produce Christian experience, may be said to bear the authority of Christ. The one unescapable and irrefutable fact is the living Christ, the ultimate authority both for truth and conduct. And the test of the authority is the life which he produces. He comes, and men have life, and have it more abundantly.

George R. Howe

ART. II.—THE POSITION OF WOMAN AS SEEN ACROSS THE AGES

IN these days, when there is so much being said about the rights of women in the political world, it may not be without interest, and perhaps profit, to cast a glance at the position they have held in the various periods of the history of western Europe. It will surprise many, no doubt, to see how marvelous a change has come over the attitude men have assumed toward the other sex since the days of ancient Greece and Rome. As we read the works of Homer and the great dramatists, many attractive pictures of womanly beauty and virtue pass before our eyes. There is Andromache, the happy mother and solicitous wife, plunged in irremediable sorrow by the fortunes of war; Penelope, patient, firm, hoping throughout the years for the return of her beloved husband; Arete, whom all the people look upon as a goddess and greet with reverent speech when she goes about the town; Alcestis, willing to sacrifice her life for her husband; Antigone, who devotes her days to taking care of her blind father, and who dies to save her brother's corpse from dishonor and pollution; Nausicaa, the daughter of Alcinous, who leads Ulysses to her father's house, playful, yet thoughtful, girl and woman at the same time. And yet, in spite of these attractive pictures, the position of woman among the Greeks was infinitely lower than that of modern times. She was not looked upon as his companion, but as his housekeeper and the mother of his children. Even Plato, who in his Republic wanted men and women educated on equal terms, was as far away as could be from conceiving the poetic, romantic element of the relations of the sexes that is so marked a feature of our own civilization. No Greek of the age of Pericles would have thought of having his wife sit down with his friends at table; and Pericles himself, in his famous funeral oration, declares that the Athenian women had but one glory to hope for, that no one should ever speak of them for good or ill.

In Rome the position of woman was somewhat improved. She was surrounded with honors, venerated by her slaves, clients,

and children. She was mistress in her own house, the companion, almost the equal, of her husband. "When I married you," says Portia to Brutus, "it was not only to be your mistress, to share your bed and table, but to take my share of weal and woe which might come to you." Yet here, too, the cases cited are exceptional; for the influence of woman did not extend beyond the narrow circle of her family. There was no such thing as the social life of modern times, where men and women meet on terms of equality. Especially do we find lacking in Rome, as well as in Greece, the reverential, poetic feeling for the "Eternal Feminine" which fills the spirit of all the higher poetry of modern Europe. Nay, the regular attitude of the ancients toward woman in the abstract was one of contempt, oftentimes almost of fear, and she was frequently regarded as a curse, a baleful thing, "dangerous, delusive, fraught with pains innumerable." "To spare a long harangue," cries Polymnestor, blinded by Hecuba and her women in Euripides' play,

The whole of what 'gainst woman hath been said
By those of ancient times, is saying now
Or shall be said hereafter, in few words
Will I comprise: Not Ocean's waves nor Earth
Nurture so vile a race; as he who most
Hath with the sex conversed but knows too well.

And these sentiments find frequent repetition in the works of the poets and philosophers of Greece and Rome—most brutal of all being Seneca, who calls her an "*animal imprudens, ferum, cupiditatum patiens*."

This attitude toward woman is summed up in various mythological and semi-historical characters: Circe, weaving her magic spell at her immortal loom and singing sweet and low; Media, the deserted wife, lashed to unnatural fury in her desire for revenge; Phædra the adultress, the source of death to Hippolytus; and above all, Helen of Troy, whose beauty

Launched a thousand ships
And burned the topless towers of Ilium,

and whose name has come floating down the centuries as a symbol of the subtle and fatal charm of female beauty.

Two great elements united to give a higher place to woman after the downfall of the Roman Empire: Christianity, and the conquest of the various Roman provinces by the German races, with the resultant formation of the modern nations. Tacitus tells us that the Germans honored their women because they saw something in them holy and divine; and this feeling, united to the influence of Christianity, resulted in the peculiar position assigned to woman in the chivalry of the later Middle Ages, when she was "regarded as an ideal being to be approached with worship bordering on adoration." This apotheosis was peculiarly the work of the Troubadour poets, such as Bernart de Ventadour and Jacopo do Lentini, who declared themselves "ready to forego Paradise unless they might see their lady's face before the throne of God."

This whole spirit is largely due to the worship of the Virgin Mary. As Michelet says, "God changed sex in the thirteenth century." She became the type of all that was holy and innocent; she represented the divine in woman, as Christ represented the divine in man. Even the cynical poet Rutebeuf, who is elsewhere so bitter against women in general, in one poem declares that men ought to love all women for the sake of the blessed Virgin; while to Saint Bernard, who did more than anyone else to place her on the throne of divinity, she is

Cunctarum
Feminarum
Decus atque gloria.

This almost sacred character attributed to woman was carried to its highest point by Dante. The early Italian poets had added an element of spirituality to the love of the Troubadours; and this new form of spiritualized love especially found expression in the "New Life" and "Divine Comedy." The soul and the whole motive of Dante's poem, as well as the inspiration of his life, was Beatrice. His apotheosis of the fair young Florentine maiden has been called by Shelley the most glorious imagination in all literature.

When Beatrice died, she became to the poet a tender reminiscent affection and a lofty symbol, "who dwells in heaven with

the angels and on earth with my soul." He caught a vision of her glory, and, inflamed with holy zeal, he determined to build about her beloved personality the mighty structure of the "Divine Comedy." She appears to Virgil for a moment in Limbo to arrange for the escape of Dante. She comes to him and reveals her glory in the Earthly Paradise; and it is by looking into her eyes that he receives the power to rise from star to star on the steps of the celestial stairway that leads him even to the throne of God. The spirits he meets in his upward flight are disembodied and appear to him as lights and flashes. But Beatrice retains her earthly form, only now infinitely more beautiful; and she smiles upon him with loving eyes, combining in one earthly and celestial beauty. It is only in the Empyrean, in the presence of God himself, that the twin stars of Dante's earthly and mystical love are blended with the light that fills the world.

Yet the old idea of the curse attached to woman, as seen in the literature of Greece and Rome, persisted even in the Middle Ages, and, strangely enough, received an added impetus from Christianity itself. Eve became the type of the sinful woman, inducing others to sin, and every woman, as the mother of all ills, should be ashamed at the very thought that she is a woman, and should live in continual penance on account of the curses she has brought upon the world. The church fathers were not much behind the ancients in ascribing such baleful influence to woman. Saint Anthony's fear of the female sex is well known, and even Saint Augustine was not free from it; while Tertullian says in cruel words, "The sentence of God on this sex of yours lives in this age; the guilt must of necessity live too. You are the devil's gateway; you are the unsealer of the forbidden tree; you are the first deserter of the divine law; you are she who persuaded him whom the devil was not valiant enough to attack. You destroyed so easily God's image. On account of your desert, that is, death, even the Son of man had to die."

Even Petrarch, who in his poetry describes the beauty and virtue of Laura, who was to him

A sweet light
That points the way that leads to heaven,

declares in his prose works woman to be a true demon, and that she "blights with her presence, nay, with her very shadow"; that she is most often the devil incarnate, enemy of all peace, the inexhaustible source of discords and disputations, and that man must keep away from her if he wishes to live in peace.

With the Renaissance a striking change takes place in the condition of woman, not only in literature, but in social life. During the Middle Ages she was shut up in the family, was never allowed to go out on the streets alone or to enter the shops, or show herself at the window; she was not allowed to touch business, or see the papers or share the cares of her husband.

In the fifteenth century a wonderful change occurs, fraught with great consequences for modern society. The world now rediscovered the charm and beauty of woman; she was called out of the narrow circle of the family to the brilliantly lighted stage of social life; away from the spinning-wheel and cradle to the *salon*. All men sought to adorn her, to exalt and to worship her.

Filippo Foresti, of Ferrara, writes the biography of famous women, in which he endeavors to refute the various reproaches made against them. Woman now receives a careful education and oftentimes becomes an accomplished scholar in Greek and Latin. She reigns in society, is beautiful, and knows it; sits as a model for the pictures of Botticelli, Ghirlandaio, and Lorenzo di Credi. She adorns herself with strings of pearls, chaplets of gold, diadems and crowns; her dress is of damask, or cloth of silver and gold, heavy with jewels; she wears fine muslins, lace, and scarlet stockings; she becomes the center of society, is bright and witty; men crowd around her. Castiglione sums up her influence by saying "there is no cavalier who can have grace, agreement, or boldness without the frequentation, love, and favor of ladies."

As in so many other respects, so in this apotheosis of women, Petrarch is the great initiator, the first modern man. The poetry of the Troubadours, to which he owed so much, had been conventional, lifeless, and cold. The early Italian poets had introduced a philosophical element and, as we have seen in the case of Dante's "Beatrice," it had become a symbol of divine wisdom. We find, likewise, traces of this treatment in Petrarch. Yet Laura is, after

all, a real woman of flesh and blood, beautiful and virtuous, "not too bright or good for human nature's daily food." In his poems Petrarch describes real things: the beauty of Laura in all its details; her coldness and his suffering; and especially the conflicting feelings which tormented his soul.

In all these respects, if Petrarch is the first modern man, Laura is the first modern woman. She became the type of all lyrical celebration of female beauty, not only in Italy, but in Spain, France, and England. In the latter country Petrarch's influence is especially strong. The sonnets of Sir Thomas Wyatt and Sir Philip Sidney are full of reminiscences of Laura; Spenser speaks of "faire Dames" as

The world's dear ornaments,
And lively images of heaven's light;

and in his "Epithalamium" gives a detailed enumeration of all the qualities—physical, mental, and spiritual—of the lovely bride who stands as a symbol of all that is noble and beautiful on earth.

The high and even dominating position taken in society by the women of the courts of Italy during the Renaissance was transplanted to France through Madame de Rambouillet, who, in a certain sense, may be looked upon as the founder of all so-called "society" in modern life. The system of *salons*, founded by her, was continued through the following centuries by such famous women as Mlle. de Scudéry, Mlle. de Lespinasse, Mme. Récamier, and others. It was especially during the eighteenth century that women occupied a commanding position, not only in private but public life. Says Goncourt: "The soul of this time, the center of this world, the point from which everything radiates, the summit whence all descends, is woman. She is the principle that governs, the reason that directs, the voice that commands. She is the universal cause, the origin of events, the source of things. The peace, war, literature, arts, fashions of the eighteenth century, as well as its destinies—woman bears them all in the folds of her dress."

It would take volumes to discuss the place of woman to-day in the business, social, and political world. Everywhere she reigns supreme; no home is complete, no social life is possible without her; her indirect influence in politics, diplomacy, and professional

life cannot be overestimated. And yet the fairest crown that woman wears to-day is the respect, admiration—at times almost worship—which men have manifested for the ideal woman, with all her nameless charm.

Not, indeed, that there are no discordant voices in this lofty tribute to woman to-day. One has only to read the poetry of De Vigny and De Musset, and the novels of Zola and Daudet, to see that there still exists the old pagan and medieval attitude toward women as a source of woe to mankind. But in spite of this darker view, it is beyond all doubt that the attitude toward women to-day is infinitely higher and nobler than ever before. And no one has summed up this nobler attitude more completely than Robert Browning. What a beautiful gallery of portraits rise before us as we read his poetry: "Pippa the light, life and love of the day, the town and the people; who passes like an angel by and touches with her wing events and persons and changes them to good." Colombe, "innocent, frank, and brave, simple and constant among a group of false and worldly courtiers"; and above all, Pompilia, who "has captured the conscience and the sentiment of all who love womanhood and poetry; whose character has ennobled and healed mankind. Born of a harlot, she is a star of purity; always noble, generous, careless of wealth, and of a high sense of honor, nothing purer, tenderer, sweeter, more natural, womanly, and saintly was ever made than Pompilia, the daughter of a vagrant impurity, child of crime, the girl who grew to womanhood in mean and vulgar circumstances," and yet remains "an enskied and saintly child."

A final step has been taken, however, in this triumphant onward march of woman. Strange as it may seem, in these days of vast business enterprises, of telegraphs and railroads, and all the multiplied machinery of a so-called commercial age, woman has come, for certain minds, to be invested with a certain kind of divinity. A mystical influence has been ascribed to her by modern poets. The same attitude assumed toward Nature by Wordsworth has been taken toward women by such men as Rossetti, Richard Garnett, Richard Jeffries, Walt Whitman, and Fiona MacLeod (William Sharpe), in whose stories we see how the passion of love between man and woman evokes the supersensual, and how "the

passionate quest of the lover, the vision of the predestined woman, leads on to the romantic vision of nature, and then transcending all common experience to a spiritual vision."

The existence of this transcendental sense of womanly beauty cannot be doubted; all art and poetry, and even religion, is suffused with it; and it has become in many religions the type of divine love. This was the teaching of Plato in the "Symposium," the teaching, says Emerson, "familiar now to all poetry and to all the sermons of the world, that the love of the sexes is initial and symbolizes at a distance the passion of the soul for that immense lake of beauty it exists to seek."

Thus we see as we cast our eyes over the centuries that have gone that the attitude of men toward woman has become more and more one of respect, love, and reverence, and her position to-day is higher than it ever was before. Chivalry has passed away with the disappearance of the feudal society which gave it birth; yet the knightly courtesy of men toward woman which it inculcated has persisted in a modified form down to the present. To-day she is regarded as the equal of man; she is treated with deference and respect at home and abroad; she rules society and affects the tone thereof; she is the companion, friend, help-meet of man. Whatever other changes may occur in the political and business status of woman, she will never have a fairer crown than that of serving as a symbol of the highest ideal in the realm of the beautiful, the true, the good; an ideal that always has been and always will be the mother of arts and of the higher social, intellectual, and spiritual life, which has the power to

Turn life's tasteless waters into wine
And flush them through with purple tints,

and from the contemplation of which shall come fair thoughts, courtesy, tenderness, family love, and household virtues, honor and service, and joy unspeakable.

Oscar Kuhnz.

ART. III.—TENNYSON'S "ULYSSES"

GREAT memories have their rise in great moments when fancy leaps to some gorgeous imagery, when induction discovers some new principle or a great hope is stirred. A nightingale in the thicket, a flash of sheet lightning shows a night landscape, a faded leaf in an old book, a hymn dear to the heart, the sun on some far mountain peak, sets the soul into subtle yearning and ecstasy. So once we saw the sun on the Muir Glacier and through all the strange propinquity of sea and shore it rises yet; so once we heard Madame Nilsson's voice, and above all crash of orchestra or bird note of tumultuous soprano it forever sings. "Tale of a Wayside Inn," "Marpessa," "Ode to a Waterfowl"—each haunts you with question music and Eternal Hope. Once having heard, you are

On your way attended,
By a vision splendid.

The Book of Job has that fascinating thrill for every age and race. It is a special duty for the educated, and has made its way by a thousand channels into the knowledge of men and women of ordinary intelligence. So has the Odyssey. Whether the work of one brain or many, no matter how badly translated, its surging billowy hexameters, the legends isolated and detached which it contains, its pleasurable variety—these make it the most wonderful single poem and the greatest epic in all literature. Disregarding the fact that it is verse, and not prose, its adventure, character-sketches, and dramatic culmination make it the first, the finest, and most stirring romance yet written. No incident in any modern novel parallels in intensity the blinding of the huge one-eyed giant Cyclops; the great enchantresses of literature, Dido, Cleopatra, Acrasia, are inferior to Circe, who changes sailors into swine. Vergil borrowed his descent into hell from the Odyssey, and Dante took it from Vergil; Æolus, with his bag of winds, Scylla and Charybdis are fearsome fables from the mists of time; no women stronger, more beautiful and more stately than Penelope and Nausicaa were ever sketched; Andrew Carnegie, who has imagination as well as business sagacity, read the Iliad and pro-

nounced it monotonous; the world would rather have his opinion of the Odyssey.

So Ulysses reaches me, sets me to vibrating, and brings an elevating excitement of the soul. John Milton wrote: "It is of great concernment in the church and commonwealth how books demean themselves, as well as men, and therefore confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice upon them as malefactors." The converse of the Milton statement must also be obligatory upon us: if we are to suppress books that demean themselves ill, we are under bonds to commend books that furnish initial impulse and give outlook for high thinking. This gladly is undertaken. Besides, who does not love to introduce his friends to other friends, and perhaps boast of the great men he has met? If you climbed upon the rear of a Pennsylvania coach and shook hands with General Grant, your father meanwhile commanding you to take off your hat, of course you may tell it; likewise if you asked President McKinley to appoint your father postmaster, which he did, or in company with a bishop dined with Edison, you will tell of it—how the great wizard talked, looked, and seemed to you. So, though never having had speech with Tennyson, but having read "Ulysses," we have had speech with him and may somewhat parade our friendship and admiration. It has all of Tennyson's keen observation of nature, scientific knowledge in poetical form, and complete triumph over doubt and discouragement. Tennyson for a glance seems Aryan and frontiersman. Back of him you can almost see Pelasgian with his huge two-wheeled cart, woman yoked with the bull, or in wooden ship with cormorant or wolf's head carved upon its beak. Anything that can thus stir memory and passion for men and things long since turned to dust is art at its highest and, mayhap, revelation:

And when the stream

Which overflowed the soul was passed away

A consciousness remained that it had left

Deposited upon the silent shore

Of memory images and precious thoughts

That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.

Homer, too, grows human, comes out of the myth and carries us back to the dim twilight of history. It is *juventus mundi*. There

are no iron ships; few wooden ones, for the race has scarcely progressed beyond lashing logs together as rafts. Only a few planks, adze-hewn, keep out the sea. Horse and dog are scarcely domesticated. The world is not far removed from reckoning its years by the revolving moons, whereby the antediluvians attained the great ages credited to them in Genesis. The seasons for a year of 365 days fitted about the year B. C. 146; 1,440 years earlier the year again coincided with the seasons, and then back of that another cycle they probably began to count time by the annus. Tubal Cain has hammered out in the first forge the first metal weapon and the song of the sword begins to pierce the sky and make its moan. The sea beach is lined with sirens and harpies; each waterfall has a god; every grove a divinity. Circe and Calypso, not gowned with Worth or Paquin, but near to nature's heart, smite on the senses and heat their madness in the veins. There is a glow and fancy in the world, for it is young, rich with imagination not yet chilled, and pulsing with a freedom not yet fettered by civilization. So, having read this poem, I have seen Ulysses. He stands forth the hero of our migratory and exuding race, a man who has been to the wars, perhaps to the end of the world and looked over the wall, and come home again. The finest pictures are often painted in words and the finest statues chiseled in language. So here the exquisite art of Tennyson has put before us an old king, gray with honors, walking about Ithaca. He has a face that women turn to look at a second time, tall like King Saul, brawny, athletic, and, though an old man, even yet agile. Some of Tennyson's men seem overbred and lack the virility which Browning has caught in Hervé Riel or Saul. Not so with Ulysses. He is drawn here puissant, quick, shifty with his spear, not given to blubbing like Æneas, nor sulking like Achilles, but veritably he of the Wooden Horse, wily as only himself, councilor with Nestor. As you read you can imagine Frederick the Great walking about Sans Souci, sending a sword to Washington, living Rossbach and Leuthen over again; or Washington at Mount Vernon, shield off, lance at rest, overseeing his estate, or riding over to Alexandria, sitting in the Masons' lodge, and with hat on, perhaps, as we are told, even in the Master's

chair. There is added to the picture a touch of Abraham migrating to the land of promise, Balboa overlooking the Pacific, Stanley lean and breathless from the vast interior of Africa, Peary hooded and deep-chested from the frozen pole. Each and all of these are figured in this king of Ithaca, and who knows but in some dim century yet to come this which Tennyson has written shall be expanded and grafted into the epic as the twenty-fifth book of the *Odyssey*!

Because of its brevity, "Ulysses" is classed as one of Tennyson's minor poems. Nevertheless, it is one of his greatest lyrics. That the length of a poem measures its merit is a heresy no longer tolerated. In these times of literary and editorial compression no long poem can be popular. The impression a poem produces is the proof of its quality, not the "sustained effort" as indicated by the number of the lines. The *Iliad*, because of its intent, may be classed as an epic, but in fact it is a series of lyrics. It is the "minor poems" scattered through *Paradise Lost* that command enthusiasm during reading. On the other hand, it is clear that a poem may be improperly brief. The lines beginning "Break, break, break," will serve for an illustration of undue brevity. The three stanzas keep the reader from full appreciation of the delicacy, energy, and sincerity of the sentiment. Now "Ulysses" is long enough to produce an enduring effect and yet short enough to be free from passages of platitude. Every line is poetry, the genius is constant, and the verses continually declare the power, not the perseverance, of Tennyson. It is major in theme and result, is a pipe-organ as well as a poem; music, the most enchanting of all poetries, not speech, revealing the loves, ideals, and soul-hungerings of a poet easily the laureate of the Victorian age. The sea is plainly a great object of his love:

There gloom the dark broad seas.

You feel its infinite seduction, catch its lure of wave, boat, and sail, watch the gulls wheel in their screaming flight, hear the sea "Moan round with many voices," and watch

The white waves kneeling on the strand,
The priesthood of the sea.

You can hear "the surf complaining to the shore," and we are awed by the grandeur, the terror, the mystery of the gray old sea. Voluptuous odors and suggestive perfumes come to Ulysses from far-distant islands over the illimitable unexplored ocean, and we are ready for the command,

Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows.

Many poets have celebrated the capricious moods, the inviolate vastness, the perennial sublimity of the sea. Tennyson, who always regarded the ocean from the shore, sets about it waving grain fields, tall trees, slanting mountains, all peopled with passionate human hearts, who, like the gleaming silver brooks that love the sea and rush toward it, yearn for what lies beyond the swelling surge and seek it ever.

The ocean is the easiest highway for a smooth journey between zones and about the planet, and because Ulysses loved the sea he loved travel and could not rest from it. He must follow his own gleam, "drink life to the lees"; the *wanderlust* was upon him. Wherever the ocean reached he would go.

For always roaming with a hungry heart,
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments.

He would

Sail beyond the sunset and the baths
Of all the western stars.

His life, like that of the human race, consisted in longing for a goal, in enthusiastic dreams of having come in sight of it, and in the long labor of traveling toward it. Travel is a large factor in the equation of progress and has greatly contributed to push knowledge about the earth. Nothing so broadens life as when some Ulysses climbs beyond the familiar boundaries of an isolated people and reports the boundless human life beyond. He computes latitude and longitude, calculates the altitude of some unmeasured mountain, crosses unknown rivers, notes the disconnected syllabic sounds of pagan tribes, records their customs and social usages, and thus serves geography, philology, and ethnic knowledge. The traveler himself becomes observant, self-reliant, reverent, and solitude impresses him with the folly of insolence

and the strength of faith. So Ulysses had been enlarged by travel, was a bigger man for his journeyings, and could say with truth,

I am a part of all that I have met;

and then, shading off insensibly to mind and spirit, he yearns

To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,

Beyond the utmost bounds of human thought.

He has another object of love, his family. Home and wife drew him back to Ithaca. He mentions his son with all the pride of fatherhood:

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,

To whom I leave the scepter and the isle;

Well-loved of me.

Love is the intensest poetical theme, and his love is for family, for nature, and friends, and entirely free from degradation. Here is no lubricity requiring suppression or that must be barred from the mails, but the high, luminous, white-souled devotion that makes Tennyson the laureate for the pure in heart.

Then for a paragraph regard this poem of Ulysses as Tennyson's Confession—not in the sense that it is a story of personal sins, but rather as a creed, some Nicene, Tridentine, or Westminster formula, some Declaration of Independence, in which men stated what they knew, or what they thought they knew. Like all vital creeds, it is an outgrowth of his experience. Creeds do not give rise to experiences, they record them:

Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough

Gleams that untraveled world whose margin fades

Forever and forever when I move.

It is bracing to get as the exuberant testimony of his experience that Life is Good. He is no Cassius, green with envy, nor a Byron, jaundiced with skepticism. There are hopes and sanctities in his life. It is like healing to hear Ulysses say,

All times have I enjoyed

Greatly.

He is happy-souled; here is no querulous challenge to shipwreck, nor moan at the cruelty of Cyclops. There was even zest in the recapitulation of his wanderings and optimism in every corner of his memory. It was a friendly constellation, the rainy Hyades, that vexed the dim sea; if he had fought with monster Polyphemus he had likewise drunk delight of battle with his peers. The

attitude of his life was toward joy and success. He makes no whimpering protest to the gods, "You did it." Like a man who has accomplished his enterprise, made his wicket, gained his objective, he does not discount himself, but in abounding confidence says, "I did it." The line,

Myself not least, but honored of them all,

rings with it. And in quick succession to this joy of living there is another article in his creed which certifies that Men Are Loyal. Other men, as the pessimists aver, may have their price, but his son, his mariners, even his rivals do not barter themselves. He does not libel human nature and steep the inborn beauty of the soul in bitterness. His son is "decent, not to fail in offices of tenderness," nor will he neglect to pay

Meet adoration to my household gods
When I am gone.

His mariners, too, were constant and loyal. Contrary to the *Odyssey*, he assumes that they returned with him to Ithaca, and, summoning them for a new enterprise, celebrates their former devotion:

Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me,
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads.

He has suffered, that is plain, and suffered "both with those that loved me and alone." It is self-revelation. The philosophy of Plato, Plotinus, and Hegel is that every man makes his own world, and the world is what we are. If it glooms dark, is full of deceit and shame, it is the reflection of your own soul through your own eyes. If you say that world, church, movement, is petty, small, ignoble, that is but saying that you are petty, small, ignoble. Ulysses declares that men are good, his son dutiful, his comrades loyal, his rivals gentlemen, and in the saying declares the integrity and high quality of his own soul.

Added to this exhilarating optimism of life and men there is predicated the individuality of work. His son is centered in the sphere of common duties,

He works his work, I mine.

He commits the round of kingly duties to Telemachus. Let him

Meté and dole

Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed,

but for Ulysses himself, adventure, the sea, travel, a "bringer of new things," keeping some small events and some three rounds of the sun

From that eternal silence.

Some one thing each can do well. Unhappily it is often the thing we desire not to do, and only when by gradual recognition or when in some luminous hour we are led to accept our true mission do we harness the strong impelling forces within ourselves to our task, enter upon the footpaths of peace, and attain eminency of service. Nothing is more narrowing than to strive for conformity in experience unless it be to attempt to parallel duty. Shakespeare grew famous in a profession he did not honor, struggled to accomplish other aims than those his talents and popular feeling pointed out for him, but in submission to it became the poetic revelation of the English people. Richard is at heart crusader and must go on crusade. Livingstone is not physician, but geographer and explorer with help to heal the open sore of the world. There are many paths to opportunity, and, granted that a man desires that his deed have actuality and become a power in the world, either by inspiration, misfortune, or persecution, he will find his work. By birth Ulysses is king of Ithaca and leads his contingent to the Trojan war. It has the rallying cry we still sound, "For family, home, and country," therefore he goes. But by travel he has "become a name," pitched the keynote for all couriers of sea and shore, and Polo, Da Gama, Columbus, and Drake will all be graded by the standard he has set. He is First Lord in the aristocracy of adventure. These and other lessons of truth the poem introduces to us. They contribute to its attitude and essence and do much to reveal its beauty of spirit. Platform, pulpit, and press all parade the duty of hopefulness, but Tennyson's art displays the heart and faith in men with such engaging charms that we realize the deformity of doubt and discouragement and surrender to its great magnetism.

The poem not only sets forth his verities of experience; it proclaims some precepts of expediency. It is a mistake to judge a poem by the teaching it inculcates or the moral it sets forth. That is palpably an incorrect standard of judgment. True poetry requires that the poem be written for the poem's sake, just as true work is done for the work's sake. But in poetry, like in music, we catch now and then brief, but indeterminate glimpses of the fitting and the politic. Ulysses puts great emphasis on industry. It grows out of the brevity of life.

Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains.

It is not a question of pay. Little of the best work in the world is ever paid for. Homer barely got his dinners for his songs; Dante had little but his pains for the Paradise. Jefferson, Lincoln, and their fellow immortals were so busy doing their work that they had not time to collect the wages. But there was no grudging in their toil, and so long as it was honest, useful, and cheerful, they kept bravely at it. Ulysses's life had been crowded full for him and spent in a fever of activity, therefore he would not waste labor by quitting work and "retiring." He wanted life to keep its effervescence, and must sharpen the edge of zest by activity. King Lear's fatal mistake was that he quitted the king business and turned the divided crown over to others. Not so did Victoria, nor Ulysses.

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life.

Like Ecclesiastes, he spurs himself to enterprise, for

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks,
The long day wanes, the slow moon climbs.

He determines that there shall be persistence and perseverance to the end, thus exemplifying the "perseverance" of one saint.

Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
Death closes all; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done;

.
Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.

He sounds here also a true note in political philosophy worthy of consideration by all pioneers in law and government, worth thinking about by all who bear the white man's burden and fight the savage wars of peace, in alien countries or for alien causes of reform at home. The age was rude, the people were primitive, the customs barbarous. There was little law, and what there was needed the "big stick" and often must have smacked of the inhumanity from which it is not yet altogether separate. Reform there must be, but not reform in a flood nor with the blare of trumpets. The great forces of the universe are silent and exceeding slow. The jungle will wake when the sun rises, and the molecules of the meal will be lifted if you put in yeast. And here a poet turned prophet compresses into two or three verses the profoundest political maxims:

By slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and through soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.

As spring glides into summer, as the tide rises on the land, by slow movements, silent and unobserved, great changes still occur. God is busy making the world up in Yellowstone Park in our day, and by those long processes of selection and causation rounding chaos to order in many an island. These maxims have application in Egypt, where the English are damming out famine and rimming the Soudan with drill sergeants and Gordon College, and in Algiers, where the French, with pick and shovel, are digging long trenches with which to let out the desert; in Tripoli, where new Italy has undertaken to make mild a rugged people, and in the Philippines, where our own sons and daughters, having had an empire thrust upon them, by the patient processes of education, labor, thrift, sure, but century-long, are aiding to

Subdue them to the useful and the good.

There is much that must remain unsolved in the poem. Bishop Butler said that the best book which could be written would consist only of premises from which readers would draw conclusions for themselves. The greatest teachings of any literature are those that rise in us as we read, or of life, those that clutch at us as we hear the event. The philosopher cannot fully

appropriate what the artist gives. This makes poetry superlative in value, addressing itself, as it does, less to the intellect than to the sensibilities and the will. The appeal of Ulysses is to the immortal instincts deep within the spirit of man. Some things we may know, while others, such as our unknown origin and destiny, we are utterly powerless to explain. Something we have been unable to attain waves us forward. The impression is primordial, a part of what we are, ineffaceable as reason itself. It may be only gravitation to source, a consequence of immortality or an indication of it, but a wild effort surges in us to reach the beauty and purity above and, as we hope, ahead. Perhaps they lie as far above and ahead as the shadowy beginnings of our race lie distant and behind. But Ulysses calmly makes the assumption that there is a *plus ultra* and finds his destiny in attempting to attain it.

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down,
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides.

We feel the mystery of our immortal existence, seem to share companionship with the illustrious natures who have shaped the fortunes of the world, and feel ourselves included in his epigram,

One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

The Odyssey has for its heart the home toward which the hero is striving. In Ulysses he is still faring forward. He is at home at Ithaca, but home, the home of his soul and hope, still lies beyond. Saint Paul said, "The time of my departure is at hand." Ulysses, too, is launching, sailing for a voyage beyond the sunset. It was the prelude to the hymn which, later, Tennyson struck in "Crossing the Bar." "Ulysses" has all the mystery and fascination of the ocean, yet underneath thunders and surges the mortal as it beats upon the coasts of immortality.

Edwin A. Schell.

ART. IV.—A SOCIALIZED SUNDAY SCHOOL

"A socialized church!" Mr. Smith, Sunday school superintendent, heard the words one evening from the lips of a very wide-awake lecturer on social service, and straightway they became a slogan beating insistent on his brain after the fashion of catchy phrases and strains of music. The speaker had pictured a church whose every member was actively engaged in some form of social betterment, and had pleaded in burning words that the church of Jesus Christ should launch out boldly in such work as this. Mr. Smith, good man, had responded mildly. He found himself really wishing that Dr. Goodwin, the pastor of the great, rich church of which he was a member, would try some of the plans so earnestly urged. And when, lifting his arms in an impassioned gesture, the speaker had cried, "O, for a socialized church!" the words had struck some fiber of his being and set it to vibrating with long pulses. "A socialized church!" "A socialized church!" It pounded in his brain two whole days. He grew sick and tired of its iteration. Of course it was desirable. Of course it would be wonderful. But what could *he* do? His great Sunday school—it numbered near to five hundred—that was surely all one man could do. But the words kept on saying themselves ceaselessly and almost senselessly—thumping, throbbing in the back of his head like the beat of an engine. Then, on the morning of the third day, he sprang to his feet out of a sound sleep with a tremendous feeling that something was about to happen. For all subconsciously a variation had formed itself in his brain. And now began another knocking against the windows of his soul. This time it was: "A socialized Sunday school!"

Ah, this was vital! Anything pertaining to the Sunday school Mr. Smith took with tremendous seriousness, for he was an enthusiast of the most virulent type over the Sunday school and everything that concerned it. He respected the preaching service, of course. He thought well of the prayer meeting and usually attended—more, if the truth must be told, because his conscience told him that the ideal Sunday school superintendent should go to prayer

meetings than for any enjoyment he got out of them. But the Sunday school! Mr. Smith believed frankly that the Sunday school was the real, vital heart of the church. It was a pity that the prayer meetings were languishing, but it didn't matter much after all, since the Sunday school flourished. And did the prayed-for revival fail to come? Even that did not daunt Mr. Smith, for he knew there would be a large class ready to join the church when Decision Day came around in the dear Sunday school. Progress must be looked for there. Hope for the church centered there. Indeed, everything centered there. And now, "A socialized Sunday school!" The idea was tapping insistently at the windows of his soul. He opened the window and, like Noah, drew the little wanderer in. Then, as he reflected on the matter, it slowly came to him that if the church was ever to be socialized the Sunday school must begin it. Those older men and women—they'd never wake up to grapple with social service. Why, it would take years for the idea even to seep through to their brains. With Mr. Smith, to think about anything connected with his beloved Sunday school was to act. The mail that day carried a letter to the Sunday school headquarters nearest him urgently requesting what in architectural language would be called "plans and specifications" for a socialized Sunday school. Back came the reply by return mail. "We are not quite sure that we understand what you mean," ran the letter. "There is no book issued by that name, so far as we have been able to discover. Neither is there any Sunday school in existence, to our best knowledge, to which the adjective 'socialized' could apply. Awaiting further advices, we are yours in the work."

Nothing like it in existence! Nothing in the whole world like this beautiful ideal which, while Mr. Smith had been impatiently waiting for a reply to his letter, had been slowly forming itself in his mind! But there surely ought to be something like it. There ought to be a model school somewhere in which these new and wonderful ideas were being worked out. Or perhaps—perhaps—Mr. Smith gasped! Perhaps *his* Sunday school was to be the model. Perhaps God was calling him to take the lead. Perhaps that was the meaning of the insistent pounding in his soul—"A socialized Sunday school!" Mr. Smith suddenly took to

buying books on social service. Then he opened up a lively correspondence with leaders in such work in the city near him. Quite accidentally (?) speakers on social service topics began to visit him at Wheatland and were always invited to address the Sunday school. Then slowly, slowly, as he could win assent and coöperation from the teachers of the various classes, Mr. Smith began to socialize his Sunday school. Miss Blaine's class was the very first. It was easy to enlist both the teacher—the trusted stenographer in a downtown office with very short hours of work—and her class of seventeen girls of varied occupations, in the idea of taking upon themselves the entire responsibility for the railroad station in town. Wheatland was a city of some 6,000 people, and two railroads crossed there, one of them being a main line. Nine passenger trains a day stopped at Wheatland. The two stations were three blocks apart, a short walk, indeed, but confusing to inexperienced girls traveling alone and hard for bewildered old people or mothers with little children. And sometimes there were long waits for the travelers, and the waiting-rooms were unsanitary and the benches were hard. The first resolve of the girls was to meet every train with offers of assistance to any who might need it. The work was carefully portioned out, the day trains being assigned to one and another of the girls as they found it most convenient, Miss Blaine herself taking the late evening train. Cordial coöperation of the railroad managers was easily secured—Mr. Smith happened to be well acquainted with one of them—but it was a big undertaking, and complications arose quite unforeseen until the actual work brought them to light. What to do with stranded girls, how, in the long hours of waiting, to comfort those traveling in frantic haste and anxiety to dying friends, how to detect the impostor, how to meet the terrific life problems that, all unforeseen, were thrust upon the girls—these were things that taxed heart and brain to the utmost. The days brought wisdom. The time devoted to Bible study was not allowed to be shortened, but the girls stayed a few minutes after the Sunday school sessions to compare experiences and devise plans. Books were bought and eagerly read. A broad blue ribbon badge with "Travelers' Aid" conspicuously stamped upon it gave them needed recognition and

authority. Courteously worded complaints to the general managers of the roads resulted in a complete sanitation of the rooms and comfortable chairs, while magazines and papers from the over-supply of friends made the waiting hours of the travelers less wearisome. The girls learned of the safe hotels and lodging houses to which in emergency they could send or take a young girl for a night. And they learned of other places with open doors for the unwary to cross the threshold of which was moral death. They had the exquisite joy of knowing that through their efforts more than one young girl was saved from thus innocently stumbling into ruin. They secured allies among the trainmen and the policemen—one of whom especially, an earnest Christian, was of invaluable assistance. More than once in some desperate extremity advice was sought from the more experienced workers of the great city near. The girls enjoyed the work immensely, and the education they themselves gained was invaluable. Their sympathies broadened and their vision widened. It is simply, literally, true that there is no such pure joy on earth as just helping some one, and nothing that results in such rich culture of character. So for eighteen months this work has been going on in Wheatland, and Miss Blaine's class vows that it shall never be stopped.

Then early in the spring Mrs. Smith had a surprise social for the "Married Women's Class," of which she was teacher. Not a word of the "surprise" was allowed to leak out until after lunch had been served and the ladies were comfortably chatting over their teacups—Mrs. Smith's afternoon teas were famous. With an eloquence born of her own enthusiasm the teacher then outlined to her listeners a carefully worked-out plan for "A City Beautiful"—beginning with that part of the city around the church. "We can do it," said Mrs. Smith. "First of all we must stir up the City Hall to do its share—police protection—a little better. Your husband knows the mayor so well, Mrs. Nash, don't you think his influence would help us?" Mrs. Nash flushed with pleasure at the thought of really doing something and said she would speak to Robert that very night.

"And your husband is proprietor of that big greenhouse, Mrs. Richardson. O, we shall be asking his advice and help often. We

want to make little flower beds in some of those dirty vacant corners. At Twelfth and A Streets, for instance, there is a real little triangle of land."

"I'll agree to be responsible entirely for that corner," said Mrs. Richardson, responding instantly. "It's near our place, you know, and we can do it easily."

"But the children; won't they destroy all we can do?" doubtfully put in Mrs. Lee.

"O, we'll take them into partnership with us," replied Mrs. Smith. "We can do anything once we get the right sentiment aroused. The police will help us in this, too. But we'll have a little badge or button for a children's auxiliary and we can get the whole primary department to help us, so many of our own children are in it."

"I wish Mrs. Creighton was in the class," put in Mrs. Nash; "my neighbor, you know. She has four little children. I heard her complaining only yesterday about the litter in the streets."

"Why, ask her to join our class," said Mrs. Smith, delightedly. This was something she had not thought of.

"She won't come. Her husband's an atheist; says he sees no use in the church. She's trying to be one too, but it's pretty hard for a woman."

"O, tell her we've become a City Beautiful Club—meet her right on her own ground," flashed back Mrs. Smith. "We needn't say much about the Bible study at first." And then, when everybody laughed, "Well, didn't Paul say once he caught folks by guile? And he said he became all things to all men—that would include street-cleaning—that he might win some! But I really think a great, strong organization like our class would study the Bible all the better if we were exemplifying its spirit in some such way as this."

The Beautiful City plan was heartily adopted as the social service of Mrs. Smith's class. Mrs. Creighton came in, and others, till the class has doubled its size, and the propaganda is still going on. The whole Primary Department is an active and invaluable aid. Waste-boxes have been placed on the corners, and not a scrap of waste paper on the streets escapes the keen eyes and the nimble

feet and fingers of the little people. And that summer—these statistics are typical of cold facts—there was less typhoid fever and diphtheria by one half in Trinity parish of Wheatland, as there had been less of the disease-laden dust flying unchecked about the streets. The Primary Department has formed itself, however, as its special department of social service, into a "Band of Mercy." There's no more shying stones at birds or tormenting stray kittens in Trinity parish. One Saturday afternoon the little folks gave a "bird social," with little pieces spoken and bird choruses sung and whistled and an illustrated talk by a bird specialist of the town. It was astonishing how many of the mothers, and even of the fathers, were in the audience.

But the boys' classes! These were Mr. Smith's most serious problem. Some of them were already weakening—Class 22, for instance. The boys were dropping out in spite of the utmost efforts of teachers and parents. It had always been so. Boys always dropped out of Sunday school as they reached a certain age. Mr. Smith weakly tried to comfort himself with this thought, but the comfort would not come, for the boys were just at the age when the steadying influences of the Sunday school meant everything to some of them. Mr. Smith talked with some of the parents about it, imploring assistance, but with little satisfaction. "Willie says he just hates Sunday school," Mrs. Hopper had replied. "I kept him there just as long as I could. He says there's nothing doing there—that he wants to go where there's 'something doin'." Indeed, I can't help it, Mr. Smith. I wish I could, for I don't like the gang he's going with now." Tears came to Mrs. Hopper's eyes.

"Something doing!" "Gang!" Mr. Smith remembered his own boyhood. The years fled away backward as he sat there in Mrs. Hopper's stiff little parlor, and a vision rose before him of the little group of boys—not bad boys, but just boys—that constituted the "gang" to which it had been the pride and delight of his boyish life to belong. He heard again the entrancing rustle of the dry cornstalks in his farmer father's barn—their chosen rendezvous—and the sweet odor of the stored-up hay came to his nostrils.

"I'm afraid we've been to blame, Mrs. Hopper. Or, rather, I've been to blame," he said, humbly. "There's a time in every boy's life, you know, when he wants to belong to a 'gang.' It's a perfectly natural instinct. I ought to have made some provision for it in the Sunday school. But maybe it isn't too late now."

The teacher of the class to which Willie Hopper belonged was a Mr. Jameson, a young fellow, salesman in a piano store downtown. He had been chosen as teacher partly because he was one of the very few young men willing to take classes at all and partly because—his own boyhood being not so very far behind him—Mr. Smith hoped he would be able to hold the boys. But he was manifestly failing—getting discouraged himself as one and another of the boys dropped out—and was begging to be allowed to "quit." That evening Mr. Smith spent close closeted with young Jameson. The young man knew nothing whatever about the psychology of boy life. And the next evening, and the next; the older man explaining, illustrating, loading up the younger with printed matter. Then, two Sundays later, Class 22 gathered in the lobby half an hour before the time for Sunday school opening—all the recalcitrants, including Willie Hopper, among them—a snickering group, full of good-natured punchings and "Aw, g'longs!" and "Quit, now, will ye?" till, just as the superintendent's bell rang, they marched, portentously solemn, down the aisle to their seats and their waiting teacher, bearing aloft a proud red banner on which were inscribed the mystic letters, "B. G. C."

Needless to tell of the sensation created, especially among the other boys' classes. Their teachers came to Mr. Smith in mild remonstrance.

"Why, I really can't forbid a banner, you know," he replied, laughing so contagiously that they all laughed with him. "And did you see how large the class was? Willie Hopper hasn't been in Sunday school before for six weeks, to my certain knowledge. 'B. G. C.'? The C stands for class, perhaps. The B might stand for boys and the G for good. Boys' Good Class! What's the matter with that?"

Wily Mr. Smith! He knew all the while what the mystic letters really stood for—Barn Gang Club! "Good Boys' Class"

would never have brought back Willie Hopper. Mr. Smith and Mr. Jameson had privately worked out the whole scheme, name and all—though the boys will tell you to this day that the plan was original with them from the word go; that they had concocted it all at that bully barn supper that Mr. Jameson had given them one night in the unused barn back of the Drummond place. It had been a strictly secret affair, only their mothers being allowed to know about it, and even they being told only that their sons were to be with Mr. Jameson for the evening. There was a doorkeeper, and a password, and the boys, initiated, stole in, one by one, through a broken place in the fence. (The owner had offered to nail on those palings, but Mr. Jameson had earnestly vetoed it.) The boys never dreamed that Mr. Jameson had rented the barn of its owner for a year for ten dollars, or that Mr. Smith had paid a farmer two dollars more to bring in the two great loads of dry corn stalks that were lying around and piled up in the corners and made the place so delightfully like a country barn. It would have been a little chilly, that October evening, only that Mr. Jameson "just happened" to think to bring along his little kerosene stove. They kept it going "some." It smoked like a young volcano and it smelled to heaven, but the boys were all the happier for that. It was jolly convenient, too, for warming up the chocolate—that wonderful stove was a combined heater and cooker—and for sizzling over the sausages. And then after supper they gathered round it and popped the corn—or tried to do so; it was half burned, but rather better for it—and told stories and planned the permanent organization. They thought up the name—with a carefully disguised hint from Mr. Jameson—decided on their color and banner. But the motto—Mr. Jameson reserved the discussion of this till the second meeting, and approached it finally with real genius and with trembling. For it was to contain the very heart of the organization. But there's a whole world of generosity in a boy's heart if one can only find it, and at the close of an hour's earnest discussion the matter was summed up by Tom Seers, the leader among the boys, as follows:

"You see, fellers, it's this way: We're the B. G. C. all right, but we're Class 22 of the Sunday school, too; and we want to make

our class the very biggest and best in the school. I don't see no objection to lettin' the other guys in, one by one, but they've got to sign up. No swearin', and no squealin' on the club. They'll do it, though."

"You bet! You bet they will!" came in chorus from the boys.

"They'll be only too glad to do it," Tom Seers continued. "There's Billy Grant, he'll fall over himself to get inside."

"We'll vote on every candidate," suggested Mr. Jameson. "We'll not let in more than one a week. Just think, by Christmas we'll have nine new boys!"

"Hi-yi! We'll make Mr. Smith's eyes stick out!" the boys exclaimed in chorus.

The motto of the class was adopted by acclamation: "Biggest and best!"

The barn was adopted as the headquarters of the club with wild enthusiasm. It rapidly accumulated treasures—a few odd chairs, an old wooden settee, which, with a corn-husk cushion and a discarded fur rug for cover, made a capital lounging place, and books and games. For a few weeks in the coldest weather the Club changed its meeting place to Mr. Jameson's room, but the barn and its cornstalks, which were sometimes used as a bed and sometimes built into a wigwam in one corner, had amazing attractions. Hardly a week passed without a recruit. In the spring the boys, while still retaining their B. G. C. organization, joined with other boys and became a company of Boy Scouts.

"It has been a good deal of trouble, but hasn't it paid well?" asked Mr. Smith of young Jameson, as they chanced to meet and clasp hands one day.

"Paid? A thousand times over! It's the joy of my life! We've actually broken up that dangerous gang of boys—won them one by one to the Sunday school. We've saved them and our own boys at the same time. They're growing up into men."

The superintendent smiled, but he did not say what very distinctly formed itself in his mind: "It's saved you too, young fellow. You're growing up into a man!"

Other social interests were taken up by other classes. A men's class took for its first work the closing of a certain saloon carrying

on its horrid business in outrageous proximity to the church. Then, succeeding in that, and having accumulated a fund of temperance information and enthusiasm, they went right on in a warfare against saloons in general. A class of young girls became their allies very directly in that. Under the leadership of their teacher, who was the wife of the editor of the leading daily paper in town, they began an agitation to place drinking fountains for man and beast in accessible places—first, one near the church, then all over the city. It is astonishing how much can be done when a bevy of unforgetting and unremitting girls begin to think and work, and especially to talk, and, especially again, if they have a newspaper behind them. It was not long before half of the town was talking about the inconsistency of a town of six thousand without a single public water fountain, while beer was being poured over thirty saloon bars. One little "bubble fountain" was soon erected by private subscription immediately in front of the church, impressive dedicatory services being held, and the city council did the rest. Another class of girls took up visitation of the shut-ins and aged, the work being most carefully and systematically planned. Flowers in season and the singing by sweet childish voices gave the visitors eager welcome. Another class of girls took the poorhouse for its special object and carried papers and sang and read on Sunday afternoons to the bed-ridden inmates. Good reading was needed in several of these undertakings, and the old *Classmates* and *Youth's Companions* and magazines that had formerly been ruthlessly destroyed were now put to excellent use. Other interests, too numerous to mention in detail, were taken up by other classes. A class of little girls was organized into "Little Sisters" for such assistance as children could give for the Deaconess Home in the city near. At Christmas time they dressed dolls and collected toys and more substantial things for the deaconesses to give to little unfortunates, and during the summer they sent flowers for the children of the streets who never in all their lives had seen a flower growing.

Mr. Smith began to work out his ideal eighteen months ago—two winters and a summer. Not all the Sunday school is yet so specialized—Mr. Smith would tell you very definitely that about two

thirds of the classes have adopted special interests—but the entire school has felt the beneficent impulse to “love thy neighbor as thyself,” and the end is not yet. Mistakes have been made—some ludicrous, some very serious—for there was very little to go by. Some opposition has been aroused, the most bitter coming from two members of the official board itself who became at first greatly exercised, declaring that the spirit of Bible study would be quite killed out by the “new-fangled notions.” These doubts were disseminated so diligently that at one time Mr. Smith nearly lost the possibility of realizing his beautiful ideal and his office together. But it was demonstrated that the time devoted to Bible study had not been shortened by the fraction of a second, and somebody astutely brought to bear on the question the curious fact that those opposing never themselves attended Sunday school, anyway. (It was not Mr. Smith who pressed this argument, though he was not unaware of the fact. *Sub rosa*, it was a third cousin of his wife.) And no one could gainsay the convincing argument that the school was growing astonishingly in numbers—it has nearly doubled in the eighteen months—and also in enthusiasm. So the day was won.

That was six months ago. There is no questioning now. Only a regretful wonder that “we didn’t begin it long ago,” and a remorseful thought of all the girls at the railroad station and the boys who had dropped out of the Sunday school “that we might have saved if we’d only known!”

Lucy Rider Meyer

ART. V.—“PSYCHE’S TASK”

SOME time ago, in a pulpit comment upon modern apologies for certain long anathematized and supposedly damned historic figures, such as Catherine de' Medici and Lucretia Borgia, I suggested that perhaps Nero would be the next. Wasted the sarcasm, for as he passed out of church one of my hearers, a Columbia professor, remarked dryly, "There's a panegyric of Nero on the press now." No, I didn't know it. Yet I ought to have known that with the apologist "nothing is impossible." The harder the task, the greater the test of his skill. To prove that black is white, and always has been; that bottom and top are merely interchangeable terms; that the villain in the play is really the hero, is at least an interesting vocation—far more engaging than the reaffirmation of "things that have been everywhere and always believed." Henry VIII as England's patriot king (with Froude), Shylock as a much abused Hebrew saint, "Standard Oil" as the sworn friend of the people—why not? Why permit a few facts to interfere? Moreover, there is play for a certain sort of quixotic chivalry in thus taking the part of the damned. Mark Antony was doubtless a good actor; still we enjoy his defense of a dead chief when there was none other "so poor to do him reverence." When the sinner happens to be the under dog, all the more reason for some modern knight (sacrificing the analogy) to break a lance for him. It is only too easy and popular to join the hue and cry against a blacklisted cause. That ancient crowd merely said the conventional thing when they cried concerning the Son of God, "Away with him!" We are intensely conservative of traditions and need some one occasionally to exhume our "horrible examples" and ask what they really died of. Even a quixotic chivalry may give the condemned a new day in court, with possibility of reversal of verdict. Furthermore, no man, no institution, is unqualifiedly bad. The *last* word is never said until the *best* word has been said. Slavery *did* have its bright, its redeeming features. Bartenders and hangmen are not unrelieved brutes. Jacob Riis tells of a hardened criminal who, on his way from the courthouse,

broke away from his guards to jeopard his life in the rescue of a child. In blackest soil are sprouts of loyalty and high devotion. The horrors of the Inquisition were relieved by flashes of real piety and human pity. And the complete Annals of Tammany Hall will never be written until they include a long list of fine charities and stout fidelities. When "little Tim Sullivan" died, more children cried in the streets than would have shed tears at the death of any pastor in Manhattan. Finally, one cannot afford to forget that what the Pharisee and Puritan in us too promptly pronounce evil may indeed be good in the making, virtue adolescent, a "coming beautiful." There's an old saw which declares that "love-children," offspring of illicit passion, are better favored than those begotten in domesticity. "Born in sin," doubtless, but born with Nature's smile in face and limb! May it not be oftener true than our ethic cares to admit of many a rich life, many a precious moral advance, many a shining institution? If there be "necessary evil" this may be it—the dark fetal stage during which some surpassing blessing is preparing to be born. War is not always hell; it may be the hard road to heaven. Better Cuba free at cost of smoke and blood than Cuba crushed by her ancient overlord! Henry's behavior toward Catherine was intolerable, yet his lust served England and Christendom well. Had we Wesley without the Anglicanism of the seventeenth century? or John B. Gough's evangel apart from his pitiful past? or Lincoln except in response to the challenge of a great evil? Languidly admit or eagerly declare our faith in an overruling Providence which makes even the wrath of man to praise him; adopt Augustine or Socinus, or both, as intellectual father; admit that man "fell," or claim that he has been ever climbing from the brute—there remains this significant and inescapable fact, that some of the highest human experiences, most shining truths, most worthy institutions have nevertheless sprung from base parentage.

Pardon. This much was merely the cranking of the engine—always an unromantic and frequently an exasperating performance. With such thoughts I read Frazer's latest volume on *The Influence of Superstition on the Growth of Institutions*. The bare suggestion that superstition could have served mankind was like

naming Nero for piety, or Algerian pirates as model citizens. As Beecher once observed, "Every man has to have something to damn, some chimney through which to blow his smoke." Superstition for mine! I never could resist the temptation to hit at it—any more than Tipple could when the spirit of Romanism recently reared itself provokingly. To lambaste old foes is like scaring up the martyrs—useful when other homiletic material runs scarce—and sure to bring a curtain call from the audience. Many a paragraph have I turned with scornful or raging reference to that inveterate enemy of humankind—superstition. And now to be told that he was not altogether foe!—I felt my sword turn soft in my hand. O, Frazer! To lose an old enemy, to discover that he is not the enemy one thought him, is only less tragic than to lose a friend. But the damage was done; the reputation of my old foe was being undermined—in *his own favor*. And then, as my gorge subsided, I began to see that there were things to be said for him, quixotically at least, by a champion like Frazer; and that, as he says, "without posing as the Devil's Advocate." And I ended by laying away in camphor, for overhauling before further use, a whole wardrobe of long and proudly, not to say piously, worn opinions. Perhaps "the case of superstition, like that of Mr. Pickwick after the revelations of poor Mr. Winkle in the witness box, can afford to be placed in a better light." Even a dubious client has right to be defended. And this, in summary, is what his clever counsel, Mr. Frazer, has to say for him:

First, that superstition was practically serviceable in the establishment and maintenance of primitive government. The chief, whether self-elected or chosen by some sort of barbaric suffrage, was reckoned a superior order of being. His person was sacred, his powers supernatural. Whatever he touched became *taboo*. Thus, among the Maoris, he was a veritable *atua*, or god: speaking in an unnatural tone, a sort of celestial court language—like the "holy tone" of the preacher; eating alone, holding mysterious communication with higher agencies and wielding powers conferred by them. So sacred was his person that none dared approach him, even to save the sovereign's life. One of our missionaries tells of having extracted a bone from the throat of a

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Maori chief and, so soon as the injured sanctity could speak, being ordered to give over the surgical instruments with which such saving sacrilege had been committed. A considerate chief would throw away his worn garment or mat, lest some unsuspecting subject should touch it and be struck dead by its inherent divinity. For the same reason he would never blow a fire with his mouth, for the fire would communicate sanctity to food cooked therein, and thence to the stomach of the eater, with death as the result. Control of rain and harvest is invested by the Africans in their king. In Loango, for example, every December the natives come to court begging rain; nor neglecting to bring substantial gifts to encourage answer to their prayers. And when harvests fail the modern Negro, like the ancient Egyptian, heaps the blame on the reigning monarch.

Nor are such superstitions confined to savages and alien races. When crops failed the Burgundians used to blame the reigning monarch and depose him. What use a sovereign who failed to serve? The Swedes always charged the quality of harvest to the morals of their king—a most practical means of conserving good royal behavior. Saint Patrick, according to a canon popularly ascribed to him, tells of the temporal blessings which always attend the reign of a just king. And Dr. Johnson records that the return of the chief Macleod to Dunregan was said to be accompanied with a fine run of herring. What is known to this day as "King's evil," and was for centuries supposed to be *cured* by the king's touch, was originally *caused* by the king's touch, as in Africa to-day certain forms of skin disease, as well as hardening of the liver, are superinduced by physical *lèse majesté*. Boswell says that Johnson himself was touched in his childhood by Queen Anne for scrofula. Thus by many a practice, to us absurd, has royalty been hedged about with veneration, protected with wondering awe, lavishly, if sometimes jealously, maintained in pomp and aloofness—until man was ready for democracy. And if, even to-day, we democrats prefer our President frock-coated and just a trifle reserved, rather than, suspenderless, chasing a tennis ball or throwing his hat at a ball game, we might as well confess that we have not so far outgrown the traditions of the Incas and ancient Celts

as to be warranted in shouting. There are those who say that McKinley's life was sacrificed to an unnecessary intimacy with the throng. Certain it is that anarchy thrives best in the loss of a certain kind of reverence.

But to pass to Frazer's second proposition, namely, that respect for private property was originally secured, and subsequently strengthened, by superstition. A modern policeman is a rather impotent substitute for the ancient taboo, as a modern jail sentence pales by comparison with the old-fashioned consequences of theft. Originally "taboo" was the communication to a material possession of some mysterious quality of its owner. It was a kind of birth-right—unique and as personal as the body odor by which a dog recognizes his master. Being thus personalized—if I may use the word—a man's possessions, particularly a chief's or warrior's, became sacred, taboo. For another than the owner to touch such property meant death. As a consequence, the most valuable articles might be left otherwise unprotected. Later the taboo came into use by people generally as a sort of token of ownership. To show that a thing was tabooed the owner put his mark upon it. Thus, "if he wished to use a particular tree in the forest to make a canoe, he tied a wisp of grass to the trunk; if he desired to appropriate a patch of bulrush in a swamp, he stuck up a pole in it with a bunch of grass at the top; if he left his house with all its valuables to take care of itself, he secured the door with a bit of flax, and the place straightway became inviolable." Among the Samoans, in Melanesia, in Ceylon, among the Indians of South America, in Africa, with curious variations and adaptations and under diverse names, the taboo is found. For example, Livingstone observes that the African natives seldom rob each other—the surrounding of a plantation with a single cotton thread or the tying of a medicine charm around the trunk of a tree sufficing to protect the property from covetous thieving hands. Similarly the Ceram Laut Islander reserves to his own use the cocoanuts in his trees by planting the effigy of a fish at the foot of his trees, saying, "Grandfather fish, cause the person who steals my cocoanuts to be sick and vomit." Or he places a pig's jaw in the branches of his trees, thus threatening the thief with death by the jaws of a wild boar. By

the side of roads in West Africa may be seen food and palm wine for sale, yet with no salesman—merely a charm to insure that the buyer will deposit the price before taking the goods. Fancy a Christian merchant, in a Christian nation, in this latter day, taking such chances with his wares! Indeed, when one considers the precariousness of property rights in anything not literally nailed down—from a hat to a metropolitan traction system—he thinks rather admiringly of the primitive taboo, concerning which Dr. Turner says that "its practical results in securing honesty and order among heathen people can readily be imagined."

As with government and property, so with morality. We are accustomed to talk about the sanctities with which civilization has invested the marriage bed, and the increasing emphasis on chastity. And doubtless there are great gains to allege as against the days of Augustus or Clovis, or even George III. But, carrying our quest far enough back, we find an astonishing sexual purity among the aborigines of many countries—and all secured by superstition. No Reno or Sioux City for discontented heathen! No spectacle of a prominent society leader beguiling the time of her self-imposed exile in Nevada by organizing a new charity among the citizens of her temporarily adopted city! In Burma, for example, adultery or fornication is supposed to have a ruinous influence upon the crops; in Bengal the same sin undetected and unexpiated invites plague; in Sumatra it brings ravages by tiger or crocodile. In Borneo every countryside traversed by an adulterer is accursed until proper propitiation has been made. Among the Dyaks unchastity in a young woman causes misfortune to the entire tribe, while the violation of a child brings drought and famine. Nor is the punishment of such offenses left complacently, by a sort of "laissez faire," to the avenging gods. Drowning, strangling, death in the crater of a volcano, stoning—as among the Hebrews—are the humanly exercised deterrents of wanton and illicit passion. "Apparently the ancient Greeks entertained a similar view of the wasting effect of incest, for according to Sophocles the land of Thebes suffered from blight, pestilence, and the sterility both of women and cattle under the reign of *Œdipus*, who had married his mother." One recalls, too, the passionate protest of *Job* as to

adultery: "That," he says, "were an heinous crime—for it is a fire that consumeth unto destruction and would root out all the produce of the earth" (mine increase); also the punishment which Jehovah was supposed to have visited upon Pharaoh's household for his unwitting adultery with Sarah. Or, to come nearer home, there's a tradition that Münster was once robbed of its crops and plagued with other misfortunes as penalty for the incest of her king with his sister. An old writer says that the women of Madagascar, though intensely voluptuous, will not permit themselves to be drawn into any intrigue during the absence of their husbands at the wars, lest infidelity at such a time should cause detriment or death to the absent spouse. "If only David had held this belief he might have contented himself with a single instead of a double crime, and need not have sent his Machiavellian order to put the injured husband in the forefront of the battle." Thus in diverse ways has superstition—first the superstition of magic and later the superstition of religion—served the public morals, holding men in leash against the play of their own imperious instincts, lighting, if with fitful uncertain ray, the path to a consummated manhood which, according to Jesus's teaching, shall not even *think* unchastely.

One further service of superstition remains to be noted: its salutary effect in lending sanctity to human life. The ancient Greeks believed that even an involuntary homicide was hag-ridden by the ghost of his victim; not only so, but his community suffered with him the visitations of such uncanny company. (Take the legend of Orestes as an example.) After the North American Indians had tortured and burned a prisoner they would run through the village, beating the walls, furniture, and roofs of the huts and yelling at the top of their voices to frighten off the ghost of their victim. Some of the Malaysians express their fear of the dead by sowing graves with knives in order to make resurrection difficult, while the Tungoses bury their dead (pardon the paradox) in trees and then cut off all such lower branches as might facilitate the descent of the ghost. Widows and widowers are particularly liable to infestation by the spirits of deceased partners, thus finding check upon the ardors of premature or unworthy consolations. For instance, a widow in German Togoland must remain six weeks in

the hut where her husband lies buried. She may not eat beans or flesh or fish, though she may smoke. And she sits up most of the night throwing powdered peppermint and red pepper on the fire as defense against a malevolent return of her husband.

So, following the enticing lead of Frazer, I might extend our exploration indefinitely, pausing at China, where respect for the departed is the *sine qua non* of religion; in India, where the Bhotias possess an elaborate ritual for driving the spirit of the deceased into an animal; in South America, where the natives live in constant fear that some ghost will incarnate itself afresh in the body of an innocent sleeper; in British Columbia, where the restrictions placed upon the bereaved are so grievous as to make them wish they were the dead and their enemies were the living. But the conclusion of the matter is this, that fear of the dead has "laid disrespect for human life under great restraint." Not only does the ghost-ridden murderer live in terror of his victim, but the whole community shares his fear and partakes of the evil consequences of his violence. And "criminal justice was probably based in large measure upon a crude form of superstition long before the subtle brains of jurists and philosophers deduced it logically."

So Frazer—omitting his occasional flings at the survival of superstition in modern religion and his acerb gusts of contempt for our modern ethic. For myself, I should not like to underwrite his views, nor yet to decry them, without the benefit of such passionate study as he has devoted to the theme. Enough for me that He who "spake in time past at sundry times and in diverse manners"—more sundry and diverse than perhaps we have been willing to admit—may have been building his kingdom through the crude inarticulate groping of primitive minds after the eternal truth of things.



ART. VI.—THE ESSENTIAL CHARACTERISTIC OF CREEDS

THE development of thought has always been by means of fixed statements of belief. Men have found it necessary to formulate the results of their thinking and to hold fast to certain premises and conclusions. Doctrine, dogma, and creed have been the result. Doctrine has reference, primarily, to the teaching of truth and only secondarily to the formulation of fixed beliefs. Doctrine is truth from the point of view of a teacher. Its tenets are not set hard and fast, and may be assented to or rejected at will. Dogma is the fixed or formulated faith of a religious body which must be accepted as such and from which there can be no dissent. Creed is more especially a statement of religious belief, but in its common acceptance it means a statement of belief concerning any subject, be it religious, political, scientific, or otherwise. A creed is, in its best sense, merely the result of clear thinking. It is a natural and necessary outcome of all careful thought. Men must formulate the results of their mental activities for their own use, primarily, and then for the sake of others. Civilization has progressed, science, art, religion have been furthered, because men have declared the results of their investigation and thought in the orderly form of a creed. A creed can be a summation of either doctrine or dogma. In its best sense, however, and more in keeping with the demands of intellectual awareness and toleration, a creed is the orderly setting forth of the articles of faith to which doctrine, as such, leads. Men fix their doctrine, or teaching, in orderly and consequential procedure, and a creed results.

This fact is frequently overlooked and much thoughtless depreciation of the word "creed" is indulged in. "Away with creeds" is the shibboleth. "Let us dedicate ourselves to the truth, but denounce doctrine and creed." As well might one say, "Let us have the heart of the tree and its fruit, but let us dispense with the wood and the bark." Especially is the warfare on "creed" waged by men who would get away from the established doctrines

of religious belief and fixed forms of worship. "Let our church," says the pastor of a so-called independent church, "be a church of the people, dedicated not to any creed or dogma, but to the truth." Then he unconsciously proceeds to foist upon his people the following creed: "The first thing for which the church should aim is the divineness of human life, and that each man and woman should be a temple in which God is to dwell." Follow these words out to their logical conclusion and you have a fast-bound creed. Another clergyman, running away from creed as from his shadow, says: "I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ his Son." There he stops and congratulates his congregation that it has a pastor without a creed. And yet what a specific creed he has formulated! He believes in God, hence he denies atheism; he believes in one God, hence he discards polytheism; he believes in God the Father, hence he believes in God as a personality and refutes impersonal pantheism; he believes in the Father Almighty, hence he places the infinite over against the finite; he believes in God the Creator, hence he imputes wisdom and power and skill to God; he believes that God created "heaven and earth," hence he believes in two realms, whether both are to be enjoyed here or one in some region beyond; he believes in Jesus Christ, hence he believes in Jesus the Saviour of mankind, for Christ is only another name for Saviour; he believes in Jesus Christ the Son of God, hence he acknowledges a relationship between Christ and God which has been and is the deepest mystery as well as the profoundest hope and joy of men.

Any confession of faith, whether made by a liberal or an orthodox church, if it means anything at all, sets forth a definite and pronounced creed. A preacher who proclaims that his church has no creed and that he preaches neither doctrine nor dogma is either a man untutored and thoughtless or one who has an amazing facility for self-deception. Every branch of the Christian church is based upon a creed. And it has been thus from the beginning. Furthermore, every political organization, every social club, every assembly of men and women gathered for mutual benefit, has a creed. On examination the articles of that creed stand forth clearly designated.

When we unite with a church, therefore, or join a political organization, or become a member of a mutual benefit association, we subscribe to some creed. The same is true when we enter the realm of science. It has been and is held that the scientific spirit cannot tolerate a creed. Mr. Huxley said: "Men of science do not pledge themselves to creeds." The facts, however, speak otherwise. No man of science has ever left an impress upon the world who has not had a sharply defined creed. Science is as dogmatic as the church ever was. She has her creed, and its articles are forced upon whomsoever would enter her laboratorial temple and join himself to her devotees. Some of these articles are the universality of law, the inevitable consequences of gravitation, the indestructibility of matter, the conservation of energy, the evolution of species, the survival of the fittest, the undulations of water or air. This creed is repeated, not once a week, or once in six months, or on some great occasion when special confession is to be made, but every day, every hour, every moment the scientist thinks and works. Because of her creed, and only because of her creed, science discovers the wonders of the earth. In science, as well as in religion or politics, we must have a creed.

There is a popular fallacy about creeds, however, which leads to a great deal of error. This is the fallacy that a creed can contain all the truth. A creed is necessarily only a statement of belief in the truth, it is not the truth itself. Because the truth has been confounded with a statement of belief, or, to put it in another way, because a creed has been accepted as the truth, there has been much misconception as to creeds. A church may regard a creed as the absolute truth and demand as a condition of admission into its fold subscription and perfect loyalty to the creed. This has happened in the past and has been the source of persecution and bloodshed. The faggots which were laid at the stake of many a martyr were merely the formulated articles of some creed, and the flame that set them to burning was the incendiary torch of bigotry and prejudice. The historic creeds of Christendom, being man-made, are all only partial statements of the truth. Some of their articles, as far as they go, we believe are of the very essence of truth. But as we may know only in part, we dare not say that the part we

know is equivalent to the whole. In the period before the Reformation, and during the schisms which grew out of the Reformation, the different branches of the church held tenaciously to their creeds. In our day, fortunately, there is a spirit of universal peace and brotherhood abroad, and, if we cannot unite with every other denomination on the platform of metaphysical and theological premise, we lose sight of our differences when we gather around the altar and in our pews to pray to and praise God. Logic gives way to love, and we emphasize our points of agreement in the work of building up God's kingdom. But because of this very attitude of peace and good will in our day has the cry to do away with creed been emphasized, as though a creed were an unnecessary thing, an excrescence. To that point we can never come as long as the faculties and operations of our mind remain sound and normal. A creed is necessary, but it must be subject to growth and adaptation. Here is where wise men meet, be it in the laboratory, the lecture room, the divinity hall, or the church. A scientist is not without a creed, but he will be very careful to state that his belief is only a summary of the truth as he understands truth. He will set forth what is generally believed to-day by scientific men, but he will not presume to say this belief is final, that the temple of truth has been closed and no more oracles are to be had therefrom, or that the knowledge of to-day may not demand different interpretation of the truth as accepted yesterday. His eyes are turned outward and upward, he is still a devotee at the mystic shrine, he looks for fuller and wider revelation. His creed is not rolled up, tied with a ribbon, put away as a keepsake. It is spread open before him, he is ever ready to pencil in the results of his newer knowledge and conviction, to write a new creed, if need be, leaving wider spaces and margin for future amendment and correction. The religious thinker surely can be as certain of his premises as the scientist. If he formulates a creed, however, and says, "This is final," and then forces subscription to it as a condition of peace and fellowship with God, treating as enemies all those who dissent from him, he puts the ban on thinking and would rule by human authority rather than be led and lead by divine revelation. This is not the method of open-mindedness, it is not

the course the early apostles pursued. They had a creed, and they preached dogma, but they were ever open to the light and warned their hearers and disciples not to lose themselves in man-made theologies or close their hearts and minds to a fuller revelation. "We know only in part, we see as in a glass, darkly," said the greatest of the apostles. How, then, can we formulate a creed and close it as a finality? Another of the followers of Jesus gave us a rule that should underlie the making of all creeds: "Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts; and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you"—the sentence does not stop here, as it is often quoted; it proceeds: "Be ready always to give an answer . . . *with meekness and fear, having a good conscience.*" Not with a loud noise, claiming too much, but with meekness setting forth our certainties; not with bold assurance, as though we had grasped the last truth, but with fear lest a further revelation be withheld us; not flippantly, emphasizing the prowess of the mind, but with a good conscience, so that the heart can control the head.

And this leads to the real point concerning creeds. They are necessary, they must be subject to a growing revelation, but, above all, they must issue in life. If a man's thinking has no influence upon his life it is in vain. It often happens that a man's life is better than his creed. There are preachers who hold to fast rigid doctrines in their preaching, some who have harsh ideas as to the disposition of Almighty God, but whose lives and characters are so beautiful as completely to belie the unlovely features of their theology. There are men who choose to call themselves agnostics or unbelievers who unconsciously live lives of truly unselfish and Christian endeavor. They have creeds of which they are not aware; they have become crystallized, incarnated in their lives. But the opposite is too often the result. Men believe and profess one way and live in an entirely different way. Phillips Brooks very forcibly said to the Yale divinity students: "Preach doctrine, preach all the doctrine that you know, and learn forever more and more; but preach it always, not that men may believe it, but that men may be saved by believing it." If our beliefs are not a saving power in our lives they are detrimental to us.

In our study of the great creeds of religion we find the evidence of God in them. The tendency in every creed has been for more and broader life. The fact that creeds are interpreted according to their spirit and not according to their letter is one of the most satisfying indications of God in the world. As he is life, and makes for life, so every attempt to express faith and belief in terms of life is a drawing closer to the heart of the Eternal.

In its last estate a creed is a law. Articles of faith are a code of rules to guide and control man. The development of creed in the emotional and religious affairs of men has been of a kind with the development of law in the social, political, and commercial affairs of men. But law has always been a development toward liberty because of the life principle inherent in mankind. Paul, who at one time was a stickler for the letter of the law, wrote at a later time: "The commandment which was ordained to life I have found unto death." These words refer to the Mosaic code of laws, which was enacted, as Paul declared, for the sole purpose of furthering life, but which in the course of the changing years was being enforced so as to lead to death. Paul's thought is that law is necessary, but that it must lead to liberty, and not restraint, and make for the largest life. Law placed over against liberty would seem to be a restraint rather than a setting free. Here we have another of the many paradoxes which find their truth in the practical working out of life. We live by dying, we receive by giving away, we find our lives by losing them, we increase in stature and power by diminishing our size and strength. So also we become free by putting ourselves under restraint. James speaks of the perfect law of liberty, and Jesus tells us he came to make us free by fulfilling the law. If we would have life, therefore, our liberty must have reference to law and not to caprice. Liberty can never be another word for license; it must always bear a close relation to law. Law and liberty, as it were, form the circle whose beginning or end cannot be distinguished. When they are joined we are unable to tell where law begins and merges into liberty or where liberty begins and ends in law. If we would try to complete the circle with either alone, our line would not be long enough to go all the way around. It would be as though

we tried to cover the rim of a wheel with only a part of the tire. We might heat the tire and hammer it out and make it thin, so as to stretch all the way around. But it would not hold the wheel together. Instead of being a tire for that particular wheel, it would be a mere film that would break as soon as any weight was placed upon it. So we might stretch out and overemphasize liberty and try to make it form a complete circle without law, but our attempt would fail. The commandment which was ordained to life would be found unto death.

In the progress of civilization the peoples of the Western nations, some in a less, others in a greater degree, have obtained their liberty. Freedom of thought and action has been practically secured. But it has been only the result of growth, a growth accentuated and accelerated by political upheaval, war, and bloodshed. And if we turn ever so far back in history and follow the course of events onward we shall find that freedom came through law. The stronger oppressed the weaker, first by the law of might and afterward by the enacted law of the state. But the weaker always rebelled against the law until they came into power. Then they repealed the objectionable statutes and enacted others, which in turn were found not to fit the needs of the growing times and the rights of individual men and were repealed to give way to other and more acceptable laws. In a general way this has been the progress. Law has been used not so much as a prison to shut people in, but as a highway to lead people out. The laws of every generation are found to be an attempt to approximate the public opinion of that generation. They perhaps always have failed and always will fail as a perfect expression of the best opinion of any one age. They were real attempts, nevertheless, to set forth the best thought and conduct of that age. Through law, such as it was, have we come to liberty.*

So in regard to truth and religion. Hard-and-fast creeds have been formulated, the letter, rather than the spirit, has been insisted upon, new wine has been put into old bottles with direful results; but in the main creeds have been the best attempts of men at particular times to formulate truth so that its essence could be grasped and its life-giving power secured. And the fundamental

beliefs concerning God and providence have not changed in any essential degree because of adaptation to changing life and growing demands.

Despise not thou thy father's ancient creed;
Of his pure life it was the golden thread
Whereon bright days were gathered, bead by bead,
Till death laid low that dear and reverent head.
From olden faith how many a glorious deed
Hath lit the world; its blood-stained banner led
The martyrs heavenward; yea it was the seed
Of knowledge, whence our modern freedom spread.
Not always has man's *credo* proved a snare—
But a deliverance, a sign, a flame
To purify the dense and pestilent air,
Writing on pitiless heavens one pitying name;
And 'neath the shadow of the dread eclipse
It shines on dying eyes and pallid lips.

Liberty must conform to law, or it will run riot in license. And Christian liberty must be under the Christ-code, or it will have neither potency nor direction. The formulation of religious thought is a condition precedent of all clear thinking and right living. Creeds are necessary, but they must be subject to a growing revelation and issue in the life abundant.

Wm. W. Bush

ART. VII.—A PROPHETIC MINISTRY

MAN is created in the image of God. Which means, among other things, that he possesses a capacity for knowing God and holding spiritual communion with him. God, having created man with this faculty and power, desires him to use this endowment; and throughout the centuries God has sought to assist man toward a realization of the divine ideal. This he has done chiefly by revealing himself clearly and definitely in the eyes of men. The chief task of man has been, and now is, to understand these divine revelations, to know God, his nature, character, will, and purpose, and to draw near to him in obedience and love. In his attempt to make himself known, God has used and is using a variety of methods and means. He shows himself in the beauty and splendor of nature; he reveals his hand in the events of history; the ritual and ceremonies of worship have been and are a means of reaching the human heart and conscience. But in addition to these and other methods God has used in all ages what may be called the *Prophetic Method*. In "divers manners" he makes himself known to individuals who are especially well qualified to hear his voice. These he commissions to declare him and his will to their contemporaries. The belief in this method of divine revelation is the philosophy underlying the institution of prophecy. The prophets were men who represented Jehovah before and among his people—men who declared the divine will and purpose to their day and generation. The belief in this method of divine revelation is also the philosophical basis of the modern ministry. The minister of the gospel to-day is appointed a prophet just as truly as were Amos and Isaiah and Jeremiah of old. Whatever else, therefore, may be expected of the modern minister, as an administrator, a pastor, a church-builder, a money-raiser, or anything else, he must always remember that, primarily and preëminently, he is a prophet of the living God. Surely it is not unreasonable to suppose that a prophet of God in one period of the world's history may learn from a prophet of God in another age. Indeed, the more intimately I know the Hebrew prophets of old, the stronger

grows my conviction that in his attempts to grapple with the peculiar problems of our own age the modern prophet may learn much from these ancient men of God.

What, then, are some of the lessons which the modern prophet may learn?

In the first place, the prophets of old teach by their own personality and character what must be the character and personality of the efficient prophet of God in all ages. For example, it is perfectly evident that these ancient prophets were men of a vital religious experience. They had more than an intellectual grasp of the truth they proclaimed. They saw God and lived in close personal fellowship with him. As a result they understood the divine ideals of righteousness and were in a position to estimate rightly the condition of their contemporaries. The truth took hold of their hearts and lives, and only because they saw and felt and experienced and lived did they burn with a divine enthusiasm to make their contemporaries see the same visions, experience the same life, and realize the same ideals. Again, the prophets were holy men—holy in both senses in which the word is used in the Old Testament. On the one hand, morally pure: their lives were clean and in accord with the highest ideals they proclaimed. They sought to reflect in thought, word, and deed the character of Jehovah as apprehended by them. On the other hand, they were holy in the sense that they were entirely devoted to Jehovah and his service. He and his cause had first claim at all times; everything else had to retire into the background.

Moreover, the prophets were men with a deep consciousness of a divine call. "The lion hath roared," says Amos; "who will not fear? The Lord Jehovah hath spoken, who can but prophesy?" Isaiah is conscious of the command, "Go!" Jeremiah has heard the divine voice, "I have appointed thee a prophet unto the nations." A similar conviction is implied or expressed in the other prophetic books. Conscious of the nature of the prophetic office and of a divine call to the office, they proved loyal to the call and to their convictions. Hardship could not dim their consciousness, opposition could not quench their ardor, and danger of death itself could not swerve them from their purpose. The power of the

certainty of the divine call is indicated in this pathetic cry of Jeremiah, "And if I say, I will not make mention of him, nor speak any more in his name, then there is in my heart as it were a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I am weary with forbearing, and I cannot contain." No wonder Moses defied the power of the mighty Pharaoh, Elijah the scheming Jezebel, Amos the apostate chief priest, Isaiah the weak and vacillating Ahaz, Jeremiah the treacherous Jehoiakim. No wonder these men continued to declare, with no uncertain sound, the counsel of Jehovah, though at times they must have realized the apparent hopelessness of the situation.

Once more, the prophets felt a profound conviction that they had a definite responsibility regarding the problems of the age and their proper solution. They were conscious of being free and independent moral beings while they were engaged in their prophetic work. They knew that their own faculties and powers were not superseded by faculties and powers from without, and that they must make diligent use of these their own powers. At the same time, they were deeply convinced that they could achieve results only through real divine coöperation. Finally, they were men of sanity, of tact, of common sense. They did not lose their heads, nor did they injure the cause of Jehovah through lack of skill and soberness. Without compromising any principle at stake, they were wise and tactful in the presentation of their message. Note the tact with which the prophet Amos opens the message of denunciation against Israel; or the matchless skill of Isaiah, illustrated, for example, in the parable of the vineyard.

Such were the prophets of Jehovah who led his people through the crises of the past, and such must be the modern prophets of God who would lead his people through the crises of the present or future. No one can doubt the importance of the vision and living experience to the modern prophet. He who has not a sublime spiritual vision of God, and a living experimental hold on the truth he proclaims and urges others to apply and to live, is not the person to grapple successfully with the perplexing problems that confront the church and the ministry to-day. And how can a man hope to impress his vision of God and truth upon

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an individual, or a church, or a community, if he lacks an intelligent acquaintance with their lives and needs? Fundamental is the vision of God, for it alone can enable a man to have a right perception and true estimate of his environment. Neither can be had in its fullness without earnest spiritual, mental, and physical effort. By prayer and meditation alone no prophet ever did, or ever will, acquire a knowledge of the people to whom he is sent; nor can it be had from a study of literature, even of the Bible, alone; but only by moving among the people, as did the prophets of old, with eyes and minds and hearts quickened by the vision of God. And how great the need of holiness in the two-fold Old Testament sense of the word! First, moral purity and integrity—purity in body, mind, and spirit. A crushing blow is struck to the cause of God whenever one who is looked upon as a prophet of God swerves from the way of purity and integrity. Nor is the need of a whole-hearted devotion to the prophetic work any less pronounced: the consecration of all time, all thought, all strength of the whole being to the cause of him whose coworker the modern prophet is.

And surely the certainty of a call is not to be despised; for only he who is called is a prophet indeed. More important still, perhaps, is loyalty to the call. None of the ancient prophets took supernumerary relations, or entered the insurance business, or left the pulpit to mount the lecture platform, simply because things did not move smoothly in the prophetic office and other lines of activity appeared to offer a more comfortable living. But continuation in the office is not the only kind of loyalty demanded of the modern prophet. Loyalty in the office, loyalty to the tasks and responsibilities and ideals of the office, is equally important. Others besides F. B. Meyer may know something of the temptation to cut and trim the prophetic message for fear of offending some wealthy and influential pew holder. It requires much more loyalty to the divine call to deliver a message of rebuke to one who has influence and resources than to one who is without these things. The true prophets of old never failed on this point. But there may be even to-day, as there were in the days of Micah, prophets who cause the people to err because they practice, perhaps more

or less unconsciously, the saying, "Whose bread I eat his song I sing," or, as Micah expresses it, "Who bite with their teeth and cry, Peace; and who putteth not into their mouths they even sanctify war against him."

There are those who seem to think that the mercenary spirit is widespread, and that there is a desire on the part of many to muzzle the courageous preacher. In a letter written some time ago to a church paper occurs this statement: "The preachers are muzzled in city and country and village, and the muzzlers are not confined to the 'rich,' but some of as bad cases as we find are among those that pay little or nothing to the support of the church. I asked a member of an official board, of a church that had kept their pastor for eight years, what was the secret of his success, and he said he was a public-spirited man, not meddling with other people's business, was the best authority on Milton, Shakespeare, etc., and generally the best-talented man that they had ever had." If this was the situation, the writer was undoubtedly right in asking, "But, instead of a series of sermons on great literary celebrities, would not a series be better on Repentance, Restitution, the Golden Rule, Sabbath Breaking, Theatergoing, etc.?" However, this is hardly a fair description of general conditions. Men are much more willing than is here implied to listen to one who is a prophet indeed. The editor of the Saint Louis Republican is nearer the truth when he says: "The fact of the matter is, just between ourselves, that the wealthy man, instead of planning how he can muzzle the preacher, often goes home from church wondering why the man in the pulpit talked so feebly and generally of psychology, the 'modern spirit,' and the beauties of good nature, instead of telling him he was lax and cowardly and ease-loving in the field of his higher duties, and warning him to quit his meanness and remember there is a God in Israel." An attitude of cowardice is impossible with a prophet who is conscious of a divine call and is loyal to it. One of the speakers at the convention of the National City Evangelization Union held in Chicago a few winters ago stated that one of the methods of solving the city problem was to preach the same gospel—though perhaps in a different manner—to the men living along the boulevards as is preached to

the people in the slums. To do this is one of the things implied in loyalty to the divine call.

Sometimes modern prophets comfort themselves with the thought that they are not responsible for the results of their labors. In a certain sense that may be true; nevertheless, any prophet of God should be deeply concerned about the results of his efforts. He should labor as if everything depended upon him, relying at the same time, with sublime faith, upon the divine co-operation as if everything depended upon God. Only he who recognizes, like the prophet of old, the necessity of straining his own powers to the utmost, and at the same time is deeply conscious of the need of the divine presence and aid in all he undertakes, will accomplish the greatest results. Tact, sanity, common sense, possessed in so rich a measure by the Hebrew prophets, are other qualities needed by the modern prophet in the present time of unrest, agitation, and sensationalism, in order that he may diagnose correctly the ills of the age and apply with a steady heart and hand the remedies best calculated to heal the diseases.

In addition to the suggestions which the prophet to-day may gather from the personality and character of the ancient prophets, he may learn several lessons of great practical value from the character and contents of the messages they delivered. The first characteristic that impresses the student is the comprehensiveness of the prophetic message. The prophets were not merely, or even chiefly, predictors of future events. They believed themselves to be the representatives of Jehovah, commissioned to make known the divine will and purpose, whether it concerned the past, the present, or the future; the individual, society, or the state. They believed that Jehovah had a vital interest in every department of life, whether people called it political, or social, or industrial, or moral, or religious. With their sublime vision of God they knew no sphere of life where the presence of Jehovah might not be felt, or where the battle for righteousness might not be fought; and it was the sole ambition of these prophet-preachers to fight this battle until the entire national life should be regenerated; until worship should be so pure, commerce so clean, and politics so unselfish and honest that all might be offered as a holy and acceptable service

to Jehovah. The prophets believed that they had a right to interfere in all things, and they freely exercised this right. But, and this is a fact too frequently overlooked, they approached every situation not simply as statesmen, or as reformers, or as teachers of ethics, but primarily as prophets of Jehovah, seeking to realize their sublime vision of God and the divine ideals of righteousness burning in their souls. The modern prophet has a right—nay, it is his duty—to represent his God in every sphere of human activity, and to make known the divine will concerning all relations of life; but he must learn from his predecessors of ages gone by that he approaches these conditions not as an essayist or a lecturer, not as a politician or a professional reformer, but as a prophet of the living God. "The Church," says Shailer Mathews, "will never succeed in being merely a new organ of social reform." This is equally true of the minister. Only if he is first of all a prophet, with a prophetic message and vision, can he hope to succeed in his work for men.

Noticeable is also, in the second place, the pointedness and definiteness of the prophetic message. True, the principles underlying the prophetic utterances are few and easily discerned, but the prophets were not content with preaching principles in a vague and general way. In word, as in deed, they applied these principles to the needs of their day and generation and to the needs of every sphere of life and activity. There is no obscurity or vagueness in this denunciation of the popular conception of religion by the prince of prophets, Isaiah: "What care I for the number of sacrifices? says Jehovah: I am sated with burnt-offerings of rams and fat of fed beasts; and in the blood of bullocks, and lambs and he-goats I have no delight. When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hand, to trample my courts? Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me. New moon and sabbath, the calling of assemblies,—I cannot away with iniquity and the solemn assembly. Your new moons and your appointed feasts my very soul hateth; they are an encumbrance to me; I am weary of bearing them. And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you. Even if ye make many prayers, I will not hear; your hands are full of

blood. Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil. Be anxious about right doing; set aright the oppressor; secure justice for the fatherless; take the part of the widow."

Equally direct is the condemnation of the moral and social conditions confronting the same prophet. "Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field. . . . Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink, that tarry late into the night till wine inflame them. . . . Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of recklessness and sin as it were with a cart rope. . . . Woe unto them that call evil good and good evil. . . . Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes and prudent in their own sight. . . . Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine and men of strength to mingle strong drink; that justify the wicked for a bribe, and take away the innocence of the innocent from him. . . . Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees, and to writers that write perverseness." Amos is not afraid to condemn to their faces the greedy merchants who took advantage of the buyers by the use of the small measures and doctored scales; by charging exorbitant prices and mixing chaff with the wheat. Nor were the prophets afraid of the wealthy and powerful who misused their resources for the oppression of the weak and helpless. Indeed, against these are directed their severest condemnations. Micah describes those high in authority as cannibals who tear the flesh of the people from their bones and devour it. Nor does his contemporary, Isaiah, spare them: "They that lead Judah cause it to err. . . . The spoil of the poor is in your houses. . . . What mean ye that ye crush my people, and grind the faces of the poor. . . . The princes are companions of thieves, every one loveth bribes and chaseth after fees, but hath no regard for the cause of the fatherless or the widow." The pointedness and definiteness of the messages of the ancient prophets may not be without suggestion to the prophet of this day and generation.

In the next place, while the prophets condemned most severely and specifically the crimes, vices, and abuses of their day, while they denounced most persistently and emphatically the

hypocritical practices of their contemporaries and constantly exhorted them to practice specific virtues, they were not content with treating the symptoms. They knew very well that in order to bring about a real moral and spiritual transformation they must go behind the external acts to deal with the influences and motives responsible for the actions. What was back of the sins of the people, and how might new life be implanted? Generally speaking, the prophets saw the cause of the moral and religious apostasy in the lack of a proper knowledge of Jehovah. Not an intellectual knowledge alone, but a vital experimental knowledge, which would find expression in conduct. They believed that the possession of such knowledge of Jehovah in his true nature and character would drive away the awful wickedness and result in a complete transformation within and without. Hence, all the prophets, each in his way, sought to impress upon the people a more adequate knowledge of the nature and character of the God of Israel. Again we may ask whether the prophetic message, by its emphasis of the true conception of God as a regenerating influence, may not teach a lesson to the prophet of the twentieth century.

Some of the other elements in the teaching of the ancient prophets are equally suggestive to the minister of the gospel to-day. Such truths as these are especially applicable to conditions in our age: Material prosperity, if wrongly used, is likely to destroy moral purity and true spiritual religion; it leads to the deification of wealth, or power, or selfish pleasure, or reckless ambition; to an insolent defiance of the supreme majesty and holiness of God; it puts in the place of heart religion a formal and external ceremonial observance, and in the place of lofty ethical ideals low, utilitarian motives of action and conduct. Or this other truth: that God is not pleased with a cold, heartless formalism; it is an insult to him. He desires his people to do justly, and to love kindness, and to walk humbly in the sight of God. A third truth of permanent value is that justice between man and man is one of the divine foundations of society. No society resting upon the basis of selfishness or greed or oppression can endure. It is equally true that disregard of the religious and ethical demands of the all mighty and all pure God and failure to live up to our light,

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to our opportunities and obligations, is sure to bring judgment. Are not these and similar truths, emphasized and reemphasized by the prophets, the very truths of which the present age needs to be reminded?

In conclusion, attention may be called to one other consideration closely connected with some of the statements already made. Though we are living in the twentieth century A. D., a study of the ancient prophecies will soon show that, in essence at least, the problems confronting the prophets of Israel were not altogether unlike those of the present age. They had to face the problems of materialism and commercialism, the evils resulting from the accumulation of wealth, power, and resources in the hands of a few; cruelty, oppression, and arrogance, corruption in government and in the administration of justice. They had to grapple with a cold, heartless formalism that threatened to destroy pure, spiritual religion. Against these evils and wrongs the prophets of old raised their hands and voices, and the truths proclaimed then are the truths needed to-day more than anything else. The similarities between present conditions and those in the days of the prophets make it possible in some instances to transport bodily a prophetic message and apply it to conditions now. However, the world has not stood still. In the course of the centuries the social, industrial, and political life has become more complex and complicated. Should Amos or Isaiah come to New York, Chicago, or Washington to-day he would find it difficult to adjust himself to the strange sights. They knew a monarchical form of government—in ideal at least a theocracy; ours is republican in form; in name at least a government of the people, for the people, and by the people. In the days of the prophets the people were chiefly agriculturalists and shepherds, industries were undeveloped, and commerce, though not unknown, was carried on on a comparatively small scale. City life was less complex, for even the largest of the cities of Israel would be considered to-day little more than country towns, and since agriculture was the principal means of subsistence, there was no rush to the city, with its consequent city problem. The evolution along these and other lines has produced its own peculiar problems and perplexities. To these the prophetic

message cannot be applied in its present form. Nevertheless, with regard to these also it may be profitable for instruction. Surely it teaches, at least by implication, in the first place, that the modern problems are not outside the sphere of prophetic activity, and, in the second place, that their ultimate and permanent solution must be upon a religious basis—upon the basis of the great eternal principles enunciated by the Hebrew prophets. Who could imagine, for example, that the ancient prophets, were they to come to our country to-day, would contribute nothing to the solution of such vital present-day problems as the relation of capital and labor, the proper compensation of the worker, the protection of the worker while at work, and others of a similar nature? True, these are economic questions which, as has been suggested, cannot be settled by quoting texts in church; they must be determined by experts and in the light of economic facts and forces. But there is also a religious and ethical aspect to these questions. There is a religious and moral atmosphere in which the choicest personal advantage appears mean and contemptible if there is a shadow cast upon it by even the smallest injustice to a brother man. It is the business of the prophet of God to create this atmosphere, in which men show a Christlike consideration for their fellows, in which the general good is exalted above the private gain. When this atmosphere is once created, then, and not until then, these economic questions can and will be settled in a manner that will not be a reproach to our Christian civilization.

An article on "Methodism to Serve the Present Age," published some time since in a church paper, contains this statement: "A secretary of Home Missions in the Presbyterian Church has within a month caught here and there these articulate cries: Every year ten thousand men are killed in this country by machines, including railroads. . . . Eighty-five thousand are maimed each year. . . . One American city alone has above 300,000 dark interior rooms in tenement dwellings. . . . Two million children of school age in this country are badly underfed. . . . Some millions of families—not individuals, but families—live on less than \$500 a year. . . . Here is a young man, stunted and anæmic because of bad air, poor food, and child labor. You

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may convert him all you please, you can never make a man of him. . . . The differences in the rewards of toil are extreme and grotesque." Then follows the question: "Are these things necessary? Does the church care?" And the writer closes with the simple statement, "It is time to wake up." Were the prophets of old here to-day they would be wide-awake. Who can believe that these prophets would take no vital interest in the fact that in our country every year scores of thousands die of tuberculosis? "The problem of tuberculosis," it has been truly said, "is a social problem. It cannot be solved by medical men alone. . . . It comes to the poor who lack the means to live in proper surroundings. . . . One of the causes is the overcrowding in small rooms. . . . Lack of sufficient and nourishing food among the poor is the next great cause of the spread of the disease. Every rise in the price of food is reflected in the increasing number of deaths from tuberculosis. The conditions under which men and women and children are compelled to work are increasing the throng of the diseased. No child or young girl or boy should ever be allowed to go into a basement to work. It means that the sunlight and air that are absolutely necessary for the life of the young are denied them." Were the prophets here to-day they would not keep silent on the subject of child labor or the employment of women, with its blighting effects upon thousands of homes. The sweatshop, the tenement house with its evils, the Negro problem, the white slave traffic, the liquor traffic—indeed, every evil of the day would receive prophetic attention. Not in a cheap, sensational, and irrational manner, as is done too often, but these men of God would turn upon these problems their divinely quickened powers of vision, and, having assured themselves of the facts, and never before, they would apply to these facts their sublime spiritual and ethical ideals. And then they would battle against specific wrongs for specific rights until righteousness would triumph. Shall the prophet of God to-day, with the larger vision vouchsafed to him through the fuller revelation of God in the Christ, do less than they?

The prophets of God in the twentieth century cannot afford to neglect their predecessors in ages gone by, for they, too, have

words of wisdom and power and life. Let us strive to know God as the prophets knew him, in his majesty and sovereignty, in his righteousness and justice, in his holiness and purity, and, above all, in his mercy and lovingkindness. Let us add to the ancient message the revelation in Jesus the Christ with its life-giving power. Thus equipped, let us go forward to meet the crisis of to-day with the boldness and courage and wisdom of the prophets of old. Then we will do our proper share toward the solution of present-day questions and present-day problems in a way that will establish peace upon earth and good will among men.

F. C. Eiselen

ART. VIII.—H. G. WELLS: SOCIALISM AND THE
GREAT FAITH

A READER experiences a delicious sense of uncertainty upon picking up a work of H. G. Wells. No calculation based upon the mathematical law of probabilities can tell him, before he has read well to the end, whether it is pure sociology, arrant moonshine, flamboyant imaginings, or a picture of commonplace English society. Nor is one book the same always to all readers. To one an early novel of his may read like errant and wandering fiction of the stimulating style of Jules Verne; to another like the 13th chapter of First Corinthians. Or again, one of his later efforts, to the tough-minded readers, brought up in the rough-and-ready social theories of Karl Marx, Herr Bebel, and Winninger, is such stuff as their dreams are made of, with a little of real life quite irrelevant to the course of the argument; to the tender-minded, whose literary pabulum has been the sweetened gruel of Mrs. Humphry Ward or the honest, homemade pudding of G. K. Chesterton, it is the devil's psalter, the *te diabolum*, with a diapason mingling the crash of ancient fairy tale, modern romance, and the seventh commandment. Clearly, *In the Days of the Comet* begins as a story of English middle class life, but it ends as a lecture on sociology, eugenics, and the Kneipp cure. *The Modern Utopia* begins as an answer to a problem in practical sociology and ends as a protesting romance. *The New Machiavelli* and *Marriage* are never quite able to decide whether they are practical sociology, realistic fiction, or treatises on house decoration. Truly the patient and painstaking librarian has as much difficulty in classifying Mr. Wells's best-known works as he has in accounting for the vagaries of Wilhelm Meister or the *Wahlverwandtschaften*. But there is a charm in all this mélange of uncertainty comparable only to that with which a child puts his hand into his Christmas stocking. He may draw out a mechanical aeroplane, a set of building blocks, or a golden-rule primer. This is due in part to the fact that Mr. Wells has been developing, developing wonderfully, since the days when he startled the

magazine-reading world with his stories of aërial visitors and the heat ray. Then we looked on him as something of a prestidigitator in fiction, an enthusiastic disciple of the brilliant Jules Verne. Few readers saw in him any more than a desire to amuse by taking the imagination captive. Few realized that behind in the brain of the performer who was pulling Martian fighting-machines out of the emptiness of intercometary space there lay serious thoughts, thoughts which should give pause to those who are wont to glory in the marvelous advances of our civilization. This seriousness of purpose has attended him in all his later works, ever growing, ever seeking new ways of attacking the problem which obsessed him in his earliest, almost in his schoolboy, thinking. But unfortunately the reputation he then gained as a wonderworker in fiction has been like a millstone about the neck of his subsequent fame.

Even though Mr. Wells has in his last few novels abandoned the higher altitudes of sheer imagination for the plain level of everyday life, on which he has sought to work out the problems that are ever crying for solution, yet an essential dualism of his genius remains; and this has added not a little to our difficulties. For he is both socialist and artist. Now the potentialities of human nature are almost infinite, and it may direct its activities now here, now there, and draw strength from its multifarious interests. Spinoza ground lenses, which perhaps gave him the medium through which he looked into the infinite; Keats compounded drugs between Endymion and the Ode to a Nightingale; Spenser chased Irish rebels, and was chased in turn, which gave a new zest to his Faerie Queene; Dante was a politician, revolutionist, Ghibelline; Milton a Latin secretary; Benvenuto Cellini a swashbuckler; Leonardo da Vinci a mathematician, mechanic, soldier, inventor, poet, architect, and artist—and the list might go on indefinitely. Even Socrates had a trade or two, which, for all we know, did not suffer, in addition to those of professional banqueter and irritating conversationalist and philosopher. But there are two things a man may not be at the same time: a theoretical socialist and an artist. Either the socialist will lay his deadly hand on the creative impulses of the artist, and they will

languish, or the artist will arise and call to naught the fine-spun logical scheme of things entire of the socialist. Their natures are contrary—too contrary to live at peace within the confines of one brain. This it is that has brought about the grand confusion in Mr. Wells's books. For the socialist demands order, perfect order in everything about him. To him the whole human universe is an office that has been left in the charge of an incompetent secretary, and as a result the card files, which should be neatly ticketed and in order; and the letter presses, which should be set forth, each with its dates and contents nicely indexed and alphabetized—all these in an ecstasy of disorder, valuable papers in the waste-basket, worthless scraps carefully preserved, the manager away on a vacation, and business being transacted or pressing for transaction. To rescue what so clearly needs to be rescued, the socialist confidently offers himself as a competent clerk who knows the symptoms of the disease and the exact nature of each remedy. This is the professional socialist in Mr. Wells. He knows the varieties of social ailments, and at times he also thinks he knows wherein may lie the cure. And, good socialist that he is, he will apply the cure by means of concrete object lessons drawn from little offices he will make to serve as models of administrative sanity and health. These are to show scientifically and artistically the true evils of human society and the means that may be taken to remedy them. For this purpose he calls in the aid of Mr. Wells the artist, whose hand is necessary in planning and furnishing the orderly models. But, unfortunately, the artist is not overly fond of order and nice ticketing, and indexing, and card files, and letter presses. He knows the use of the waste-basket, and perhaps of the feather duster, but in his artistic temperament he despises all else that goes into the equipment of a modern office. For, and here lies the great difference, to him order presupposes essential identities, while he can see only subtle differences. He knows that a leaf in a forest catches its significance because it is different from every other possible leaf; how, then, can he index these yet more subtle and significant human leaves, and, placing them in a beautiful mahogany file called socialism, proclaim the result a regeneration of the human

race and the ultimate goal of society? Thus the artist Mr. Wells comes to the aid of the socialist Mr. Wells, and the result—is the closing gloom of *The New Machiavelli* and of *Marriage*.

But, though his art is never entirely free, Mr. Wells remains all in all the most significant English author of to-day. There is a grasp of the essential significance of each of the situations he portrays, an understanding of the subtle complexity of each character, a perfect sense of the value of each tone in the background, that, in combination, we look for in vain in his contemporaries. He has painted with relentless hand the sordid ugliness of our rapidly growing industrial civilization—not the ugliness or callowness of youth, which, when one touch shall come, the touch that comes to every boy, shall fade insensibly into manly grace and vigor, but the driveling ugliness of miserly age. His pictures of twentieth-century London are comparable only to the pictures of the London of the forties and fifties in Dickens. Yet there is this difference: Dickens made his London full of the subtle charm of romance; Wells has his full of the Darwinian law of the survival of the fittest when the breed calls to its aid the horrid forces of coal, electricity, iron, and filth. As mercilessly truthful are his pictures of London and English society. The characters he draws are taken from the class that is now in the ascendancy—the so-called middle and the lower middle, those acquiring wealth and those interested in politics; the class above all others that is moved by the relentless force of selfish egotism, greed, love of display, and the gospel of getting on in the world. Into this he throws his characters, who burn with a desire to cope with the mad, inconsequential whirl of civilization. At best they get this assurance from one that knows the force of the eternal conflict:

Civilization's just a fight . . . just as savagery is a fight, and being a wild beast is a fight, only you have padded gloves on and there's more rules. We aren't out for everybody; we're out for ourselves—and a few friends, perhaps—within limits. It's no good hurrying ahead and pretending civilization's something else, when it isn't. That's where all these socialists and people come a howler. O, I know the socialists. I see 'em at my wife's At Homes. They come along with the literary people, and the artists' wives and the actors and actresses, and none of them take much account of me, because I'm just a business man and rather

dark and short, and so I get a chance of looking at them from the side that isn't on show while the other's turned to the women, and they're just as fighting as the rest of us, only they humbug more and they don't seem to me to have a decent respect for any of the common rules.

Nor is the successful business man blind to his own essential worthlessness to the cause of humanity. He is rather cynically alert to the whole truth:

I tell you I don't believe that the majority of people who make money help civilization forward any more than the smoke that comes from the engine helps the train forward. . . . They're about as much help as—fat.

To the one who would by patient research and unselfish service devote his life to help humanity he can give only this meed of remuneration: a hard life, economy, deprivation, and in the end a doubtful appreciation and almost certain failure. To the enthusiastic Remington, who burns to convert England to love and clear thinking, the cynical, but practical and worldly wise Oxford don retorts that the world is better ruled by hate and coarse thinking. What has this pachydermatous monster in common with a propaganda of unselfish and sentient intellectuality? Besides, each struggler against this resistless egotism carries in his heart an unknown ally of the enemy. Man, be he never so devoted, is not made in a piece, to throw his whole force unhampered against the foe. For the best instincts of unselfishness are close akin to his instincts of selfishness. His personal interests and his public interests, though they may seem for years to be almost identical, will at times turn and rend each other. And where can be found a will so cold, so impersonal, that it can affirm the claims of the one and uproot the pretensions of the other? It is this tragic inability of man to be all beast or all god that gives the melancholy conclusions to all of Mr. Wells's novels of the unceasing social conflict. For at the end of the months in the wilderness Trafford and Marjorie, in Marriage, are not much nearer to a common realization of their life's purpose:

I want to get into contact with men who are thinking. . . . Every writer who has anything to say, every artist who matters, is the stronger for every man or woman who responds to him.

And now Marjorie's mind was teeming with thoughts of this new conception of a life lived for understanding. As she went about the prepa-

ration of the tea, her vividly concrete imagination was active with the realization of the life they would lead on their return. She could not see it otherwise than framed in a tall fine room, a study in somber tones. . . . There should be a fireplace of white marble . . . with furnishings of solid brass. And she wanted some touch of the wilderness about it, a skin perhaps.

Running through all his novels, then, is this essential dualism of human nature: the one side godlike, orderly, constructive, longing to create beauty, yearning to make of earth a heritage worthy of the sons of God; the other ingratiatingly demoniacal, suavely destructive, politely seeking to raise itself at the expense of others, insinuatingly ugly. It is because he sees clearly this eternal conflict, because he pictures as clearly the essential Manichæism in our modern civilization, Mr. Wells is our most significant novelist to-day.

But though Mr. Wells the artist sees thus clearly that an individual is made up of orderly and unordered traits, that it is impossible to classify him in any system or organization without destroying his individuality or ignoring his individual eccentricities; in a word, though he sees that a perfect social order is, owing to the exigencies of individual human nature, impossible, yet the socialist Mr. Wells cannot despair. He wills to see, beyond present conflict, disorder, and ugliness, a state of society that shall be peaceful, orderly, and beautiful. For "indeed Will is stronger than Fact; it can mold and overcome Fact. But this world has still to discover its will; it is a world that slumbers inertly, and all this roar and pulsation of life is no more than its heavy breathing." Now the socialist, as well as the sociologist, desires by painstaking research into the nature of human activities to arrive at some general conclusions respecting their nature and their end. The origin of society, the explanation of social phenomena, the aim of society, how this aim may most expeditiously be achieved—these and the like are the questions that constructive sociologists are striving to answer. And the methods they employ are those of modern inductive science. So Mr. Wells, in his desire to reduce our social chaos into system, finds his best weapon to be the one which has been used with such unexpectedly successful results in the conquest of the physical world.

When the intellectual history of this time comes to be written, nothing, I think, will stand out more strikingly than the empty gulf in quality between the superb and richly fruitful scientific investigations that are going on and the general thought of other educated sections of the community . . . this new thoroughness of intellectual treatment which has always distinguished the great, and which to-day is also the essential quality of the scientific method.

Or again,

The plain message physical science has for the world at large is this, that were our political and social and moral devices only as well contrived to their ends as a linotype machine, an antiseptic operating plant, or an electric tram car, there need now at the present moment be no appreciable toll in the world, and only the smallest fraction of the pain, the fear, and the anxiety that now makes human life so doubtful in its value.

Given, then, a complete understanding of all social phenomena by patient scientific research, and a full application of the laws thus discovered, and all lies open, orderly, and beautiful, a human universe rational to the core. The chief virtue of a society thus rationally and organically constituted will be unselfish discipline.

Such an order means discipline. It means triumph over the petty egotisms and vanities that keep men in our earth apart; it means devotion to a nobler hope; it cannot exist without a gigantic process of inquiry, trial, forethought, and patience in an atmosphere of mutual trust and concession. Such a world as this Utopia is not made by chance occasional coöperation of self-indulgent men, by autocratic rulers, or by the brawling wisdom of the democratic leader.

Such a society, which must be world-wide in its scope, he has termed The Great State. And he feels its future certainty; for the more primitive life of the past, based on agriculture and owing its long continuance to the inertia of tradition, the so-called normal social life, has been rapidly crumbling under the abnormal conditions brought about by our scientific and concentrated industrialism. Nor, says he, should we desire a return to the past, for it, too, had its inherent conflicts, its pain, its anxieties, its physical and moral ugliness. No; the rational progressive, like Mr. Wells, looks forward to a millennium, to "the ideal of a social system no longer localized, no longer immediately tied to and conditioned by the cultivation of the land, world-wide in its interests and outlook and catholic in its tolerance and sympathy, a system of great individual freedom with a uni-

versal understanding among its citizens of a collective thought and purpose." This ideal is beautiful as he describes it in the *Modern Utopia* and in *Socialism and The Great State*. The latter might well be entitled *Socialism and The Great Faith*; for if scriptural faith has strength to remove mountains, we may hope some time—not our day—will see the dream come true. It is to be a servantless world, for will not science then have arrived at maturity? The curse of Labor will be no more, or will be shifted from the shoulders of men to machines. What menial duties must be performed will be done by conscript labor, and that for only a few hours each day. A standard system of values will be established in the place of our constantly fluctuating currency. The surplus of production in such a gigantic coöperative system will be such that everyone may have a profit and live at his leisure, if he chooses not to work. As much freedom as is consistent with the welfare of the community will be allowed to each individual, and he may turn his energies to whatever direction he will. There will be directors and managers, to be sure, but no managing caste in permanent conspiracy to hold supreme power. All this has been heard before, many times before, but not always in the same words. Who are to be the governors? How are they to be chosen? If they are a voluntary nobility, like the Samurai of the New Utopia, how do they gain acceptance from the mass? If they are elected by the people, then we must expect a modicum of clear thinking in the mass that our present experiments with democracy hardly warrant. How shall we reconcile the much-vaunted individual freedom with careful direction, system, and coöperation? These are hard questions, as he himself recognizes, for he writes: "This still leaves the problem of systematic knowledge and research and all the associated problems of æsthetic, moral, and intellectual initiative to be worked out in detail." But leaving these, it leaves all. One is reminded of the answer the Empress Catherine made to the philosopher Diderot: "Monsieur Diderot, I have heard with great pleasure the inspirations of your brilliant mind, but all your fine principles, which I understand very well, would make very fine books, and yet would work out very badly. In all your plans of reform you forget the im-

mense difference between your position and mine. You work on paper, which submits to everything you say. It is supple in every part, offering no obstacle either to your imagination or to your pen. But I, poor empress! work on the human skin, which is quite otherwise, ticklish and irritable." But there are other and yet more fundamental difficulties. What shall we say if the much-vaunted science upon which he leans so heavily—and which is to give him the clear understanding that, like a sword of lightning, is to cleave the darkness of our ignorance and prejudice—what shall we say if this prove but a broken reed, and the clear understanding no better than a rushlight in a wind-blown darkness? In the mathematical sciences, where all right angles are ninety degrees and all straight lines the shortest distance between two points, and the circumference of a circle always at the distance of the same radius from the center, our generalizations always hold firm, be the geometer Euclid himself or the youngest freshman in a university. In the physical sciences, where the variations between individual atoms and molecules or lines of force in the same substance are so slight as to be negligible, we still have a science which for all practical purposes gives us what we call universal laws. But as we go higher into the biological realm individual variations occur in greater and greater numbers, here giving rise to new species, there apparently to lawless lapses. Even a generalization so valuable as the Mendelian law is shot through and through with exceptions. What biologist has dared to dream of drawing up a system of axioms and postulates for the theory of evolution which for universality of application and conciseness of expression might approach those of Euclidean geometry? And yet we have a science of biology—a limping science, a temporary makeshift, a rule of thumb. Can our microscopes and scalpels and patient investigators hope for more? And can we expect better results from the patient investigator in the field of sociology? Here we have individuals, but hardly any class generalizations. Our whole art depends upon these individual differences. Who ever dreamed of the romance of a molecule, or the tragedy of an atom, or the comedy of an acute angle? Who can accurately define a normal human being, or a typical

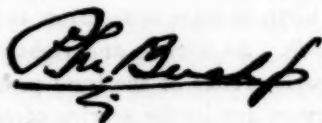
American, or a perfect Nebraskan, without fastening his attention upon one individual and excluding the thousands and millions of others? Who can answer the apparently simple question, What is the origin of society? A standard textbook, after pages of effort, comes forward with this: that we will have to look for the origin of society in man's social instinct. In another field such an answer would be humorous. The conclusion seems clear that, so long as human nature is as it is, strongly individualized, and our whole tradition is to exaggerate this individualizing process, we must look in vain for a science of sociology that will give generalizations strong enough to enable us to draw up a constitution for The Great State which shall at the same time maintain order and beauty and give free play to individual development.

But the desirability of order and freedom is the strongest contention that Mr. Wells makes in his *Modern Utopia*, in his *Socialism and The Great State*, and in his *New Machiavelli*. Yet he recognizes their incompatibility when he writes:

Organizations and genius are antipathetic. The vivid and creative mind, by virtue of its qualities, is a spasmodic and adventurous mind; it resents blinkers, and the mere implication that it can be driven in harness to the unexpected. It demands freedom. It resents regular attendance from ten to four, and punctualities in general, and all these paralyzing minor tests of conduct that are vitally important to the imagination of the authoritative dull. Consequently it is being eliminated from its legitimate field.

This makes one fear that there is too much order with us already, that the card file in business, government, and education has played sad havoc with our inventive geniuses, and that we are fast degenerating into a nation of organizers and plodders. Nor does a study of history reassure us or make Mr. Wells's ideal seem any the more attainable. There has never been a time when organization was carried to a further or more benevolent extent than during the days of Hadrian and the Antonines in Rome. The surplus wealth of the state was expended in maintaining the poor in care-free leisure; there were free schools, free theaters, free art, free libraries that almost rivaled ours. Order was everywhere and perfect. Municipal, state, and national pride exalted itself in

beautiful buildings, baths, porticos, galleries, temples; universities and free lectureships were in all principal cities; the road to preferment in state lay open to every aspirant. Yet where we look for a flowering of individual genius we see nothing but poor mediocrity. The energies of men were drawn off in maintaining order. An excellent code of laws was devised to perpetuate this order, for the state had grown stronger than the individual, and we had The Great State, but no Great Individuals. For it seems to be the melancholy truth that the more nearly we come to having a perfect state the less reason there can be found for there being one. And freedom of individual development—does not this imply also freedom to make mistakes, and at times, perchance, serious mistakes? Is not a man's development due also to his failures as well as to his successes? It was this that prompted Goethe to write large the motto, "None of thy errors shalt thou repent." But where in an atmosphere of perfect order and co-operation can we place the busy-body who experiments freely with life, failing now here, now there, like Faust or Meister, only at last to find himself and his true mission? The freedom permitted in Wells's Great State is a pseudo-freedom like that of Rousseau's young Émile. And, last, it is not idle to object that in a state of perfect order there can be no beauty. For order is monotonous and beauty is unique. The only persons whose company we enjoy in the New Utopia are the protesting Botanist and the recalcitrant and unshorn and peripatetic advocate of the simple life. Mechanical precision we admire; a linotype machine, an antiseptic operating plant, an electric tram give us a sense of ease, luxury, or safety; but it is to the old handpress or the high-pooed Santa Maria that we turn for æsthetic delight. When all civilization shall have turned linotype machine and antiseptic operating plant, we shall have more comfort perhaps, but we also shall have made the supreme renunciation.



ART. IX.—LABOR AND THE COURTS

THE title above challenges attention to an unpleasant but vital problem in social justice. Our political self-complacency would gladly assume the perfection of our legal tribunals. Nevertheless, sound sense forbids us to assume the perfection, or even the near-perfection, of anything human. Meanwhile the resentful voice of labor is demanding that the public conscience shall consider, and, if need be, reconsider, this entire subject of labor and the courts. It is only perilous folly to dismiss this controversy with the remark that the workingmen only are at fault, and that they are totally incompetent to discuss such subjects. There has already been too much of this getting rid of our ominous problems by an airy wave of the hand. At the same time there are reasons for the reluctance of thoughtful men to pose as critics of the courts and for their impatience with those who seem over-hasty to assume that role. The great wisdom and unimpeachable integrity of our judges as a class, the prestige accorded to precedent, the frequent complexity and obscurity of the facts and principles involved in judicature, the fundamental rule that courts can declare only what the law is, not what it ought to be—these and other considerations admonish all concerned to observe the most scrupulous respect toward our judicial tribunals. These considerations must, nevertheless, be qualified by others; such as, first, the usual social affiliations of the judges; second, the strategic disadvantages of laboring people in court contests; third, the adherence of courts to antiquated and inequitable precedents in labor cases. To discuss these latter considerations with full candor toward labor and equal respect toward the courts is the purpose here in view.

I. The social class to which the judges usually belong, either by birth or later association, is likely to impart some bias to their minds. As a rule, and rightly, our judges are chosen from the superior ranks of the legal profession, and as a rule the superior lawyers are in the service of corporations or other great capitalistic interests; hence it is inevitable that the same lawyers, when

they become judges, cannot entirely divest themselves of mental habitudes incident to class affiliations and professional relationships. This need ascribe to them nothing worse than those common limitations of human nature which are sure to prove incorrigible in spite of the best intentions. An authority so impartial as Professor Groat remarks: "It is at this point that the judge's attitude of mind and habit of thought, a result of legal training and legal practice, become of prime importance. Doubtless this is the cause that has led in so many cases . . . to the decision in favor of the employer." It is eminently true of litigation that "the destruction of the poor is their poverty," for so long as the poor man cannot afford the expense of duly prosecuting, it is all in vain for the court to assure him of an impartial judgment at the end of the suit. If his claim is a trifling one, the rich adversary will probably regard concession as cheaper than contest, but in proportion to the importance of the poor man's claim his disadvantage increases. If a laboring man ventures to appear in court against a rich employer, it usually means that the former must be represented by an inferior attorney opposed to the superior legal expert hired by the employer. Beyond that it means that the multiplied fees, intolerable delays, and ingenious technicalities will so increase expenses and postpone judgment that even injustice shall be cheaper than justice to the poor. It was said by John Bascom that "justice that is unduly deferred can by no possibility be justice." There are, or recently were, pending in the courts of this country two cases of workingmen's claims against corporations still undetermined after ten years of litigation and another after eleven years. A decision of the courts awarding damages to a widow for the loss of her husband's life has been rendered after nine years of litigation, including four distinct trials and five hearings on appeal, and still later is an award of damages to a workman after twenty-two years of litigation, the crowning disgrace of American judicature. In most of the civilized countries these poor folk would rarely have been obliged to go to law at all, but would have been promptly indemnified by the automatic operation of the workingmen's compensation laws. Surely President Taft has good occasion to say that "the one thing which disgraces our

civilization to-day is the delays of civil and criminal justice, and these always work in favor of the man with the longest purse."

II. Labor complains not only of tardy, but of inefficient administration of justice. Judicial and legal processes seem to act with celerity and certainty against laboring men, witness the many drastic injunctions against boycotting and picketing or the inexorable toils of law that closed about the wretched McNamaras. On the other hand, working people observe the contrasted futility of the law in dealing with the terrible crime of the "Triangle fire" in New York, when one hundred and forty-seven working girls perished in awful misery; a disaster for which there was no excuse save the business economy of such inhuman hazards. A great religious journal truly says "that such a crime—for crime it surely was, against all the laws of God, whether against the criminal statutes of New York or not—can go unpunished and can soon be forgotten, as it will be, is a fearful indictment of our courts and of our public conscience. The insurance protects the owners, the fire department protects the neighboring buildings, the police keep away looters, and the only unprotected ones are the workers who have ventured their lives as well as given their labor for enough to keep body and soul together." This unspeakable miscarriage of the laws is still further aggravated by the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the same State setting aside the statute whereby the relatives of the slaughtered women were assured of civil damages. The public may forget such injustice, but it is too much for the public to expect that work people will forget it or fail to compare with it the efficacy with which the courts protect property and punish laboring men. Labor has a grievance until it is assured of "cheap, swift, and reliable justice." To this end labor may rightly demand that all such litigation shall be submitted here, as in France and Germany, and in Wisconsin under a recent statute, to special courts where the proceedings are summary and untechnical, the language plain, and the costs little or nothing at all. The traditional objection that cheap justice is likely to multiply litigation is old without being venerable. Litigation may be an evil, but injustice is a greater evil, and so are social discontent and class hatred. Nor is it clear that excessive litigation will en-

sue. For litigation is not to be measured by the number of suits alone, but by their duration, and free justice, with prompt adjudication, will be such a deterrent to injustice that many now familiar occasions for litigation would then no more arise.

III. Labor's practical inequality before the law is further due to certain antiquated traditions of the courts. The respect for precedent is rightly an essential principle of all judicature, and yet it often results that some precedents thus linger unduly beyond their time. "A great mass of law and methods in the administration of law, fitted primarily to past necessities, are present to make the decisions of our courts unduly conservative." It is no marvel that tendencies older than the principle of equality before the law should still in some measure modify the latter. There was a time when law and precedent frankly favored privilege, property, and rank. At a period not remoter than early court reports employers who kidnapped a laborer were fined one shilling, while the laborer who should steal an employer's coat would have been hanged for it. Two hundred years ago it was the usage of the courts to fix the rate of wages, and the fact that the justices who did so "were often employers, or of the class whose interests were most nearly akin to those of the employers, did not seem to strike anyone as incongruous except occasionally the laborers themselves." And Professor Groat records that in our courts no longer ago than the middle of the nineteenth century "the spirit of medievalism, with its antagonism to the working classes and its ingrained feeling that in some way the laborer must be controlled by his employers, somewhat after the manner of a serf by his lord or an apprentice by his master, survived." From such times and their precedents our modern precedents are lineally descended, and while the tendency has indeed been away from such origins, yet the fact that precedent is precedent, and not reform, makes inevitable in its present stage some trace and taint of its earlier stages. Justice Hornblower, a jurist of greatest distinction and conservatism, declares: "We find ourselves in this State [New York] at the beginning of the twentieth century substantially where we were at the beginning of the nineteenth century so far as the great body of our legal principles is concerned. The

same situation exists in the great majority of the other States." And it was not until the nineteenth century that labor was accorded such elementary justice as the modification of the anticonspiracy, the vagrancy laws, and the enactment of the factory acts. And labor complains that equality before the law is still incomplete until many surviving usages regarding injunctions, employers' liability, freedom of contract, and class legislation shall be radically reformed.

The writ of injunction has occasioned the most vexed and complicated of all these controversies. Many considerations are involved. Laboring men should not overlook the unanimous and well-grounded declaration of the judges that the authority and efficiency of the courts are vitally dependent on the prompt effectiveness of this writ. Workingmen, of all men, have most to lose through any sort of "reform" by which the courts may be reduced to imbecility. Whatever rights the law professedly guarantees to workingmen will have security and substance in the exact degree in which the processes of the courts are summary and effective. Nor, on the other hand, should courts or public overlook the consideration that court processes, which are but the means, should never supersede those constitutional rights where preservation is the end of the processes. It seems reasonable to maintain that the use of the injunction is an abuse, (1) when it is a subterfuge for depriving unconvicted men of jury trial or other constitutional guarantees; (2) when it penalizes men for doing in concert what they have right to do as individuals; (3) when it suspends rights without notice and then holds them in suspense pending a long-deferred hearing. All concerned should observe that labor's grievance does not depend entirely on whether the injunction-power has been abused in this or that particular case, but on the belief that present usages are such as to render abuses possible and yet leave labor without adequate legal recourse or remedy. In the end no probable modification of their writs could more seriously impair the efficiency of the courts than would the belief of a great social class that the courts are employing these writs to impair the principle of equality before the law and the solemn guarantees of the constitution. While it is true that popu-

lar rights have their last legal security in the courts, it is also true the courts have their last actual security in popular confidence. Therefore the great question regarding injunctions is not as to their use and abuse in specific instances, but whether—and how—their necessary and effective use can be fairly and plainly reconciled with the constitutional guarantees of jury trial, habeas corpus, free speech, and free press. Such a reconciliation is requisite as a protection not only to the rights of labor, but no less to the political independence and moral authority of the courts.

It is to be observed, again, that the theoretical distinction between legislation and adjudication cannot always be observed in practice. In determining what the law is the judge often has little light save the presumption that the law is what it ought to be. Three further factors there are which often enter into such cases as added complications. First, such judicial legislation not only supplies the absence of statutory enactments, but at times even sets them aside. Second, judicial decisions are often not only decisions of the law, but decisions of the facts to which the law is applied, or even decisions of social theory in whose light the law is interpreted; in which cases, granting that the judge is always the best judge of the law, it is often true that the sociologist, the economist, the charity expert, the sanitary expert, the legislator, the labor leader, or even the plain "man on the street," may be as good or a better judge of the social facts or theories involved. Thirdly, all such "judge-made law" immediately tends to harden into a fixed and governing precedent. It is evident that all this can be preserved from becoming an intolerable usurpation only on condition that it be subject to free discussion and popular determination in the end. And, naturally, the laboring classes, knowing such precedents to originate actually, though not theoretically, in the free exercise of the discretionary powers of judges, easily make the inference that the regularity with which such discretion has been exercised adversely to labor may be explained in part by an adverse bias of mind.

The court doctrines most vitally related to labor litigation are the "fellow-servant" doctrine, those relating to the assumption of risk, contributory negligence, class legislation, and freedom of

contract. The fact that these doctrines and usages have been gradually evolved gives some color to the belief of the laboring class that they manifest a partiality which would be incredible if supposed to be conscious, but not at all incredible if unconsciously manifested in the slow development of tendencies. For instance, courts hold that the "good-will" of a business is a vested right, but that the leisure time of labor is not. Further, the court at its own discretion confers upon capital the former right without any statute to sustain it, while courts have denied the latter right to labor in spite of statutes which confer it. Yet the good-will of business and the leisure of labor are both incorporeal values, both equally ideal. Even in the absence of statutes, why should not courts have been as solicitous for the workman's leisure and his standard of living as for the merchant's commercial popularity? Again, the courts, though tardily, are now upholding laws limiting the labor time of women on the ground that the human race is entitled to healthy motherhood. Why not healthy fatherhood? Why not the good citizenship which is largely dependent on "the time and spirit to think"? Whether the labor-time concerned be that of women or men, such questions are not so much judicial as sociological. Why do sociologists and judges usually render divergent answers? And when legislatures have already answered such questions by statutory enactments, why should courts so often undertake to reverse the answers thus given to questions primarily social, and therefore legislative, rather than juridical, and that despite the admonition of the national Supreme Court that "the legislature, being familiar with local conditions, is primarily the judge of the necessity of such enactments"?

There are many such apparent anomalies in the contrasted attitude of courts toward capital and labor. Although a combination of employers to enforce a "closed shop" against unionists seems to be perfectly lawful, yet a combination of employees to enforce a "closed shop" against nonunionists has been declared unlawful. Although courts have accorded to a corporation the right to "prescribe" the terms upon which the services of laborers will be accepted, yet they have denied to a labor union the right to "dictate" the terms on which laborers' services will be offered. Al-

though courts have held that statutes prohibiting the discharge of employees on account of union membership are in violation of freedom of contract, and hence unconstitutional, yet a contract to employ unionists only is held unlawful, even though no statute forbids it and in spite of the doctrine of freedom of contract. Although the laborers' boycott is generally discountenanced by the courts, yet the employers' boycott, known as the black-list, has been held lawful. Although the courts are almost unanimous in utter abhorrence of the "secondary boycott" carried on by laborers, yet a plain case of "secondary boycott" carried on by a railroad corporation, forcing its employees to engage therein under threat of discharge, was judicially pronounced an illustration of the freedom of contract. Against these strange anomalies the protest of labor is strongly sanctioned in nearly every instance by individual judges in dissenting opinions or by contrary decisions rendered by other courts. Professor Groat seems well warranted in thus summarizing this matter: "It is not easy to avoid the impression that . . . the application is made in such a way as to favor one side only. . . . The right of the employer seems to pass challenge more easily than does the right of the employee."

In most instances of this sort it seems hardly too much to say that there was nothing to prevent the establishment of a precedent favorable to labor save the judge's own discretion. Says Dr. Lorenz, deputy Labor Commissioner of Wisconsin: "The courts were under no compulsion, for example, except that of their own inclination, to develop the fellow-servant doctrine and the doctrine of the assumption of risk, so far as these apply to dangerous industries. These doctrines give a clear illustration of legislation by the courts, and the trouble with this judicial legislation is that it has developed piecemeal, decision by decision, each step making it harder to retreat, in order to make the theory square with the facts. The courts have assumed that certain things were implied in the wage contract, assumptions which were reasonable in employments not of a dangerous character, but unreasonable in modern, complicated, dangerous occupations. If the courts had been open to progressive ideas they might have modified the law by

recognizing a trade risk and the fact that an employer incurred some responsibility when he engaged in an enterprise which, assuming that degree of care which may be expected of human nature, was bound to result in so many killed and injured per thousand. They might, if they had taken account of economic facts, and had not been so much under the spell of *stare decisis*, have assumed that a 'free and equal' workingman, before entering a dangerous employment, would contract with his employer that the employer was to assume part of the risks of the business." As Dr. Lorenz maintains, the legal presumption that the employee assumes all risks of hazardous employment, including the dangerous incompetence of other employees, was not the unavoidable application of an inflexible statute nor the logical implication of a juristic axiom; it was an exercise of discretion on the part of judges and involved economic facts and principles upon which others than the judges may sometimes pronounce with better understanding. And in these particulars the best authorities have declared "that wages do not cover risks, whatever the legal assumption to the contrary; that the doctrines of the assumption of risk and the responsibility of the fellow servant are nothing less than a legal and judicial maladjustment."

The same may be said of the doctrine of contributory negligence, according to which the courts assume that the workman, if he knows of a possible danger incident to his work, must take due care to avoid that danger, or else take the consequence. There is not a large factory nor a railroad that could operate a day if each workingman were to forsake his place of duty as often as it became a place of danger. Instead of assuming that the employee had contracted either to avoid or to suffer the risks of his employment, the courts could have assumed that in entering any hazardous employment he had waived the right to avoid its hazards. The latter assumption would be as logical as the former and nearer to the actual facts. It would then follow that, having surrendered the right to avoid, he would clearly be entitled to recover for injuries incident to performance of duty. Of course the employer would still be permitted to prove, in his own defense, any negligence on the part of the claimant amounting to willful culpability.

The essential justness of the alternative doctrine, for which labor has contended for fifty years, is now fairly vindicated by the increasing number of recent statutes which establish it, instead of the "judge-made law" of contributory negligence, as well as the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States upholding the Federal statute of such purport.

When the court doctrine of freedom of contract combines with that of the assumption of risk, the resultant doctrine sometimes seems like a grim jest. For instance, a State supreme court has refused damages to a young girl who lost one of her arms through failure of her employers to provide certain safeguards required by statute. An analysis of this judgment discovers the following elements: first, the gratuitous assumption that the victim had contracted to take the risks incident to her job; second, the assumption that this contract, never made in fact, was yet made freely; third, that her employer's nonobservance of the statute could not sustain her claim for civil damages; and, finally, that the sacred rights of working girls to make such imaginary and dangerous contracts must be consistently defended by the courts. Such reasoning may be both logical and legal, and yet the strong resentment of the laboring classes with regard to this decision is not hard to understand. Says the Honorable Robert Stone of Kansas: "The doctrine of assumed risk gives an employee his choice between getting injured and losing his job. It puts a brand on cowardice, and says to the man whose blood is red and whose heart is true, 'When you risk your life for your employer, if you escape injury he gets the profit, but if you are killed your family must stand the loss.'"

Similar considerations apply to the New York bakers' case, in which the Supreme Court of the United States decided that the statute restricting the labor of bakers to ten hours a day was "not within any fair meaning of the term a health law" and that it did contravene the constitutional right of liberty of contract. Criticisms of this decision by laboring men and others might indeed be presumptuous were the decision based entirely on principles of law. But it is not. Of its two main bases, one is essentially a question of fact and the other of economic theory. The question of fact was simply whether the statute did or did not

serve as a security to the public health of the people of New York. On this point five elderly jurists at Washington may have been correct in their opinion, but it can hardly be maintained that they alone were qualified, or even best qualified, to form an opinion in the premises, especially in view of the fact that in the several courts of record which successively tried the case this view had been taken by only five other judges, while twelve other judges had upheld the statute. The other basis of this decision was a matter of economic theory, namely, the doctrine of industrial liberty as interpreted by the individualists of the eighteenth century. Mr. Justice Holmes, in delivering the dissenting opinion, in which four members of the court united, pointed out that the economic conception to which the majority of the court committed itself had long since been antiquated. As Dr. Ely has since said, "The same theory is generally repudiated by the economic thinkers of the present time." Again no disrespect to the legal acumen of the world's greatest court is here implied, but only the reasonable contention that in the economic interpretation of a legal principle the political economist may be a better judge than the jurist. Justice Holmes has elsewhere said: "In my opinion economists and sociologists are the people to whom we ought to turn more than we do for instruction in the grounds and foundations of all rational decisions." This kind of an issue could hardly be more nakedly apparent than it was when the New York Court of Appeals, declaring unconstitutional a law prohibiting the making of cigars in tenements, made its decision to turn on the question: "What possible relation can cigar-making in any building have to the health of the general public?" It is self-evident, first, that the court, on its own statement, is here deciding not a question of law, but of fact; secondly, that the court in thus deciding such a question of fact, already decided otherwise by the legislature, was exercising the power, not of judicial interpretation, but legislative discretion. And the protests of labor against this decision seem to be well warranted by the language of the Federal Supreme Court thus used in a more recent case: "If the law in controversy has a reasonable relation to the protection of the public health, safety, or welfare, it is not to be set aside because the judiciary may be

of the opinion that the act will fail of its purpose, or because it is thought to be an unwise exertion of the authority vested in the legislative branch of the government." The "cigar-makers' case" further takes on an element of unconscious humor when the court nullifies this statute on the ground that the cigar-maker must not thus be forced "from his home and its hallowed associations and beneficent influences to ply his trade elsewhere"—the "home" thus referred to being nothing else than the infamous tenement sweat-shop!

Courts are beginning to take the broader view that contractual liberty is not an end in itself, but only instrumental to the higher end of industrial liberty, and that the letter of the former must not be allowed to kill the spirit of the latter. The realities of modern industry exhibit the traditional doctrine in the unmistakable character of a mischievous fiction. Laborers in great industries have nothing to say about the terms of their contracts. They are employed by the wholesale and in an entirely impersonal manner. The contract is dictated by employers who are invisible and unapproachable, and the individual employee usually has no liberty save to accede to the terms, or else to lose his labor-time irrecoverably, perhaps even starve. Whatever freedom enters into such a contract is all on the side of the employer. The Supreme Court of the United States declares "that the proprietors of these establishments and their operatives do not stand upon an equality. . . . In other words, the proprietors lay down the rules and the laborers are practically constrained to obey them." It seems conclusively significant that it is always the employer, never the employee, who appeals to this doctrine in the courts. As the Supreme Court said in the decision just quoted: "The argument would certainly come with better grace and greater cogency from the latter." Why should not the courts have recognized generally, as one of our State supreme courts has done, that freedom of contract is "a myth, or rather a heartless mockery," if it grants to laborers the permission and withholds from them the power to obtain just and desirable terms of employment?

In the interests of equality before the law many State constitutions prohibit class legislation. Labor certainly has a griev-

ance if such prohibitions are so applied by the courts as to perpetuate class inequalities. For instance, when statutes regulating the hours and conditions of labor for women are set aside by the courts as "class legislation" the perversion of the constitution seems almost perverse. Courts in taking this standpoint have argued that such statutes involve a logic which, if carried to its conclusions, would validate arbitrary and capricious discriminations of the most intolerable character. On the other hand, it may be argued that such decisions involve a logic which, if carried to its conclusions, would invalidate any and all enactments by which weaker classes are protected against stronger classes, thus rendering fixed and irremediable the inequalities of society and giving constitutional sanction to something very like a caste system. The reasonableness of labor's protest is here again evidenced by the later tendencies of the courts, especially the Federal courts, to repudiate the earlier application of this doctrine.

The remedies proposed for the evils alleged may be summarized as follows: First, a general revision of court procedure with a view to assure the prompt and inexpensive determination of the poor man's rights. Second, the establishment of "labor courts" and like agencies, as described in an earlier paragraph of this article. Third, a Federal statute, as proposed by the Lenroot Bill, whereby all cases decided on grounds of the Federal Constitution by State courts of last resort may be appealed to the Federal courts, thus guaranteeing that our national Constitution shall mean the same thing in all parts of the nation, no longer as respects a workingmen's compensation act meaning, for instance, one thing in New York and the exact contrary in Oregon, or as respects an eight-hour law, one thing in Colorado and the opposite in Utah. Fourth, statutory remedies for inequitable precedents and practices such as the fellow-servant doctrine, misuse of injunctions, etc. Fifth, constitutional amendment or revision wherever such statutes are held unconstitutional. Sixth, more practicable and democratic processes for amendment of constitutions, State and national; it now being possible for thirteen States, with four million people, to resist successfully the eighty-eight millions in the other States in any attempt to amend the Federal Constitution. Seventh, pro-

vision "that no court shall decide an act of a legislative body to be unconstitutional unless the decision is reached by the unanimous action of the members of the court or by the action of any majority that might be determined upon." Eighth, the "recall" of judges, which, should it impair the independence of the judiciary, would in the end be an equal detriment to the rights of labor and the rights of the public. Ninth, the proposal that decisions of State courts nullifying statutes on constitutional grounds be subject to popular referendum. The last two proposals might prove quite superfluous if the others named could be given full and early effect.

Finally, the chief remedy for the disharmony between labor and the courts must be the more general prevalence of candor and patience in listening to labor's side of the controversy. At present there is a hue and cry from many influential quarters against any and all criticism of the courts. It may well be true that many, even most, criticisms of the courts are wrong, but it does not follow that to criticize is wrong. If so, then the courts themselves must be guilty of the same wrong, since they criticize one another, their conventional phraseology often implying strictures of no little severity. And every member of the national Supreme Court must be equally in the wrong, since each has often dissented from the majority. And Abraham Lincoln must have been wrong, for his criticisms of the Supreme Court make certain contemporary criticisms, much reprobated, seem tame indeed. And history must be wrong, for it now sanctions Lincoln's criticisms of the Dred Scott decision. Hence the laboring classes are not reprehensibly presumptuous when they make candid appeal from courts to public opinion. To claim anything like infallibility for the courts is no less than political superstition. The courts make no such claim for themselves. On the contrary, their fallibility and the propriety of popular discussion of such issues is fairly evidenced by the more liberal attitude which many courts are lately taking toward social interests in general and the interests of labor in particular. In other words, the courts, though sometimes tardily, have often come over to the grounds long held by the popular mind. To listen more constantly and more candidly to comment and criticism from the great world outside judicial chambers would seem

the most timely wisdom on the part of the courts. And thus, by the unconstrained and concurrent movement of judicial and popular opinion, to secure the needed reconciliation would seem the only way to avoid those drastic and dangerous experiments by which the people will otherwise enable themselves to overrule the courts at last.

Nor should this article be construed as "another attack on the courts." It is here contended merely that the department of government which is the most subject to precedent is naturally the least subject to progress; and, further, that the department of government which must necessarily be characterized by immense technical learning and protected from popular interference is therefore the one least likely to be duly popular in its sympathies. The fact that these tendencies are natural emphasizes the necessity of guarding against them. Nor is it here contended that labor's complaints against particular decisions are always, or even usually, well grounded. But it is argued that labor is competent to proffer and the public to consider a complaint against the courts, if not on the grounds of jurisprudence, at least on the common and more familiar grounds where "judge-made law" overlaps the popular prerogative of law-making, and again where the law, which judges know best, must be applied to facts or principles which other men may happen to know as well or better.

William M. Balch

ART. X.—THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY

TWO sentences of Paul, like windows opening on boundless vistas of glory, open outward to wide fields of speculation concerning the relation of spirit and matter and concerning immortality of the human personality:

"Christ in you, the hope of glory." Col. 1. 27.

"If the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwelleth in you, he that raised up Christ Jesus from the dead shall give life also to your mortal bodies through his Spirit that dwelleth in you." Rom. 8. 11.

In these sayings we catch a glimpse of tremendous possibilities for both soul and body. The doctrine of bodily resurrection is often conceived in crude and materialistic forms. It is probable that few thinking people to-day believe in the resurrection as a literal resuscitation of the buried body and its rising from the grave. Most of us, perhaps, say this item of the Apostles' Creed with mental reservations and secret qualifications. Rebounding from belief in a literal bodily resurrection from the tomb at some far-off judgment day, many have gone to the other extreme, belief in naked spiritual immortality without embodiment, whatever that might be.

Paul's words, quoted above, suggest an interesting line of speculation. Psychotherapy and modern psychology have made us more than ever aware of the mysterious influence of mind over body. We know by observation and experiment that the living matter of the body undergoes great changes as a result of thought, feeling, and purpose. Mental condition is often an important factor in the building up or in the degeneration of tissue and in the functioning of organs. When a man is cured of the disease of alcoholism at the moment of his conversion, a fact abundantly attested, there must be a tremendous change in the very cells of his nervous system. It is, therefore, a matter of observation that the spirit that dwelleth in us affects the substance of the body. Now what is it for Christ to be in us? A much more vital affair than we are accustomed to think. If Christ be in us then his thoughts, dispositions, and purposes determine these things in

us. The mind which was in Christ Jesus will also be in us. It follows that if Christ controls our psychical states, he must also control at least that portion of the body which is affected by volition. If one be a Christian, many natural impulses will be inhibited, and other impulses will be stimulated. These are familiar truths. But what is involved in these facts? For concrete instance, what occurs when, acting in the Spirit of Christ that dwelleth in me, I inhibit the impulse to say an unkind word, or some animal impulse in a sinful direction? Such an act implies that God's Spirit lays hold of certain brain cells and nerve centers and represses or directs their vital force. The divine Spirit actually lays hold of living matter and produces some mysterious change in its very substance, literally transforming the matter of brain and nerve cell, literally giving life to my mortal body through his Spirit that dwelleth in me. The indwelling life of God effects other well-recognized changes in the body. Who does not know the illumined face of a spiritual Christian? A Japanese woman asked if the mission teacher took only pretty girls to be educated. "No," said the missionary, "we take all girls who come to us." "But," said the woman, "all your girls seem to be pretty." "We teach them soul-culture," explained the teacher. "I do not wish my daughter to become a Christian," said the woman, "but I shall send her to your school to get that look in her face." In some parts of India the native Christians are called the "people of the shining face." Conversion makes almost as great a transformation in a depraved person's countenance as in his soul. The miracle of Moses' shining face has been often repeated. Spirit molds matter; and, to do so, spirit must lay hold of the very substance of matter and produce some kind of subtle change in its constitution.

The next step in our thought is concerning the nature of matter. What matter is has puzzled chemists and physicists from the beginning of philosophic thought. Many recent experiments, however, tend to establish the electrical theory of matter. It is not quite the stable and stubborn stuff it seems to be. Molecules and indivisible atoms speak not so loud in modern theories of the constitution of matter as ions and electrons. Herbert N.

McCoy, professor of chemistry in the University of Chicago, has recently said:

Any adequate theory in explanation of the phenomena of radioactivity must naturally be based on an assumption regarding the nature of matter and the structure of the atoms. It has long been evident that we cannot consider the atoms to be solid, indivisible particles. It is now thought that an atom is made up of electrons and helium particles moving in concentric circles with enormous velocities, and that the atoms of one element differ from those of another element only in the number and arrangement of their component parts.

It seems evident, then, that for spirit to control the activities of matter we must postulate some kind of change in the forces inhabiting or constituting these ultimate particles of matter. If the Spirit of God controls my activities he must lay hold of the very deeps of my physical being. Paul's words quoted above would seem to imply that God, in the process of sanctifying the human spirit, lays hold of these physical, chemical, and vital forces for immortality. And when we realize what a tremendous change appears in radioactive matter from a very slight change in its atomic forces, it is not incredible that God should raise the dead, and that this mortal body should put on immortality. We know, of course, that regeneration does not result in immortality for the present visible bodily organism. Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God. "Thou sowest not the body that shall be." But "all flesh is not the same flesh." Even animal bodies are differently organized. "There are also celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial." "There is a natural body, there is also a spiritual body." It is not unreasonable to suppose, therefore, that the Spirit of the Living God, laying hold of the constitutional forces of our material organism, as he must, in order to dwell in us at all, quickens the deeper and invisible substance of our mortal bodies into immortality; and that, in reality, the spiritual body is part of the "new creation" which constitutes regeneration; for "if any man be in Christ he is a new creation." With this agrees Paul's teaching in Gal. 6. 8: "He that soweth unto his own flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth unto the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap eternal life." In view of these speculations and these Scriptures it becomes easy to believe that

the spirit of man, quickened by the Spirit of God, never is completely "unclothed," but that it carries through death at least the nucleus of immortal material embodiment; and that in the invisible world the regenerate human spirit has the power of reorganizing its habitation in eternal forms on the basis of a physical immortality begun in the earthly life. With this agree Paul's words in 2 Cor. 5. 1-4.

Wonderful is the power of the human spirit to organize matter for its purposes. Our definition of the word "body" is usually too narrow. What is the real body of the human spirit? First, the living substance the soul gathers to itself in the processes of growth and nutrition. But that is not the end of its organizing power. Eyes of flesh cannot see what the mind wishes to see, consequently the mind organizes a microscope and a telescope. We wish to hear what the natural ear cannot perceive: we organize a telephone system that enables one to hear across a continent, or a wireless apparatus that utilizes ether as an auditory nerve reaching across oceans. The soul of man wishes to feel what sensory nerves could never feel: it invents a bolometer by which it can measure the heat of moonbeams. We desire to travel faster than legs can carry; we put on seven-league boots by organizing an automobile, a fast locomotive, an airship. There is more music in the soul than vocal organs can express: the soul builds a pipe organ or a great orchestra to sing the rich glory of spiritual oratorios. All these inventions, all our tools, are part of the material organism in which and by which the soul of man lives in this life. Such is the almost divine capacity of the natural human spirit to organize matter for its uses here. What, then, may be the power of the regenerate and sanctified human soul, when liberated from the limitations of a mortal body, to reorganize its own fitting celestial and spiritual body? The possibilities are boundless. The prospect is glorious. But the hope of glory here and hereafter is "Christ in us."

Willard N. Tobier.

ART. XI.—THE BROWNING CHALLENGE

As few poetic argosies have embarked on rougher seas, nor entered a more glorious haven, Robert Browning is to poets, young and old, full of alluring challenge and wholesome despair.

It was very early in his life that he launched his literary barque. Being madly in love with Miss Eliza Flower, nine years his senior, he could not convey in cold, hard, commonplace prose the beautiful sentiments, the tender passion one feels when in love at twelve. Miss Eliza survived these poetical effusions but a few brief years, but long enough to do a good turn for Robert. She introduced him to a publisher, who proved quite unlike his name, Fox. In fact, the clever trick was performed by young Browning, who, with his manuscript, sent this tender little note, humbly signed with his initials:

You may recollect an oddish sort of boy who had the honor to be introduced to you at Hackney, some years back—at that time a sayer of verse and a doer of it, and whose doing you had a little previously commended (whether in earnest or not, God knows). Should these lines prove too insignificant for cutting up—I shall remain, dear sir, your most obedient servant,

R. B.

Could anything be more to the point? So it proved to Fox, who had not forgotten those early buds of poetic promise. But there are more trials than publishers in this dear, expensive old world. There is that terrible ogre, the literary critic, who fattens on young writers and whose supreme gastronomical feat is the Fletcherizing of tender young poets. That Browning's early efforts proved too much for their mental digestion, giving some of them acute literary gastritis, may be surmised from the wails of criticism of his first grand effort, *Pauline*. He was informed that he was as mad as Cassandra without any of the power to prophesy like her or to construct a connected sentence like anybody else. That not a single copy found a buyer proves what a worst seller *Pauline* must have been. Another unknown literary cannibal of his day called him "the mad poet of the batch," referring to his poems as "Batch No. 1," "Batch No. 2, 3," etc., speaking of *Pauline* as a "piece of pure bewilderment," telling him that he was not mad in one direc-

tion, but in all. What writer of verse offers a keener "fellowship of suffering," that private purgatory of the poet? Later in life, when Browning societies were scattering his fame far and wide, he keenly enjoyed recounting those early journalistic massacres. Should any rare poetic songbirds be concealing flights of mental cleverness, in the light of Browning's experience they should hide themselves no longer, but flap their literary wings and fly forth.

The response to the intellectual challenge which Browning's poems not only offer, but demand, is as invigorating as mountain climbing. In the drama of *Paracelsus* we have proof of the poet's mental dynamics at the age of twenty-two. The study of Browning is a sifter of poets, sending the creatures of a day into a literary receivership, but girding the real thinker for a glorious fray. Nor can one go to Browning for literary values as one goes to a bargain sale. He has no short ends to offer, his shortest poems representing a wealth of thought to be acquired only at great intellectual cost. Many of them are such that few readers comprehend their celestial chemistry. There is no committee of ways and means to give us a short cut to his lofty heights, neither can one go on a mental vacation and take Browning. In reading *Caliban upon Setebos*, one feels the need of a literary Elijah to pray for insight to see one's way through its hazes of droll materialistic philosophy. *Sordello* is like a skyscraper without a lift, and many of his poems seem like Sanskrit to our ears. Browning was first a metaphysician, and afterward, when convenient, a poet. He offers only the most rugged kind of diet, and none of the sweetened-water kind of poetry which often wins immediate popularity, but fails of abiding fame. Browning's difficult and often highly involved technique, which has so limited the circle of his grateful readers, should be a subtle challenge to others to employ a more painstaking method that their verse may not "leave so much to be desired."

Browning's challenge to moral sanity pervades all his poetry. Those flashes of humor which crept into the picture, Up at a Villa, Down in the City, have a moral "back to the land" ring. He treats rather roughly those specimens for moral clinics who feel the urgency of making a living rather than making a life. Browning's sanity was richly human. He never rose to the lofty conception

of those majestic lines, "The female of the species is more deadly than the male." On the contrary, he used some of his sweetest and noblest characters, as Pippa and Pompilia, as well as many another exquisite "female of the species," to teach his finest lessons. While often indulging in the abnormal, he was the most normal of beings. He had in rare measure that first requirement and preservative of sanity, "joy of life," without a trace of moral priggishness, as we see in Ben Ezra:

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in his hand
Who saith "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid."

Browning's supreme challenge is to infinitude of soul. He is the twentieth-century poet because he is a singer of God and the soul. His poems breathe eternity. His monarch mind chose only great and timeless themes, though oftentimes under seemingly trifling disguises. In the *Flight of the Duchess* he seems to break away from all sense moorings, as he says,

Her voice changed like a bird's,
There grew more of the music and less of the words.

Again, and loftier still,

. . . 'Mid the dark, a gleam
Of yet another morning breaks,
And like the hand which ends a dream,
Death, with the might of his sunbeam,
Touches the flesh and the soul awakes.

His thought leaps chasms, as in these words from the Rabbi,

Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure.

That his genius knew naught of bitterness, that private serpent of the great, is revealed in these lines of mystical beauty:

Human life, with all it holds,
Is just our chance o' the prize o' learning love;
What love hath been, might be, and is.

Browning had the nature sympathy of Wordsworth, the mystical charm of Vaughan, the genuineness of Burns, the felicity of Cra-

shaw, the vision of Blake, the largeness of Whitman, and the organ tones of Milton. He had the seeing eye that makes the artist: he touched nothing but that yielded its charm. He loved the many-tinted autumn woods and the sweet-voiced birds that chorused among their branches. He loved to watch the fleecy clouds traveling above him in the bended blue. He listened with rapture to the babbling of brooks and his spirit danced with joy as the little lambs frisked on the hillside and the daisies made a million little eyes at the sun. The exquisite nature descriptions in his poems could not have come to one who did not love nature with a boundless love, for it is to her lovers that nature sings her sweetest songs.

In *Prospice* we have an inexpressibly rich poem, showing his scope of thought, which was bounded only by the soul's limits and the last reaches of life. Written after the death of his wife, it has, in a peculiar sense, the sound of the writer's voice, the spikenard of his mighty heart: indeed, in this poem he breaks the alabaster box of life, filling the world with an immortal perfume. In the *Epilogue to Asolando* we have those rare thoughts which have opened the gates of heaven to our heart; his final revelation of the great lesson that all his poems teach, that we succeed or fail toward God: that our destiny is with the Infinite.

Mary Beal Housel

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

THE natural and principal agents for promoting the circulation of this REVIEW are the present readers of it. If every one who now reads it and likes it would mention its value or show a copy of it to some one not yet acquainted with it, a considerable increase of its circulation would probably result. This is no necessitous and despairing appeal, but only the suggestion of a way in which those who appreciate it may help to extend its benefits more widely. This REVIEW, now in its ninety-fifth year, has a circulation larger than ever before and steadily increasing.

ADDRESS BY PROFESSOR WINCHESTER¹

I SUPPOSE I must have been selected for the honor of saying a few words here because I represent the venerable end of the Faculty, that Old Guard who have thus far successfully stood off both death and the Carnegie pension. You have thought, perhaps, that in us, as Milton says,

"Old Experience doth attain
To something like prophetic strain,"

and our predictions of the future would gain confidence from our experience of the past. Well, if that be the case, let me say at once that I share to the full the enthusiasms of the youngest of you over the Wesleyan of to-day and to-morrow. Having known, honored, and revered four Wesleyan presidents, I say with confidence that the prospects of Wesleyan were never brighter; her future never more secure than under the charge of him whom we meet here this evening to honor, William Arnold Shanklin!

As to the privileges offered to the student to-day, mental and physical, why, the only thing an old fellow like myself can say is, we sometimes wonder whether they are not a little too generous. Why,

¹ Delivered at the Wesleyan University Alumni Dinner in New York, January 10, 1913.

Mr. President, to mention only one minor matter, when I recall, for example, the dearth of physical privileges even forty years ago; when I remember that we had no lectures on hygiene, no daily required stunts in the gymnasium, no hours of vigorous exercise in the open air—on the bleachers; no swimming pool but the river, no shower baths except when we were under the pump, no sprinting except to and from the post office—when I recall all this, and then see the physical condition of some of us old fellows like myself, or my genial friend Olin, or our beloved Judge Reynolds, who belies his ninety odd years with the spirit of a boy, why, sir, these men seem to me like what the Puritan divines used to call “miracles of preserving grace.” The young men now going out of college ought certainly to keep their efficiency till well past what Mrs. Malaprop calls the octogeranium age.

But, while I would not by any means be thought to be one of those unwise persons who are always declaring the former times are better than these, yet when I look back upon the college life of some forty years ago I cannot help asking whether, in just one particular, the college boy of to-day is better off than those old boys were a half century ago. And I will put my question very bluntly: Does the college boy of to-day *think*? Is he trained to think, and think for himself? Frankly, I sometimes doubt it. The young man who comes out of college to-day is a more facile, accomplished young fellow than his father and grandfather were; he perhaps can set his hand more readily to various kinds of practical business, perhaps he sooner gets in touch with the man on the street; but has he learned to sweat his brains as much? Certainly the young man in college ought to gain some power of clear, hard, consecutive thinking; and he ought to think some things through for himself. He ought to be getting at some general principles which he can apply in all the affairs of life. I should hold that underneath all the passion, the buoyancy, the assurance of youth, which are such beautiful and valuable things, there ought to be the temper of inquiry, of studious reflection, which questions all things, that it may hold fast that which is good. I have sometimes feared that our young men make up their minds so promptly on important questions because they have little mind to make up. Nobody wants to see a young fellow stand, an inefficient Hamlet, in question before the duties of life; yet I wouldn't give much for a young man who hasn't any strain of the Hamlet in him. “What I want to find in a boy,” said the greatest English teacher of

the last century, "is moral thoughtfulness": and it surely is desirable that this temper of moral thoughtfulness should last into young manhood. And I take it this is just what we mean by that much-abused word "culture." Culture isn't any matter of external accomplishment. Culture is the discipline of the power and habit of *thought* on all worthy *truth*. Without such discipline of thought, energy and ambition become either selfish and narrow or undirected and futile; imagination passes into idle fancy or dies; and even virtue and religion become unattractive and illiberal.

Now, of course, when I raise the question whether there is not some lack of strenuous intellectual quality in our college education I am not thinking especially of Wesleyan. I incline to think the charge can be brought against our colleges everywhere, and that some causes can be assigned for it. And I do not now refer to the growth of outside interests which take up so large a part of the student's time; though some of us appreciate the fear expressed a few years ago by a former professor in Wesleyan, now the President-elect of the United States, that the sideshows in college life were coming to be thought more important than the main circus. It is significant that, of the various forms of what are called in Middletown "student activities," no one has anything to do with their studies. But this growth of outside interests is an effect rather than a cause; a more strenuous intellectual life would not leave so much time or desire for them. There are other real causes in the curriculum itself and in the methods and subjects of study and in the temper of society outside, which go far, I think, to explain this tendency to a decline in severer thinking in college.

In the first place, as everybody knows, the immense and comparatively sudden widening of the field of knowledge, especially in the realm of physical science, made it necessary some twenty-five years ago to increase very greatly the number of subjects taught in college and allow the student to make up his course from a wide range of electives. When I was in college the range of electives consisted in a choice between the differential calculus and the Hebrew Bible—which drove some of us very promptly to Bible study. Now this broadening of the curriculum was inevitable; but I think we are, most of us, now inclined to think that we have overdone it, and that it led—and still leads—to a good deal of smattering and unrelated study. More than that, the enlarged curriculum contained a good number of studies that were "soft"; that perhaps stimulated intellectual curiosity, but

did not call for close thinking. I myself cry, *Peccavi!* here. I think there are compensating advantages arising from the more extended study of English literature in the college or, I trust, I shouldn't keep on trying to teach it; but it certainly is sometimes difficult to make the student *think* very much about what he enjoys without thinking about it very much. And, what is worse, the teacher often defeats his own purpose if he assigns as a task what ought to be to the student a discovery and a delight.

Then I must think that the changes in the method of instruction in nearly all departments, needful though they may be, are not always favorable to close thinking by the student. Instruction is now largely by lecture or laboratory process. The old recitation is a thing of the past—more's the pity. For in many subjects this method furnished an invaluable mental discipline. For example, when President Cummings assigned fifteen pages of Butler's *Analogy* for a lesson, nobody but an idiot would ever have thought of committing those fifteen pages to memory for memoriter recitation. You had to read, mark, and inwardly digest that close-knit argument; and then, when the hour of recitation came and President Cummings remarked, "Mr. Blank, will you give Butler's argument for moral probation from its analogy to the conditions of our temporal state?" and threw up his glasses on his forehead and listened with an incredulous smile to your deliverances, you soon found out whether or not you had been thinking. The preparation for an old-fashioned recitation in a severe subject was an exercise in close thinking, and the recitation itself an exercise in clear expression such as the college no longer affords.

And then, more generally, the prevalence of scientific studies and of scientific methods in all studies tends, I think, somewhat to discourage the habit of philosophic thinking. I know you will not accuse me of the folly of depreciating the value of scientific studies in college. That would be idiocy. Probably the most striking triumphs of human intelligence during the last forty years have been in the fields of applied science. Surely an education would be very inadequate which gave us no glimpses into the methods by which such results have been attained. I only say that scientific study, dealing, as it does, primarily with facts, and not with truths or concepts, and concerned, as it must be, in the college principally with the rudiments of science, while it cultivates the habit of accurate observation and comparison in the realm of phenomena, is not always well calculated

to necessitate continuous and strenuous thinking by the immature student. The truth is that philosophic studies have everywhere relatively declined before scientific and so-called practical ones. Divine philosophy is no longer so charming as it used to be. There is no more metaphysics. Psychology has come to mean largely the careful measurements of correspondences between mental phenomena and changes in the physical organism. Ethics is a science of practice, and concerns itself little about a basis in philosophy. There is an increasing emphasis upon studies looking toward speedy result in action, either for the individual's benefit or, at best, for social advantage. We are growing indifferent to ideas; we substitute practice for principles. More and more we tend to educate by things, and not by thoughts. It is a characteristic of our age of haste, of the demand for efficiency.

For, after all, the college is only responding to the tendency of the age; is yielding to a tendency which it ought rather to resist. For can anyone say that this is a thoughtful age? Does the average man think very much to-day? Perhaps you may say he never did, but I'm not so sure of that. I was reading the other day the prospectus of a course of lectures given by a young man in Boston in the year 1836, and this is the way it read: "On the Philosophy of Modern History. The subjects to be treated are the Foundations of Religion, Politics, Science, Literature, and Art in the nature of Things; the action of General Causes upon them at the present day. . . . and the Intellectual Duties of the Existing Generation." And the lectures, I believe, were well attended. And if you say this was in pre-Hibernian Boston, why, you must remember that this young Mr. Emerson kept on giving lectures very much like these for the next twenty-five years, not only in New England, but all through the Middle West, and that plain people seemed to hear him gladly and put money in his purse. How many hearers do you suppose Emerson could get to-day? You may think it fortunate that we have ceased to care much about the "nature of things," and are more interested in our practical duties than in what Mr. Emerson called our "intellectual duties." Perhaps it is so; but, at all events, our public is a very different public from his.

It is often said that the urgent social problems pressing upon us to-day leave no time or interest for such large and leisurely generalizations, and that these problems can never be solved in the academic habit of thought. I notice that a professor in a Western

university, writing in a scientific journal, demands what he calls the "socializing" of our colleges, and would exclude from them all studies that could not be shown to have immediate social value and import—forgetting, as it seems to me, that the one thing of supreme value to society is the presence and leadership of a large number of highly trained, humanely cultured individual minds. And it is the work of the college to furnish as many as possible of this kind of minds. "Produce good men," said Walt Whitman, "the rest follows." It is true that urgent social, political, and industrial problems are pressing upon us as never before—labor and capital, monopoly, emigration, and others without end. But is it so certain that much sane, hard, well-considered *thought* is being put upon them? I must not venture into a sphere where I may be charged with ignorance, but is it not true that many of our schemes of reform are mostly critical and destructive, without any clear idea of constructive measures; that in our progressive movements we often have no definite notion of where we are going, how we are to get there, and what we shall find when we arrive? Are we not too prone to be careless of well-reasoned leadership and throw ourselves upon the uninstructed, unreflecting will of "the people" in the belief that—to use the language of Carlyle—"given ten fools, we may educe wisdom from their united action"?

But let me turn to another test of the amount and character of thinking to-day? What do people read to-day? It was, according to tradition, the wisest of men who is reputed to have said, "Of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh." Solomon apparently thought the second member of his statement a natural inference from the first; but we have changed all that and manage to multiply our books indefinitely without increasing our study at all. Quite the contrary, indeed—the more books, the less study. There never was a time when people read so much and thought so little. We do not quite realize how astonishing is the amount of what is called reading matter that rolls out from the press every year. For example, I compute that if we put together the complete works of Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Byron, Shelley, Tennyson, Browning, and with them the complete prose works of Addison, Swift, Burke, Lamb, Macaulay, Carlyle, and Ruskin, the whole together would amount to only about one half the volume of monthly periodical literature issued in the English language in one year. And this, of course, is only a small part of what is furnished us; the annual output of novels is at present about one thousand or twelve

hundred. And a great scholar was telling us the other day that all the English books we really needed could be put on a five-foot shelf! Of course, the bulk of this enormous mass is mere reading matter, not thinking matter at all; made to read while you wait. Of a whole year's output there are probably not seventy-five pages that five years later a man will be sorry not to have read. Some literary forms are almost extinct—the longer reflective essay, for example, such as Hazlitt and De Quincey used to write. In fiction the one form cultivated is the realistic short story, which is pushing out the old-fashioned novel that made us acquainted with a group of pleasant people. The slow-going old quarterly reviews are extinct; we must have our discussions “timely.” Even the monthly magazines rely upon matter that is novel, startling, sensational, often hysterical, to pique a jaded curiosity; and only one of the whole company refuses to cater to the popular demand for pictures. Poetry began to lose its intellectual quality with the passing of the New England men Emerson and Lowell, and when the great Victorians Tennyson, Browning, Arnold were followed by the tuneful but empty singers like Swinburne and Morris. Or, if we do have work that is more deeply laden with thought, like that of George Meredith, it is *caviar* to the general public. The worst of all which is that reading is coming to be considered no longer an intellectual exercise, but a recreation. As Emerson says somewhere, “He had nothing to do, and so he read.” What wonder, then, when nobody else does, that the college student reads too little worth reading!

Even in his amusements the man of to-day has managed to pretty thoroughly get rid of the troublesome element of thought. When I was a young man the public seemed interested in the interpretation of Shakespeare by such actors as Fechter and Booth and Irving. I remember an extremely interesting paper in the *Atlantic Monthly* on Mr. Fechter's conception of the character of Hamlet, and in what I believe was the very first volume of the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. Irving gave his notion of the melancholy Dane. Nobody could read these articles or see these men without having his thought turned upon some of the profound questions of life and character. But to-day—well, the one universal form of entertainment is the moving-picture show, in which the element of thought is reduced to a negligible minimum, and the entertainment usually would be of active interest to an intelligent dog!

Well, what are we going to do about it in the college? I don't

know; and if I did you need not fear that I should weary you further by trying to tell you. But we can at least insist upon fidelity and thoroughness in such intellectual tasks as are assigned; we can recognize that the college is not a place of preparation for any special calling or profession, but rather for the strict and severe, yet broad and humane discipline of the individual mind: Acknowledging that even the brilliant undergraduate is hardly able to "take all knowledge for his province," we can discourage the needless multiplication of studies, and, while admitting that only years can bring the philosophic mind, we can insist on proper emphasis for those studies which deal with thoughts and not with things; and, above all, we can encourage within the college community itself, by all possible means, that temper of thoughtfulness and discussion, that friction of mind upon mind, that enthusiasm for what Mr. Arnold used to call the things of the spirit rather than of the flesh which certainly ought to characterize the daily life of young men spending their best years in studious companionship.

I have used the privilege of years pretty freely in what I have said, but let me say now, as I sit down, that perhaps the greatest value of a strenuous intellectual discipline in early life is that it keeps us young. For youth is not immaturity and crudeness; it is not merely warmth of blood, suppleness of sinew, fleetness of foot. These the years will take away. No; youth is the joy of effort, the scorn of obstacles, the belief in ideals, the ever-broadening sense of the meaning and possibilities of life. And you know, gentlemen, and the older you are the better you know, that no man shall so surely keep that temper through the deadening years as he who has learned in early youth the rigorous discipline of his mind, the joy of elevated thought. Listless youth makes vacant age, while he who has learned, while yet young, whatsoever things are pure, and just, and true, and lovely, and of good report, to really *think* on these things, shall never know an empty age.

BISHOP BASHFORD ON BISHOP WARREN¹

BISHOP WARREN was so symmetrical, his greatness and grace extended so fully to his body and mind and spirit, that, like the peak which towers above your mountain range, he leaves the beholder no

¹ Address at the funeral of Bishop Warren, Trinity Church, Denver, Colo., July 29, 1912.

break or crag to lay hold of. I have never known any other man who is so difficult to analyze, on account of the evenness of his greatness. His likeness in our country and our generation in this respect was Phillips Brooks; and in the latter case the preacher towered so high above the administrator that the student of character knew instinctively what feature to emphasize. But Bishop Warren was so nearly perfect in his physical proportions—form, face, voice, manners—was so symmetrical in his mental development, he so mingled righteousness and peace in his spiritual life, that beyond the utmost reach of most of us he embodied the scriptural injunction to worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

His greatness as a preacher was due, first, to the truth which his sermons embodied. Truth is the correspondence of our conceptions with the realities of the universe. However winning may be one's personality, however persuasive his speech, nevertheless, if he proclaims a system which the universe contradicts, his message must prove a disappointment. But Bishop Warren's preaching remained fresh for more than half a century because it was constantly verified by the spiritual experiences of his hearers. Those who have never lived in a pagan land can hardly realize the glorious truths of the old dispensation. No man who believes in many gods can develop a consistent personality. If one feels that in working upon the farm he is worshipping Ceres, that in engaging in war he is worshipping Mars, that in giving way to drunkenness he is worshipping Bacchus; and that each god is jealous, demanding large devotion in these contradictory directions, he finds it simply impossible to develop any strong character. If the objector protests that Greece and Rome were polytheistic nations and yet became strong, the answer is twofold: first, that the strong men of Greece and Rome—Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, and Caesar—were not polytheists, and, second, that, despite these strong men, polytheism destroyed both nations. So Mohammedanism, narrow and cruel, poisoned by lust and fatalism, as it is, nevertheless has shattered every polytheistic system with which it has come in contact. It is the proclamation of the unity of God, it is the proclamation that the universe is one system of laws for all men, which enables the Jewish rabbi and the Christian preacher to awe their audiences and constrain them to obedience.

But Bishop Warren did more than awe his audiences with the thunders of Sinai; he proclaimed the glorious gospel of the Son of God. Jesus Christ is the center of the spiritual universe just as the

sun is the center of the physical universe, because spiritual life can no more reach perfection without him than can vegetation come to fruitage without sunlight. Man is a being of infinite capacities and longings, but of finite resources. Moreover, man is fatally crippled by his sins. Only as one realizes that God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life, only as one realizes that Jesus Christ tasted death for every man, and that he is thus able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God through him, can he proclaim a message which shall enable his hearers to walk the earth not after the law of a carnal commandment, but by the power of an endless life. Surely young Warren in the beginning of his ministry, in the majesty of the Old Testament and the grace of the New Testament, inherited a system of truth which might well enable him to thrill his audiences and to quicken them to spiritual life.

Again, we must remember that Bishop Warren began his ministry in New England and that he inherited from Methodist forebears one additional advantage in the interpretation of the Bible. Arminianism is the golden mean between Calvinism upon the right and Unitarianism upon the left. In the early days of his ministry in New England Methodism was called to define her position as over against Dr. Kirk, of Boston, on the one side and Theodore Parker upon the other side. It is simply a matter of theological history that the golden mean proclaimed by young Warren in the pulpit, taught by his younger brother and by Latimer, Sheldon, and Bowne in the theological school, and preached by a group of fellow ministers, has come to such recognition that Calvinism has disappeared from New England and Unitarianism has never come to fruitage. This glorious system of truth, the majesty of the law, the grace of the gospel, the golden mean of Arminian theology, constituted the substance of the preaching which, delivered with matchless eloquence, enabled young Warren speedily to rise to recognition in New England, led to his call to Philadelphia, and then to Saint John's, Brooklyn, and back again to our leading church in Philadelphia, and finally to the episcopal office.

If the first secret of the success of Bishop Warren as a preacher was the system of truth which he proclaimed to the world, the second element of success was his art. I use "art" here in its broadest meaning, because no other word quite expresses what I have in mind. Phillips Brooks in his lectures upon preaching—perhaps the most

suggestive lectures yet delivered upon that great theme—defines preaching as consisting of two elements, truth and personality: the truth of God realized and proclaimed through the personality of his chosen representative. But after Mr. Brooks had presented these two subjects fully in his lectures he added three more lectures to the course: one upon the congregation, another upon the preaching for our age, and a third upon the value of the soul. The substance of all three of these lectures, it seems to me, is comprehended in the adaptation of truth to the people and to the age. In a word, Phillips Brooks grew as he delivered his course of lectures, and in addition to truth and personality he made art, in this high sense, to be a third element in successful preaching.

Bishop Warren's success as a preacher during more than half a century consisted largely in the adaptation of the gospel to the age in which he lived. This marvelous adaptation of his preaching to his generation was due largely to the scientific bent of the man, on the one side, and, upon the other side, to the fact that the age was in a transition from theology to science. The key to his scientific bent is found in his early experiences. Immediately upon his graduation from college he was appointed to teach science at Amenia Seminary. Probably his recommendation for this appointment was due to the aptitude which he had shown for science at Wesleyan College. It should be said also that the college itself, more fully than any other Methodist college, kept abreast of science in the struggle through which our colleges passed upon the subject of evolution. Young Warren's appointment to teach science developed his natural aptitudes in that direction and, next to theological convictions, determined the bent of his mental activities. Edward Everett Hale says that every man ought to have a vocation and an avocation. If preaching was the calling, or vocation, of young Warren, surely science was his avocation; and his scientific training enabled him to adapt his preaching in an unusual degree to the age in which he lived. The value of his scientific training will be realized when we recognize that he began his ministry only three years in advance of Darwin's publication of *The Origin of Species*. This publication precipitated a scientific conflict for fully forty years. Bishop Warren was preaching and writing during the critical years in which evolution was engaged in its life-and-death struggle and from which it emerged to general recognition. That deep and broad chasm which appeared between theology and science never appeared in Bishop Warren's preaching.

It is impossible to suppose that he, a student of science as well as a preacher of the gospel, deliberately shunned this issue. Upon the contrary, the chasm which seemed so impassable to others, he spanned, in his thought, through his profound conviction that there could be no conflict between God's word in revelation and God's work in nature. While he attempted no formal reconciliation of science and religion, he anticipated our present attitude through his conviction that both science and the Bible reveal the will of God. It was his recognition of both science and religion which made him the most popular lecturer on the Chautauqua platform for a generation, as it was his presentation of the truths of science and the Bible which made him one of the most popular writers for the Sunday School Times during the quarter of a century in which it was the leading Sunday school newspaper in America. His embodiment of these truths is found in his volumes on *The Study of the Stars*, *Recreations in Astronomy*, and *Among the Forces*. He presented to scientists the other side, namely, the value of the Bible, in his masterly volume on *The Bible in the World's Education*. Surely no preacher in American Methodism—probably no preacher in our American churches—better adapted his gospel to a scientific age than did Bishop Warren. This is one of the highest proofs of art in the sense of adaptation. For art in its more technical sense of the perfect matching of substance and form what preacher in modern times was more magnificently endowed than was Bishop Warren? Who more majestic in form, more winning in face and manners, with a voice as commanding as a trumpet and as persuasive as a lute? Not Phillips Brooks, nor Henry Ward Beecher; not Charles Sumner nor Wendell Phillips excelled him in form and face and tone and gestures, in words fitly spoken which were like apples of gold in a network of silver.

But there is art in a higher and deeper sense which is of more value in winning men to the Kingdom than the noblest physical presence and the most perfect style of utterance, or than even the adaptation of truth to the age in which one lives. The highest art, the art which makes mother's lullaby more winning in our memories than any eloquence or music to which we ever listened, springs from love. It was love which led Jesus to take upon himself the form of a man that he might more perfectly reveal to us the Father. Supreme art springs from love, and this supreme art found superb illustration in Bishop Warren's episcopal administration. Here we touch upon the drudgery of his official life; here we come to the place of peculiar

glory in our episcopate. I will not say that Bishop Warren excelled every other bishop in Methodism in the patience and skill with which he studied the churches, in the sympathy with which he studied the ministers, and in the success with which he matched the man and his task. Our Board of Bishops from the first has never been excelled by any other group of men on earth in the high art which they have displayed in episcopal appointments. But in this high and holy task of knowing and loving the preachers and the churches, of guiding the members of his cabinet to the noblest use of all their powers, and in making episcopal appointments, no other bishop in Methodism has excelled Warren in the quality of his work, while by virtue of his longer service he surpassed every other Bishop in Methodism in the quantity of this work. When we remember that in every appointment which he made he held the earthly destiny of a preacher and his family in his hands, and that in every appointment he also either helped to make or mar the churches to which he assigned the preachers, nothing but divine art and an overruling Providence enabled him during the thirty-two years of his episcopate to so well appoint thirty-five thousand men to churches that in the end no minister ever refused his task, and no church ever declined to receive the bishop's final selection for its pastor. Here is proof of art in its highest sense. If Bishop Warren's sermons were better adapted to an age of transition between science and theology, and Phillips Brooks' sermons are more likely to prove permanent because dealing with the less fleeting, with the eternal problems of man's spiritual possibilities, nevertheless Brooks, in his administration as a bishop, probably did not change the appointment of two hundred men in his diocese of eastern Massachusetts, whereas Warren in his world parish made thirty-five thousand appointments.

Turning now to the third quality of the great preacher, we find the art of the man revealing his personality. "The style is the man" is the verdict of the greatest French preacher; so Milton declared that every great poem is the life-blood of a noble spirit.

Daniel Webster, in one of his greatest orations, declared that true eloquence could not be compassed by any efforts in oratory; "it consists," said the great orator, "in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion." The three words in this sentence which suggested the divisions we have adopted are only other names for personality, and truth, and art; and it is striking that Webster names personality as the first requisite of the orator. We get an illustration of the person-

ality of Bishop Warren in the fact that after his election to the episcopacy, at the time when the bishops were allowed to choose their own residences, he selected Atlanta as his first field of episcopal activity and went to live among and minister to the colored people of our church. Surely for a man who was eagerly sought by the leading pulpits of our church to select as his peculiar wards this down-trodden race, just emerging from slavery, was at once to display the noblest art and the loftiest character; he was walking in the path trod by Him who laid aside the glory that he had with his Father before the world was, that he might redeem his fallen brethren upon the earth.

We get another illustration of the art with which he built up the theological school in Denver, and at the same time an illustration of his character, in the fact that he tramped wearily through twenty-seven different cities soliciting funds to complete the endowment of the theological school. In this regard he was following in the footsteps of John Wesley, who one hard winter, when he was beyond eighty years of age, traveled on foot for seven days, through snow and rain and slush, soliciting funds for the poor of London.

Turning now to the more direct consideration of his personality, we find ourselves peculiarly embarrassed in our analysis by the evenness of his qualities. I think I have spent between four and five months, in all, in daily meetings with Bishop Warren during the last eight years and in delightful personal fellowship. During these days of close contact, of heavy responsibilities, and of trying tests, I cannot now recall an impatient word, or a boastful word, or an unkind word; nor did I ever detect an act or feeling which would not bear the white light of the Judgment Day. I agree with Dr. Kelley's statement, that he has never known any soul of greater depth and larger capacity for the divine, and that he has never known a whiter soul, kept white by his perfect responsiveness to the divine will. Surely this man is not only a bishop of the Church Militant, but a prince of the Church Triumphant. Some of the best illustrations of the fine personal qualities of the man are found in his conduct in regard to retirement. Eight years ago his son, whose business judgment and character are such as to command the respect of all men and make his wishes very weighty with his father, urged his father to retire from the episcopacy and spend his closing days with the family. While the bishop had already served twenty-four years in the episcopacy, and would have been glad for relief, he told his son that

the church had put this responsibility upon him and that therefore the church must relieve him from the responsibility. He maintained this attitude to the last, though I think that inwardly he longed for relief before the church extended it to him. Two years ago Mrs. Warren was kind enough to speak to me upon the subject and ask my opinion in regard to her husband's retirement; while she maintained the reticence due to her deference to his wishes, I now know that she herself at that time longed for his retirement. The days between his retirement and his death were perhaps the gladdest days they ever enjoyed together. During the entire period of their married life, during the greater part of which Bishop Warren was separated from his wife, he sent her every day of their separation a morning and an evening note, however brief these notes might be. He always felt better if he had a word with her at the opening and close of the day. Think of the chivalry of a lover sending two letters every absent day and continuing this expression of affection when he was beyond four-score years! After the retirement he was full of plans for their mutual fellowship and work. Indeed, he had already entered upon plans for a further building up of the theological school, and he never showed more zest in life than during these closing days. But whatever deep desire there was in his heart for the quiet and the beauty of his home life remained unexpressed during all the years of service. In addition to the principle expressed to his son eight years ago and repeated to Bishop McDowell, a man whom he loved as a son in the gospel, he expressed also a second consideration which led Bishop McDowell to approve his decision not to act himself. Bishop Warren felt that surely the church would retire him—he knew that he could retire voluntarily and receive the ovation of his life at the hands of the General Conference—but he could not conceal from himself the fact that other brethren might be retired who might have very good reasons to be uncertain as to the duty of the church in their cases and might not see their way at all clear to retire on their own responsibility. For him to retire with an ovation and then see them retired a little later in apparent humiliation by the action of the General Conference was to give himself an advantage over his brethren which did not at all comport with his ideal of chivalry in his relations with his colleagues. He felt that he simply must await with them the decision of the General Conference and share with them any possible humiliation which might come from retirement by its vote. I do not violate confidence in saying that Bishop Warren was immensely

relieved that the General Conference took the burden off his shoulders; and his choice of the difficult manner of retirement from the two considerations named above reveals one of the most chivalrous men the Christian Church has known. The testimony of Mrs. Warren and other members of the family is entirely clear that after his retirement the bishop usually felt and repeatedly expressed a sense of freedom, as of a boy released from his tasks, while at other times there was an almost alarming manifestation of exhaustion arising from the reaction when the burdens which had pressed so heavily upon him for many years were lifted from his shoulders. So while he was talking enthusiastically with his family of plans for rest, and already was thinking of other plans for service, rheumatism developed in a painful form and soon threatened his heart. Following this attack, upon a body whose vitality had been exhausted in service, pneumonia developed and his physical condition became alarming. A council of physicians was called and every effort made to conquer disease. His life had been so simple and temperate and his body was so well preserved that, despite his age, his system responded to the remedies and both diseases completely disappeared. The physicians assured the family that all he needed was rest, and they thought he would awake to perfect health from the stupor to which the diseases had reduced him, and gradually come back to his old-time strength and vigor. The only fear which the physicians expressed was from the long and terrific strain which the burdens of the years had imposed upon him; and while watching his case they said to Mrs. Warren there would be no doubt of his recovery if only he had retired eight years ago and had not carried the burdens too long. A young sergeant brought to Napoleon the news of a bravely fought battle and a well-earned victory. Suddenly Napoleon noticed the blood oozing from his breast and said, "You are wounded." When the lad's attention was called back from his struggles to himself, he looked up into the face of the emperor and said, "I am killed, sire," and dropped dead at his feet. So we imagine the heavenly Father must have bent over this son, saying anxiously, "You are worn, my son," and the son, then for the first time released from other duties and conscious of his exhaustion, looked up into the Father's face and said, "I am worn out," and fell asleep in his Father's arms.

Bishop Warren had lived in Denver twenty-eight years—all save four years of his episcopal life—and through a friendship lasting for a generation the Denver people had the right to claim his ashes. But

there is another reason why he finds fitting sepulture in Denver—a mile above the sea: our lower lives are

the level's and the night's;
He's for the morning.

So the lower plain affords, perhaps, a more comfortable and fitting resting place for the majority of the world, and even of the church, but not for this man. Hence, paraphrasing Browning's lines on the Gramscarian's funeral:

Here's the appropriate country; here man's thought
Rarer, intenser,
Self-gathered for an outburst, as it ought,
Chafes in the censer.

Leave we the lower plain its herd and crop;
Seek for his sepulture
The nation's crest, citied to the top,
Crowded with culture.

Step to a tune, square chests, erect each head,
'Ware the beholders!
This is our master, famous, calm, and dead,
Borne on our shoulders.

Well, here's the platform, here's the proper place
Here's the top crest, the multitude below
Live, for they can, there:
This man resolved to live and love and know—
Bury this man there?

No! here's the place, where meteors start, clouds form,
Lightnings are loosened,
Stars come and go! Let joy break with the storm!
Peace let the dew send;
Lofty designs must close in like effects:
Loftily lying,
Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects
Living and dying.

THE ARENA

BISHOP CRANSTON'S VALUATION OF A BOOK

ONLY a man who has undergone the science test of his own religious experience could have written *The Pilot Flame*, the new book by Dr. Jenness. I may add that only a man who has first entered into spiritual fellowship with Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour is prepared to venture the scientific method in dealing with the spiritual phenomena of the

genuine Christian life. Consciousness is a safer interpreter of the religious emotions and aspirations as related to conduct and to the transformed life than the spirit of research can possibly become by mere observation and analysis. Consciousness takes note of the *source* of those emotions and aspirations, while science busies itself with the product alone, having at the outset barred the divine agent by the terms of its inquiry, a method which looks very much like restricting the scope of an investigation lest too much be discovered to suit the purpose of the investigator.

If the phenomena of religious experience are to be subjected to psychological study at all, why not include all the elements that are presented by every typical case? Science should aim to be thorough in its work. Why accept the confession of the believer as to his spiritual transformation and deny credence to his concurrent confession as to the divine agency by which, in response to his direct appeal, his life was transformed or enriched?

Dr. Jenness has not flinched at this point. His experimental knowledge has not interfered with his scientific method of studying actual cases, even when some of them were at variance with his own type of experience; nor has he allowed the scientific method to obscure the divine factor, which is, of course, logically inherent in any experience involving the phenomena of spiritual regeneration.

We have in *The Pilot Flame* a thoroughly informed and fair psychology, and a wonderfully suggestive and practically helpful book, a book for every Christian worker who would be wise in the care of souls *to-day*.

It has more thrills than any other recent book I have read. Only the preacher who half reads it, or reads but half of it, can fail to thank the author and his acknowledged coworker for a much-needed work so happily conceived and so admirably done. It is published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

EARL CRANSTON.

Washington, D. C.

DR. MUDGE'S CALL TO THE COLORS—FOR EVERY METHODIST

DEAR BROTHER: Is our beloved church fulfilling its high mission in spiritual things? Is it meeting the rightful expectations, in this matter, of the communities where it is planted, expectations growing out of its historic position and achievements? Is it maintaining that leadership in revival efforts and in the promotion of advanced Christian experience which once it had? There may be some who, without hesitation, can answer these questions in the affirmative. This writer is not of that number. He believes that there has been among us a serious falling off in spiritual power, that the religious condition of the church to-day is far from satisfactory, and that a higher standard, the New Testament one, should be strongly, persistently held up.

It is not simply that the net annual increase in the church membership during the past decade has fallen to a bare two per cent, whereas it was more than four per cent in the decade ending 1892, and four and a half per cent in the decade ending 1872. Numbers are not everything.

But the lessened proportionate progress in quantity has not been made up by an advance in quality. Such facts and statistics as are available seem clearly to show the contrary: that there is not that positive, earnest devotion to distinctively divine things that there was; that worldly influences among us have gained in volume and strength.

This being so, what remedy? The Evangelistic Commission and campaign is a popular prescription, receiving general acclaim. And there is nothing, of course, to be said against it—much to be said in its praise. But is it sufficient? Does it go deep enough? Not if it confines itself to the mere increase of numbers, as seems to be the prevalent tendency. Something more fundamental and far-reaching is demanded to cope with the disease. In the opinion of the present writer the experience and doctrine of *full salvation* needs to be brought again into prominence. This, more than anything else, distinguished Methodism in those earlier days, the days of its power; this and its adaptedness to save the neglected masses. There is a close connection between the two things. Men will not be moved to go out and persuade others to come to Christ unless they themselves have a joy in Jesus that is very decided and a consistency of conduct that is known to all. If these latter are lacking, as they so largely are among us, there will be failure in the former, no matter what special machinery or manipulation may be employed. To be genuine and lasting, a revival must begin with the church. And it will not win there any decided success if it confines itself to slight increments of growth, small improvements at points where reform is easiest, general resolves to be better or "more faithful." Nothing that stops short of a radical change will really meet the need or materially modify conditions. Tapering off gradually will be no more sufficient or satisfactory in getting rid of sin than in getting rid of alcoholic habits. Total abstinence is the only safe rule. Jesus will not be a party to compromise. He expects unconditional surrender. He is well able to save to the uttermost, to work a full deliverance from the power of evil, to give a prompt and complete victory over temptation at all times. There are many witnesses to it. This privilege of every believer should be plainly presented to him, and he should be urged to take at once this step of full consecration (full up to the light imparted) with its accompanying grasp of the promises by faith. The inevitable and most blessed result of such a step will be a definite second work of grace, lifting the recipient into a higher path of living, placing him in an attitude of thoroughgoing loyalty, and opening to him a career of conquest and of progress such as was quite impossible before.

Why not? Many draw back from such a program because of the evils which they have seen in connection with the so-called "holiness" movement, and with it have identified the above. But it is by no means the same. That specialized movement needs to be reformed or improved fully as much as does the church in general. It has so frequently, from Wesley's time to the present day, led to objectionable extravagances and abnormalities that it is fair to consider these things as inevitably associated with it and necessarily springing from it. They inhere in the *terms* that are used. Those terms must be discarded and a different style of nomenclature

ture adopted, one which accords with the theology and philosophy now accepted. This will not necessitate the giving up of a single thing really essential or important in the practical production of the very highest Christian experience. All that is of primary consequence will be conserved, while the excrescences and fanatical irregularities that have done so much harm will be guarded against.

In this way, and only in this way, can Methodism recover its lost leadership in high spirituality. The ancient forms of statement which have become discredited at the bar of modern thought, which are neither scriptural nor rational, which give needless offense and beget unnecessary controversy, which promote Pharisaism, censoriousness, and schism, must be discarded. But we must retain those fundamental facts of experience which have stood so close to Methodism's progress in the past—the clearing up of all arrearages of consecration by an epoch-making struggle and an instantaneous entrance through faith on a higher life of vastly increased purity, power, peace, and joy. This not as a finality, precluding further progress in such lines, but as a glorious installment, making further progress much easier and completing up to present light the work wrought at conversion up to the light then available. Particulars of the plan, which the space here does not permit to be given, may be found stated at length in *The Perfect Life*, published a year ago by The Methodist Book Concern, with an Introduction by Dr. William F. Warren, and indorsed by many of our bishops, editors, and theological professors.

The practical question requiring an immediate answer is, How many are prepared to accept this program and are willing to enroll themselves for a campaign on these lines? Very many there are in the church utterly indifferent both to the experience and the doctrine once known as "Christian perfection," but perhaps better called "full salvation." Others are sticklers for the old theology, with its misleading terms, although quite apathetic as to climbing the heights designated therein and entirely unwilling to make acknowledgment of having attained. Still others combine close adhesion to the ancient nomenclature with zeal in pushing and professing the experience. The hope of the church does not seem to lie with either of these three classes, but rather with a fourth: those who—believing that consecration and intelligence should not be divorced, that sanity and spirituality may go together, that a pure heart is quite compatible with a clear head, that intellectual self-respect may be retained as well as red-hot religious earnestness—hold firmly to the substance of the old theology, but maintain that there should be minor alterations and adjustments made to suit the changed conditions of the present age.

There is no doubt a goodly number who are ready to subscribe to the sentiments and opinions indicated in this article. They are comparatively powerless in the church at present because unknown to each other, isolated, widely separated, and without a public organ or program of action. If these scattered units were brought into some sort of combination where they could encourage each other and adopt some concerted plans for a forward movement, such as might commend themselves to the best judgment of all, would not great good to the church result? It seems so to

him who has penned these paragraphs, and who feels disposed to test the mind of the church in the matter. Will those who agree, substantially, with the program outlined above and who feel led by the Spirit of grace to coöperate, send their names and suggestions, without delay, to the address given below? If there is a sufficient response to this appeal something important will be further propounded.

JAMES MUDGE.

Malden, Mass.

DR. MILLER'S TWO TOPICS

IN the last November-December number of the REVIEW Dr. R. T. Miller presents under the heading "Two Topics" a new phase of his argument in favor of the title of the bishops to membership in the General Conference. He opens his article with the statement that "The membership originally held by the bishops in the General Conference should be restored, or the exercise of original and final judicial powers by the Delegated General Conference should be restrained." He seeks support for this statement in a recital of history which, as far as it goes, is substantially correct, but he reads into it an interpretation which is so fundamentally incorrect that it destroys his whole argument, and, because of his peculiar viewpoint, he overlooks some history which is directly pertinent to the discussion.

His argument in substance is this: In the constitution of 1808, from which all subsequent legislation has been derived and receives its meaning, no mention was made in the paragraph on the "Composition and Powers of the General Conference" either of the bishops as included in the membership of that body or of the exercise of any judicial authority as included among its powers. We have interpreted that silence as excluding the bishops from membership in the General Conference, therefore we must interpret it as also excluding the exercise of judicial authority from among the powers of the General Conference. Or, if we insist that this silence does not forbid the exercise of judicial powers by the General Conference, we must also insist that it does not exclude the bishops from membership in that body. The rest is either explication of this argument or statement and exposition of history in support of it.

The appeal of this article for consistency of interpretation is wholesome and necessary. If we adopt as our rule of interpretation in this case the principle that all legislation relative to the Composition and Powers of the General Conference which was in force prior to 1808 continued in force after that time unless changed or repealed by explicit act of legislation, we must apply this principle to all provisions to which it properly relates with absolute impartiality. If, on the other hand, we adopt the principle that on the enactment of the constitution of 1808 all previous legislation was thereby repealed, then that principle must be applied with the same impartiality. That the former of these principles is the correct one, as Dr. Miller argues, seems to me beyond dispute. Any other construction will leave us with uncomfortable gaps in our legislation. But this rule of interpretation does not in this case justify Dr. Miller's

conclusions, as will appear when all the facts are clearly elucidated. What are the facts?

The most important fact of all is that the bishops never held the right to membership in the General Conference by virtue of their episcopal office. Dr. Miller's argument depends for its validity upon the supposition that the bishops held a special title as bishops to membership in the General Conference, and that in some sense they formed a distinct, constituent element of that body. The original statement of the Composition of the General Conference was this, "All the Traveling Preachers who shall be in full connection at the time of holding the General Conference." This was amended in 1800 by adding the words, "and have traveled four years," and again in 1804 by further adding, "from the time that they were admitted on trial by an Annual Conference." There is not the slightest trace of any special right of the bishops as such to membership in the General Conference. They were not in any sense a separate constituency. Either they were included in the General Conference in common with the other traveling preachers or they were not included at all, for the only title to membership in the General Conference at that time was that of being a traveling preacher who had traveled four years from the time he had been admitted on trial by an Annual Conference.

From all this follows a second fact, and that is that the bishops are included in the legislation which in 1808 provided for the Delegated General Conference just as explicitly as they had been in the legislation concerning the General Conference prior to that time. If they were not a separate, constituent element in the General Conference, but were members of that body by virtue of their membership in a general constituency, then any enactment which explicitly affected the status of this larger constituency in which they were included, would, in precisely the same way and with equal explicitness, affect the status of the bishops themselves, unless they were expressly excepted from its provisions. This should make clear what happened in 1808. The rights and prerogatives of the bishops as bishops were not changed by the constitution then adopted. Rather these rights and prerogatives were confirmed and secured by a constitutional enactment. But the rights which the bishops held in common with the whole body of traveling preachers were changed by the legislation which changed the General Conference from an assembly of all the traveling preachers to a delegated body composed of only those traveling preachers who had been chosen delegates as provided by law. The title of a bishop to membership in the General Conference after the enactment of the constitution of 1808 was the same as that of any other traveling preacher, which was precisely what had been the case before that action.

It further follows and may be stated as a fact that the bishops were not definitely and positively excluded from membership in the General Conference by the constitution of 1808. In the absence of any special mention of the bishops we cannot interpret that constitution as either conferring any special privileges or imposing any special disabilities. After 1808 no traveling preacher might be a member of the General Conference unless he was legally chosen by an Annual Conference as its repre-

sentative, and there was no provision excepting the bishops from the operation of this law. In common with the other traveling preachers they were neither included nor excluded, but eligible. It is impossible to see how a bishop could legally have been excluded from membership in any General Conference if he had been chosen in a perfectly legal way by an Annual Conference. So far as the bishops were excluded from membership in the General Conference after 1808, it was not by constitutional provision, but only because they were not chosen by any of the Annual Conferences. The fact that the right to elect a bishop to the General Conference was never exercised by any Annual Conference does not prove its nonexistence.

The actual exclusion of the bishops from membership in the General Conference was effected by the action of the General Conference of 1900, in which it enacted that ministerial delegates to the General Conference "at the time of their election and at the time of the session of the General Conference shall be members of the Annual Conference which elected them."

Dr. Miller concludes with an appeal to the church to enact legislation which shall entitle the bishops to membership in the General Conference. If, as Dr. Miller argues, they are already entitled to such membership, then no legislative action is required. If they have no such constitutional title, the proposition to grant it should be based upon some reason of necessity or propriety or expediency. These may be discussed when they are advanced. But one thing should be insisted upon, that the question as to whether or not the right to sit in the General Conference legally belongs to the bishops as such under our constitution, and the totally different question as to whether or not it is advisable to grant the bishops the right to sit in the General Conference, shall not be jumbled together in such a way as to confuse judicial and legislative functions, but that each of these questions shall be considered separately and upon its own merits.

Decatur, Ill.

JOSEPH W. VAN CLEVE.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE COMMERCIAL ELEMENT IN RELIGIOUS LITERATURE

A VALUABLE book in New Testament criticism, published in 1909, begins its preliminary remarks as follows: "An attempt to put forth a handbook of New Testament criticism for general readers has elicited from several publishing firms the information that they are unable to see their way clear to make any money out of it. The information was not, of course, worded as bluntly as that; rather, it was stated that the reading public took no interest in such subjects." In these words the author expresses what many who are working in the less popular departments of literary and scholastic labors have experienced, but it is the first time the writer has seen it formally expressed so frankly. The

writer of this once went to a very reputable publishing house with the desire of publishing a book with certain features that he regarded as helpful to the student and as furnishing a place in New Testament literature. The reply was similar to that of the above quotation. It appears to be the custom of publishers to publish nothing which it is not perfectly clear will be profitable financially; or for which the author will not assume in advance the financial responsibility.

Now, at first sight it seems as if this attitude is a necessity for a business house. It must meet its expenses and must also make profits, or it could not exist. Whether there is a way by which books of real merit, although on the unpopular side, can be presented, we do not propose to discuss at this time, but the fact worthy of consideration is this, that the commercial element has entered into literature as well as into business, for literature is dependent upon business for its promulgation. We need not discuss the question whether in many instances the publisher is not mistaken as to the commercial value of a particular book. The author who has a work which is deemed not sufficiently popular to call for publication may believe that there is a demand which the publisher does not clearly understand. The writer above referred to makes this statement concerning his own work: "Whether this be really true of criticism as a whole, namely, that money cannot be made out of its publication, I do not pretend to judge; but is certainly true of the fourth Gospel. It is quite remarkable to find how often in ordinary conversation on the golf course, in the train, in the smoking-room, and in other haunts of public life, this subject comes up; and one is again and again informed by those to whom one is a comparative stranger that they are especially interested in it." And it might be found that many of the publications which are regarded as uninteresting to the public will have an interest of which those ignorant of the matter cannot be cognizant.

The representatives of the publishing departments in literary matters are acute observers of the tendencies of the thought of their time. They must be such in order to fulfill their mission. They know whether the wind is blowing from the east or the west, or from the north or the south, and trim their sails according to the weather. This seems to be necessary for the promotion of the business of their enterprise, but is there not another side that is worthy of consideration and which publishers may well consider as a part of their very responsible relation to the public? And we need not say how many publishers do not follow the course to which exception is taken in the opening of this paper. They are willing to make losses on matter which involves the reputation of the house and its usefulness to the public at large. This must be conceded, but the importance of noting the bearings of this whole discussion is seen in the effects of the literature upon the public mind. Let it be, for instance, a question of criticism. A certain wave is sweeping over the public mind. It may be a temporary movement of thought or it may be a substantial one which will abide. If at that time the literature on the subject is surcharged with views which have not yet

ripened, the impulse is one which may have lasting influence. It is the popular movement of the time. It is a representation, so to speak, of the age. Let us assume, again, that this is a temporary movement and will exist only until the public thought is aroused and the opposite current sets in. How can the corrective to merely impulsive scholarship be counteracted? This can be done only by a counter movement which is unpopular and for the time being is regarded as obsolete. There is no referendum and recall in literature. How shall this counter movement which is unpopular be presented to the public mind? The publishers refuse it. The author is unable to present his views for want of adequate means, and he needs also the backing of a publishing house of high rank. This is important in its distribution. And thus the movement goes on until the currents of thought cross it so effectually as to give rise to a new current which shall bring in a new wave of popularity which shall absorb the attention of the public.

Suppose, however, that the question is an important one, vital to the cause of religion and of literature. If the publisher is in favor of one or the other side, we have again the difficulty which arises before us: How shall these things be brought to the notice of the public when there seems to be no way by which it can be done? There is another feature that has risen within recent years, and that is the publicity bureau—the rise of the promoter. It is a modern feature in our life that there is a promoter in literature as well as in business and politics. Almost everything now must have its publicity department, and it is extended even to the sphere of religion. The promoter and his staff have entered into the Christian element to an extent perhaps little understood by the great masses of the people. What they read in the press concerning certain movements, meetings, etc., is often supposed to be the normal output of the press, when actually it is the setting forth of one side represented by means of the press bureau, whose business it is to stir the public in its favor. It seems to the writer that this is a dangerous system. It is calculated to make the world a series of blackboards and to prevent people from inquiring into the merits of that which they are studying.

The newspapers abound in premature statements which are corrected a short time afterward, but which have done their work. What can be done to remedy these difficulties it is difficult to tell. It is believed by the writer of this that overstatement of any side is injurious to the cause of truth. How shall we find the truth in the midst of divergent views which exist in the world, and when we find it, how shall it reach the great masses for whom it is intended? If the truth be unpopular, there is little chance for its presentation to the public, and the rushing, gushing, effusive presentation grasps their attention. The writer believes that something should be done by which the people should be fairly dealt with through the medium of the press, whether it be in the case of books, magazines, or papers. We notice that in the political controversy which has just taken place several writers for magazines of distinguished ability have engaged to write a series of

stories or papers and send them wherever they will be published in advocacy of one particular party. Newspapers almost invariably have a side which they argue, and while they give general news of what is going on in the opposite camp, they are careful in their public utterances to say little if anything that will be to the advantage of the party to which they are opposed. The writer pleads in literature, in politics, in religion, for the truth, the full truth, and nothing but the truth.

Whoever shall provide that in the contested questions which agitate the public mind and that are of great importance, whether religious, political, or social, an unprejudiced and impartial discussion shall be provided, will render an important service to our civilization.

ARCHAEOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

DISCOVERIES IN CRETE

THE many references to this island in the classic writers of Greece, as in Homer, Herodotus, Thucydides, Pausanias, Diodorus Siculus, and others, were of such a nature as to lead the historical critic of the last century to label them unceremoniously as myth or legend. Minos, the great ruler of Crete, to whom are attributed so many wonderful deeds, had also been relegated to the heroic company of those who had never existed, and even to-day there are those who find it difficult to think of that mighty thalassocrat except as a poetic fancy, the creation of some ancient bard. In fact, thirty years ago the historical critics had little room for Menes, Minos, and Moses except as sun-gods and solar myths.

And yet Homer believed in the greatness of Crete. We read in the *Odyssey*, xix, 174ff.: "There is a country, Crete, in the midst of the wine-dark sea, a fair land and rich, begirt with water. The people there are many, innumerable, indeed, and they have ninety cities."

Thucydides says (i. 4): "For Minos was, as far as we know from tradition, the most ancient possessor of a navy; by which also he held a very extensive mastery over what is now called the Grecian Sea and governed the Cyclades."

It would be easy to multiply references from Hesiod, Herodotus, Aristotle, and Pausanias, but we shall content ourselves with one more, from Diodorus Siculus, who wrote: "Some pretend that the Syrians were the inventors of letters, and that the Phœnicians learned from the Syrians and brought the art of writing to Greece, whence the name of Phœnician alphabet. But the Cretans say that the first discovery came not from Phœnicia, but from Crete, and that the Phœnicians only changed the type of the letters and made the knowledge of them more general among the people" (v. 74. 1).

The excavations carried on in Crete and some of the smaller islands in close proximity by English, Italian, and American archaeologists bear eloquent testimony to the literal truthfulness of the above citations from

the classic authors of Greece. The excavations at Cnossos by Arthur J. Evans were eye-openers. Others by Professor Halbherr, of Rome, at Phaestos and Agia Triadha, as well as those by Mrs. Hawes under the auspices of the American Exploration Society of Philadelphia, were equally successful. The more recent work, done by Mr. Seagar and his fellow workers at Vasiliki, Psyra, and especially at Mochlos, though not as extensive as that under the direction of Evans and Halbherr, was nevertheless of prime interest.

But these discoveries of the past ten or fifteen years not only corroborate the statements of the classic writers, but prove beyond peradventure that Crete was highly civilized in the third and second millenniums before our era. In Crete we have another instance of the great role played by a small country. Crete is a small island, about 160 miles long, with varying breadth of from eight to thirty-five miles. The entire area is less than half that of Wales or Palestine. Being so small, it is no wonder that there were those who failed to grasp the idea of its vast importance in the history of the development of civilization. As Britain of to-day is the great center of culture and commerce, so Crete of old had its powerful and superior navy, which made it ruler of the seas. This was, however, four or five thousand years ago, and so complete had been the eclipse that it remained for the archæologists of the twentieth century to reestablish the claims of Greece as a world power.

The location of Crete, nearly equidistant from three continents, was such as to make it a natural center of civilization. The little island profited, no doubt, by its proximity to the mainlands of Europe, Asia, and Africa. But it remains to be proved whether Crete was more of a debtor than benefactor. Few, if any, will now claim that Crete derived its civilization from Greece. The hundred and one objects dug up from the ruins of Crete prove very conclusively that Minoan art is pre-Hellenic. Not only did Crete exert a great influence upon the development of Greece; it did the same for other countries. The powerful tribe of the Philistines, the arch enemy of the Israelites in their early history, came, as is well known, from Crete. The recent excavations at Gezer show a direct connection between Palestine and Crete. On the terracotta disk dug up at Phaestos, of which we shall speak later, there was impressed, among other signs, what has been called a "feather-head dress." The resemblance between this and that said to represent the profile of a Philistine, found at Medinet Habu in Egypt, is challengingly striking.

Whether Egypt has contributed more to the culture of Crete than Crete to that of Egypt is not easy to determine. But, even supposing that Crete may have been a debtor to both Hittite and Egyptian culture, it is certain that temples and palaces in the valley of the Nile were furnished and decorated, from very early times, with objects of Cretan origin; this is especially true of the polychrome Cretan vases.

It is not possible to say who were the first settlers of Crete, but it is generally accepted that the early inhabitants of Crete owed more to the south than to the north. Even to-day there is a marked racial difference between the Cretans and those on the mainland north. Mr. and Mrs.

Hawes say in their very valuable volume, *Crete the Forerunner of Greece*: "Taking the anthropological criterion of the cephalic index, Greece is much mixed to-day, but the further we go back in our examination of skulls, the more numerous the long-heads and the longer they become. This agrees with the anthropological evidence, which is clearer; and this in turn falls in with the views generally held by anthropologists for the Mediterranean basin, that a long-headed, short, brunette people inhabited it from the earliest Neolithic times. To-day Greece is moderately broad-headed, whereas Crete is mesocephalic, that is, neither broad nor long, and the difference is to be explained by the more accessible position of Greece, open by land connections or easy coasting journeys to the inroads of people from the north."

Dr. Arthur J. Evans, in his address, as president, to the Hellenic Society, January, 1912, published in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies* vol. xxxii, part II, 1912, says: "The truth is, the old view of Greek civilization as a kind of *enfant de miracle* can no longer be maintained. Whether they like it or not, classical students must consider origins. One after another the 'inventions' attributed by its writers to the later Hellas are seen to have been anticipated on Greek soil at least a thousand years earlier." This is true of the Æginetan claim of having invented sailing vessels. Even the seven-stringed lyre of Terpander of Lesbos, in the seventh century B. C., was known to the Cretans ten centuries before, or even longer.

Thousands of inscriptions, mostly clay tablets, are among the treasures dug up at Cnossos, Phaestos, etc. The earliest were naturally pictographic or hieroglyphic, which gradually passed over to the geometric and linear mode of writing. Dr. Evans distinguishes two kinds of linear script, A and B. He claims that these two styles of script are parallel forms, and not derived one from the other. He also says that a highly developed system of writing existed in Minoan Crete some two thousand years earlier than the first introduction under Phœnician influence of Greek letters. For many centuries the pictographic was used side by side with the linear; the former, however, gave way to the latter before B. C. 1600.

Unfortunately the thousands of tablets discovered in Crete during the past few years have guarded well their secret. Up to this time not a single one has been deciphered. A key has been found—at least it is so supposed—for the deciphering of numerals.

Here, in passing, we might mention that a terracotta disk about six inches in diameter was unearthed at Phaestos in 1908. Both sides are covered with pictorial characters in spirals. It may date from B. C. 1800. "The signs include a rosette, vase, pelt, fish, eagle, galley, carpenter's square, hatchet, woman, running man, and a male with feathered head." There are those who profess to have found in this disk a key to Cretan hieroglyphs. Professor Hemphill, of Leland Stanford, is one of these. He wrote a most ingenious article in *Harper's Magazine* (January, 1911), giving his key to the mysterious disk. This article is unfavorably criticized by Mr. Andrew Lang in the *Independent* (February 11, 1911), and referred to by Dr. Evans in his presidential address as "containing some strange linguistic freaks." Professor A. Cuny has also a proposed solution in the

Revue des Etudes Anciennes, T. xiv (1912). Another effort has been made by Miss Stawell. Dr. Evans, speaking of these, says: "Investigations of the Phæstos Disk on both sides of the Atlantic have found an Hellenic key, though the key proves not to be the same, and as regards the linguistic forms unlocked, it must be said that many of them neither represent historic Greek nor any antecedent stage reconcilable with existing views as to the comparative grammar of the Indo-European languages."

So far the bilingual text which is to help decipher Cretan script and language is still quietly resting in some old ruin or mound of Crete or some other country, and awaiting the coming of some lucky archæologist.

We have dwelt at some length on Minoan writing, not because it is the only witness to Cretan civilization in gray antiquity. There are other evidences of Cretan culture of the third and second millenniums, B. C., more convincing even than its script. The discoveries made by Dr. Evans and others in the palaces of Crete prove conclusively that the builders of such immense and solid structures possessed not only great architectural skill and genuine artistic taste, but also vast wealth; and that more than four thousand years ago. But such masterpieces of masonry and decoration must have been preceded by a long period of development. The palace at Cnossos, covering six acres of ground, was not only a royal residence and a sanctuary of the Double-Ax, but a city in miniature. For in addition to vast halls and *megara*, for governmental and sacerdotal uses, we find numberless smaller rooms, workshops, repositories, etc. Some of the unfinished work in some of these rooms proves that the workman left his workshop in haste, as in case of war. The central court, with its paving of immense slabs, has an area of twenty thousand square feet. The mural decorations and frescoes are of a high order. The river scenes, with their grasses, reeds, fish, etc., are very true to nature. The same is true of the "flowers, fruits, and seashells, flying-fish, figures of the larger animals, native robes and girdles." The throne room deserves the most careful attention. From a fresco we learn that the throne was in gypsum, modeled, however, from wood. Anyone looking at this picture could easily imagine that he has a very modern piece of work before him. Indeed, many of the objects in the museum at Candia, though four or five thousand years old, might be confounded with those made in our times. The queen's apartments were both extensive and magnificent. The mural decorations, consisting of marine views, fishes, corals, algæ, etc., exhibit the finest type of Cretan art. What is true of painting is equally true of sculpture. The excavator is also surprised at the extensive and finely executed staircases leading to these palaces and courts. But the water supply and the drainage system of these palaces were unique. Here we have elegant bathrooms lined with alabaster, and water-closets with sanitary plumbing the equal of which cannot be found again in any building, ancient or modern, till toward the end of the nineteenth century of our era.

The great palace at Cnossos, with its vast halls, endless subterranean passages, winding staircases and rooms of all sizes and for all purposes, may well have been the famous labyrinth of Greek tradition. If the new etymology of the word labyrinth be correct, we have an additional reason

for identifying it with the Palace of Minos. Some of our best scholars derive labyrinth from *labrys*, a pre-Hellenic form meaning "double ax." The double ax appearing in so many of the Cretan paintings or ornaments was most probably a symbol of authority and power or of the deity worshiped in Cretan sanctuaries. Hawes, speaking of this subject, says: "Again sober fact corroborates fable. The Palace of Cnossos is the labyrinth and the home of the Minotaur." He also regards the Minos-Bull simply as an heraldic beast, and adds: "If at the end of the Boer War hostages had been sent from the Transvaal to England and imprisoned, or executed, it might well have been said that the British Lion devoured them." The tradition that Athens sent human victims as annual tribute to Minos was doubted by Grote and others in his day.

No one can study the antiquities of Crete without being struck with the female attire of B. C. 2000. Mosso, in a chapter on the subject in his *Palaces of Crete*, says: "The new fashion design is one that is old enough to be forgotten; nevertheless, I could not have imagined before I entered the Museum of Candia that four thousand years ago women dressed in the same mode and wore the same hats as fashionable ladies of to-day." The mural decorations show us the tight fitting dress, with its low neck, puffed sleeves, and elaborate flounces. The Cretan female hair dresser of gray antiquity, were she in New York or Paris to-day, could find abundant employment.

As already said, Cretan art showed to the best advantage in mural decorations, nevertheless the engraver, carver, and jeweler did exquisite work on silver, gold, ivory, and other substances. No place is richer than Crete in objects of the Bronze Age. The more recent discoveries of Mr. Seagar in the little island of Mochlos have brought to light fine specimens of the jeweler's art, such as gold chains, pendants, diadems, etc. The molding and cutting out of vases from hard substances had reached a high degree of perfection. The potter not only designed and executed his vases well, but decorated them, too, with artistic skill. Some of these vases are as thin as the best of our modern china and are covered with lilies, ivies, and various flowers taken directly from nature.

Minos, like Moses, refuses to be regarded as a sun-myth or solar deity. But if Minos never existed, who were the master minds that ruled Crete in the third and second millenniums before our era?

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

SCHLÄTTER'S SYSTEM OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE

SCHLÄTTER's *Das christliche Dogma* (published in 1911) is indisputably a work of rare independence and originality. While the author's general position is that of modern biblicism (see this REVIEW, September, 1911), there is not in the book a trace of bondage to any traditions. Everywhere

we find a refreshing freedom and individuality, animated by an intense and healthy piety. Schlatter once wrote an essay entitled "Die Furcht vor dem Denken," a protest against certain agnostic-pragmatic tendencies in modern theology. Well, in this book we shall find no fear of thinking. At the same time the author lays upon himself the severest self-restraint in matters of speculation. For him the contents of Christian theology are given only by revelation and are appropriated personally, experimentally. Viewed in respect of the principles and methods of system-building, the work invites a thorough examination. This, however, we pass by, noting only that Schlatter surprises us by the amplitude and wealth of his treatment of anthropology, in which he includes a full discussion of "nature as the revelation of the divine power." This last point is significant in view of the widespread Ritschlian abhorrence of everything resembling a "natural theology." We content ourselves by giving a few brief characteristic passages from the book.

In the section on "The Divine in Nature" we find the following: "Nature veils God, because it is something other than he, and that it is so is manifest by the fact that it is something other than we ourselves. Therefore, if we seek the evidence of God only from nature, we never find the God whom we need as personal Being, we never find the God with whom, in thought and will, we stand in communion. But this procedure is not normal, to turn only to the powers and forms of nature, in order that they shall show us God. For us the nearest creatures of God are we ourselves; we ourselves are the first that have the vocation to be his witnesses and to reveal him. How can man, if he apprehends nothing of God in himself, expect that beasts and stones shall cure his godlessness? The man shut up in himself against God has in nature necessarily only the veiling of God; it becomes to him the substitute for God and thus serves a purpose appointed to it by God, and accomplishes his will" (page 55). Against the tendency to infer the "necessity" of God from the incompleteness of nature, Schlatter writes: "But it is not what nature lacks that makes it a revelation of God, but what it has. The way, of course, by which it bears witness of God is that it lifts our thinking above the process of nature and lets something that is above it shine through. This higher something, however, does not shine, as it were, through holes here and there, so that we should need to take pains to discover these holes in the greatest possible number, in order to understand that nature is not sufficient to itself; but it has in it something that is spiritual, which shapes it, and without which it is not and never works; and this intelligible in nature it is that makes it the attestation of God" (page 56).

One of the most characteristic features of Schlatter's theology is his emphasis upon the Christian's active service. Under the head of "The Human Will and the Divine Love" we find such a statement as the following: "From the standpoint of the idea of love the objection to freedom is made that our independence means separation from God, and therefore is the thing that we have to fear and that we hope to overcome in a love that lifts itself to a perfect union with God; for the death of all self-life and self-will is for him that longs for God the sweetest blessing and the

highest goal. The truth of this proposition consists in this, that a self-life turned against God must appear in fact as the acme of what is abominable and miserable. Our will is conferred upon us in order that we give it to God; we have not to do our will, but his. Our function is service. In this way, however, we never come to a state of having no will and no freedom. For the will that is given to God does not die; in giving it we no more lose it and give it away from ourselves than God in taking it tears it from us and puts it to death. Rather our will, in willing the will of God, only then properly becomes will and our own act through our free union with that which God has commanded us. The service of God is no servile relation, but just because it is to be rendered with our will, it acquires the high quality of love. But love is always wrongly conceived when it tends to the self-abasement and annihilation of one's own life. A liberating purpose and effect is essential to love; it is only an egoistically distorted love that enslaves and thereby presents an empty unit instead of the full unity, which results when two, alive in themselves, are bound together by the union of the will. . . . In the apostolic word every representation of our dependence upon God culminates in this truth, that out of that dependence there arises not absence of will, but will. Because God works the willing and the doing, we work out our salvation with fear and trembling. That our personal life, including our will, is not destroyed, but established, by what God gives, is for the New Testament an immovable axiom" (page 167f.).

Concerning *prayer*, Schlatter gives us many weighty utterances, of which we select a few: "Since prayer is that act by which we turn our will to God, religion consists above everything else in prayer. To be religious means to be able to pray; to be irreligious means to be incapable of prayer. The struggle for religion is a struggle concerning prayer; the theory of religion is the 'philosophy of prayer.' Normal prayer is normal religion, perverted prayer corrupted religion" (page 220). After profound words concerning adoration, thanksgiving, and some introductory sentences on petitionary prayer, Schlatter continues concerning the last point: "The disposition to put petition in the background as compared with thanksgiving has its root only in that conception of God which merely tends to establish our dependence and hence covets as the ideal of piety the absence of will. If nothing may or can be willed or loved, then, of course, petition is an aberration. These objections are strengthened by the fact that perversity continually shows itself in our will, and our selfish desire, which thinks only of our own happiness, also often enough determines our prayer. But we do not overcome our evil will by attaining to the absence of will nor our endemonism by apathy. In the purity or impurity of our petitions the purity or impurity of our desires directly manifests itself. This, however, involves no demand that we cease to make requests. On the contrary, it shows the indispensableness of petition. For inevitably we cease to wage war against our evil will when we no longer measure our desires by God's will and base them upon God's will. But we do in fact so measure them and endeavor so to base them in so far as our desires become petitions" (page 221). "Of course every prayer transcends the idea of the

world, since it is addressed to God, and so has in its view not merely the natural factors and their operation according to law. Prayer always affirms the omnipotence of God. Out of prayer, however, there grows no postulate of miracle, no repudiation of nature. For the acknowledgment of God embraces also the acknowledgment of the world as the work of God and of natural law as the institution of God. We do not pray against nature; for we call upon him who has given it its constitution and its modes of operation; and accordingly we take it in prayer as it is in truth, and deny only nature as atheistically misinterpreted and disguised into a specter, a nature that is supposed to exist and operate without God or in God's stead. Therefore we do not ask the unnatural, but the natural, from the God through whom the natural consists and goes on. Only in this one respect do we in prayer transcend nature, namely, in that we direct our desires to God, of whom we know that he has an inexhaustibleness of will and power and a perfection of giving that exceed all the bounds set to the natural processes" (page 223f.).

The attitude of the biblicist Schlatter toward the Bible will be of interest to every student of the book. Under the head of "The Authority of the Scripture" we find the following: "The authority of the Scripture is understood in a fleshly way when its word is taken as a substitute for knowledge on our part, so that we ourselves know nothing of God, but repeat the Bible saying, and, instead of knowing and helping others to knowledge, merely quote. The authority of the Scripture is divine, because it affords us the means of seeing for ourselves God's government. The authority of the Scripture is misused in a fleshly way when we force ourselves or let ourselves be forced to an obedience to it which has no foundation in us, but consists in a blind subjection to an extraneous command. Its authority is divine, because it helps us to attain to a good will of our own, through which we serve God and our neighbor" (page 406). "The anxiety which avoids the criticism of the Scripture as impious has its last and strongest ground in the same postulate as was applied to Jesus, and for which the idea of God seems to give warrant, that the Scripture must be infallible, and therefore calls us to no other attitude than that we assent to it; every denial of an utterance of Scripture is in itself a contesting of the inspiration of Scripture and of its origin from God. How can that which is God's gift be imperfect, how can we be entitled to reject or correct the divine word? . . . But this postulate . . . constructs for itself a revelation, which God is assumed to have unveiled aside and separate from man. Such a revelation, in which man disappears, God has not given us because of the riches of his grace, not from weakness, but for his glory. For this is not the glory of God, that he demonstrates to us that he can compose a faultless book, but rather this, that he so binds men with himself that they as men can tell forth his word" (page 408f.). "Infallibility is the characteristic of God; but it belongs only to God and does not extend to the men who stand in the service of God. Not the Scripture, but the God who gives it and calls us through it, is infallible." Yet there is a sense in which the Scripture is infallible, but "not so that it gives us an unlimited knowledge, but that it binds us to God, who is

light without darkness, and leads us in the straight road to God's sure goal. Herein, then, the faultlessness of the Bible consists, that it calls us to God" (page 409).

We must let these samples suffice, though nearly every page incites one to quote.

A DEPARTED LEADER: MARTIN KÄHLER

On September 7, 1912, Martin Kähler (born 1835) was called from his earthly labors. Though hindered not a little by bodily weakness, he had continued to lecture, in full intellectual vigor and in great joy in his work, till the close of the summer semester. Then to refresh himself he had hastened to his beloved Freudenstadt, a quiet resort in the Black Forest. After a few weeks, however, he fell a victim to an inflammation of the lungs. He had expressed a wish that God might grant him to lecture three semesters more. For, in spite of a somewhat diminished number of hearers in recent years, he had continued to make a powerful impression upon the students. Moreover, he longed to be permitted to carry out certain important literary plans. "I have material for ten years yet," he sometimes said to those nearest him; but the strength to produce often failed him. He had hoped, among other things, to publish a third volume of the *Dogmatische Zeitfragen* and to prepare a third edition of his famous little book on the historical Jesus and the biblical Christ. It is to be hoped that some things from his pen will appear posthumously. But it is gratifying to be able to call attention to three products of his pen from the last two years of his life. In 1911 he published in a pamphlet of seventy-six pages a series of lectures on "*Das Kreuz, Grund und Mass für die Christologie*" (The Cross, the Foundation and Measure for Christology). This is a writing of rare originality and depth, abounding in concrete illustrations. In 1912 there appeared a little book entitled *Kommet und sehet! Der Prophet in Galliläa nach Markus* (Come and See! The Prophet in Galilee according to Mark). This book found a multitude of grateful readers. It was on his heart also to write two companion pieces: *Des Meisters Wanderschule und Ueber die Leidensgeschichte*. These, however, were never finished. The last of his writings was *Die Heilsgewissheit* (The Assurance of Salvation), in the *Biblische Zeit- und Streitfragen*, 1912. He contends against the tendency to confound the Christian certainty of salvation with a reliance upon the assumed value of a state of religious feeling *per se*, "a religiosity that draws its content and power merely out of itself." Christian certainty of salvation has its ground in the preached Word of salvation, its power in the content of that Word, which is the Saviour himself as the Son of the living God. It is certainty of the bottomless and universal grace of God, applied through his particular calling and by the gift of his Spirit, even to me. The assurance, of course, comes by experience; but the experience is no mere psychological state; it is rather the inward appropriation of a great objective reality. In order that there shall be "Christ in us" there must first be "Christ for us."

Though strangely neglected abroad—perhaps in part because of a

rather difficult style—Kähler has exerted a mighty influence in his own country on theological science and on the practical life of the church. As to the first, he has given us the best answers to several of the most vital questions, especially to the Bible question. As to the second, he has exerted a strangely powerful influence over the preaching of a multitude of pastors, and has been the means of great inspiration and guiding help in both "inner" missions and missions to the heathen. All this has been possible in the first place because of the wonderful religious vitality of his theology, but also in part because he consciously strove to set forth the doctrinal basis of the evangelization of the world. He is the dogmatician of the missionary enterprise. While he never formed a school in the strict sense—he rather avoided such a thing in the interest of a more wholesome and spontaneous theological development—it is certain that a goodly number of academic theologians, as well as a multitude of pastors, look upon him as in a special sense their theological master. And that he, though himself conservative, has gained unusual recognition even among liberal theologians and has powerfully influenced some of them is evident from the attitude toward his work of such men as Herrmann, Häring, Kattenbusch; Loofs, Titius, and Von Dobschütz.

CONCERNING THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGION

THE psychology of religion is sometimes spoken of as an entirely new science. In a sense it is quite new. It has been taken as one of the special fields for the application of the "new psychology," and so it has become an independent discipline, new in form and method and showing many new results. At the same time it is wholesome to remember what a wealth of psychological observation is to be found in many theologians and philosophers of the past. The greatest names in the history of Christian thought represent men of marked psychological interest and insight, men like Augustine, Bernard, Luther, Calvin, Pascal. Or if we consider the history of theology since the beginning of the nineteenth century, we find the psychological element strong in such men as Schleiermacher, Rothe, Hofmann, Frank, and Pfleiderer. And many philosophers even from antiquity, but especially since Spinoza, have subjected religion to a psychological examination. The new psychology of religion first sprang up and took on shape in America. It will be interesting to glance at the recent development of this study in Germany.

On the whole one must be impressed by the predominantly critical attitude of most German theologians and philosophers toward the American forms of the science. One of the least unfavorable critics is Wobbermin, of Breslau, translator of James's *Varieties of Religious Experience*. Yet in a paper on "The Task and Significance of the Psychology of Religion," read at the Berlin International Congress for Liberal Christianity in 1910, while exceptionally emphatic in his recognition of the merits of the American psychology of religion, he states very clearly the

opinion that "the American psychology of religion for the time being fails to measure up to the task which is naturally to be set for that science." His negative criticism has to do with two fundamental points. In the first place this new science treats chiefly of the general psychological preconditions of the psychological study of religion rather than with the specific psychology of *religion itself*. In the second place it virtually excludes the question of truth in its whole treatment of the subject. He recognizes the fact that psychology has to do directly only with the phenomena of the mind, not immediately with the question of truth. But the amazing silence of some of our books—for example, Starbuck's—as to the question of truth and reality in religion naturally gives the impression that their authors occupy a skeptical or wholly agnostic attitude toward that question, or at least that they regard that question as having no bearing upon their researches. That the question of truth, of objective validity, we may remark incidentally, is never wholly neglected in the study of any other group of psychological phenomena seems sometimes to remain quite unobserved. At first this total exclusion of the question of truth seems to have an advantage; the psychologist wants to work undogmatically and does not want to prejudice his cause by any dogmatic complications. There is an important truth here. "But we must say more: the psychology of religion will never be able, and hence may never claim, to give from out itself a definite answer to the question of truth. Nevertheless, it is one-sided and incorrect to exclude altogether the question of truth from the psychology of religion. For so soon as the psychology of religion . . . takes into account institutional religion and therewith historical religion, it becomes quite clear that the question of truth belongs to all historically vital religion, and that essentially and fundamentally. There is no historical religion, historical in the broadest sense of the word, which does not in its own way mean to assume some attitude toward the question of truth, yes, even to answer that question. Therefore even the psychology of religion must take account of the question of truth, as it belongs to the religious life, but must, of course, take account of it from the religio-psychological point of view, that is, according to the significance which it has or acquires for the religious life itself, for the stamping and shaping of the religious life. And it is just this that distinguishes the psychology of religion from the historical investigation of religion on the one hand and from the definitive evaluation of religion on the other, whether this be sought in a theological dogmatic or in a philosophy of religion. The psychology of religion stands in the middle between the two, and that not merely in a formal relation, but rather so as to afford substantially a mediation between the two." Wobbermin's criticism bears especially upon writers like Starbuck, rather than upon James. For Starbuck is actually able to discuss the problem of religious education without in the least taking account of the question of the truth of religion. Tröltsch also, though very cordial in his recognition of the value of religious psychology, is unequivocal in his declaration that the chief question in the study of religion is the question of its truth. The attitude of Eucken, too, is essentially the same.

If the new methods of the psychology of religion are by some praised and blamed in almost an equal balance, there are those who chiefly blame. Wundt, for example (in his *Probleme der Völkerpsychologie*), urges against the American psychologists of religion that religion is always an historical phenomenon, always a social thing, and that accordingly the mere observation of individuals alone will never suffice; that the psychology of religion belongs rather in the domain of the psychology of peoples and must proceed from the objectively given religions. Wundt's insistence upon a broad historical basis for the psychology of religion finds ready acceptance on the part of many, even of such as insist upon the reality of a positive Christian revelation.

Of special interest at the present stage of development of the psychology of religion is the inquiry into the way in which the psychological point of view affects Christian theology. That psychological insight or divination, in spite of the danger of arbitrariness, is indispensable to the best historico-exegetical work may be illustrated by classical examples on the "right" as well as on the "left." The best works on Paul, and on biblical theology generally, have been profoundly psychological. The newest types of exegetical studies make much of both the psychology of individuals and of peoples. The same thing holds true also in the newer treatment of the history of the church and especially in the history of dogma. Athanasius, Augustine, Anselm, Luther, and the movements with which they were associated cannot be understood without psychological insight. In the domain of practical theology, especially in the theory of preaching, the new movement is very manifest. A conspicuous example is Niebergall, *Wie predigen wir dem modernen menschen*. But we are concerned chiefly with the way in which the dogmatists and writers on the philosophy of religion are using the results of the psychology of religion. Everywhere among the dogmatists we observe signs of a recognition of the results of that study. More clearly than in the past the variable forms of the Christian consciousness are distinguished from the real substance upon which faith builds. That religious psychology is not in any way to be confounded with theology, and that theology does not resolve itself into religious psychology, is for most theologians almost an axiom. Schlatter very aptly says: "The program of 'religious psychology' is related to the task of dogmatics in the same way as the psychology of the function of the senses is related to natural science or the psychology of the social processes to the science of history and of the state. Psychology seeks for the forms of what goes on within us; the other sciences deal with its ground and consequences. While the psychology of religion asks what characteristics, recurring according to law, manifest themselves in the religious relation and conduct, the dogmatist asks wherein that relation and conduct consists, by what it arises, how it works." Stange (now in Göttingen), in his *Grundriss der Religionsphilosophie* and his *Christentum und Weltanschauung*, shows a masterly grasp of psychology as well as philosophy, but his interest lies decidedly more in the direction of a theory of religious cognition and the metaphysic of religion than in religious psychology. The same holds true in general of his friend

Dunkmann, who has become his successor at Greifswald, and of Mandel, formerly *privatdocent* in Greifswald, but now in Rostock as successor to Grützmacher, who has been called to Erlangen. Mandel is a man of thirty, but already he has done some notable work. Besides some valuable studies in the history of theology he has recently published three volumes of a work (still incomplete) bearing the general title, *Die Erkenntnis des Uebersinnlichen. Grundriss der Systematischen Theologie* (The Cognition of the Supersensuous, etc.). The first volume presents a system of Genetic Psychology of Religion. On a grand scale and with great ability Mandel makes use of psychology as a preparation for the construction of a theological system. Here, however, there is nothing of a mere statistical psychology of religious feelings and states of consciousness, but a really broad psychological treatment of the genesis and development of the "natural" religions. This must serve as a basis for a philosophy of the Christian revelation. (The second and third volumes offer us a "System of Ethics as Basis for Religion.") Without entering further into a consideration of his work, we would call special attention to the man as well as to his book. He represents a tendency of a group of men (of whom Stange is in a sense the leader) to develop, with ample regard for psychology, a Christian philosophy of the way and means of revelation. They are primarily and emphatically dogmatists, not psychologists, yet as masters of the psychological methods they are ready to take advantage of psychology in the interest of a positive Christian theology. As representing independently a like tendency we may mention also Karl Helm, *privatdocent* in Halle, all of whose writings show an interest in philosophy and psychology, always, however, in subordination to the positive biblical revelation (cf. *Psychologismus und Antipsychologismus*, 1902; *Die Gewissheitsproblem in der systematischen Theologie bis Schleiermacher*, 1911; *Leitfaden der Dogmatik*, 1912).

On the whole we find that German theologians have shown a lively interest in the modern psychology of religion, but that the genuine dogmatic interest—interest in the question of the truth of religion—predominates and controls their thinking. This is true not only of so-called positive, but also of liberal theologians. In this direction many of the leading theologians have clearly expressed themselves. Among them Kaftan and Herrmann should not remain unmentioned.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by JAMES HASTINGS, M.A., D.D., with the assistance of JOHN A. SELBIE, M.A., D.D., and other scholars. Vol. V, Dravidians to Fichte. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1912, xvi, pp. 908. Price, \$7 per volume, cloth, when taken in sets.

ANOTHER thick and portly volume of this invaluable work, with its long double-column, closely printed pages, offering the equivalent of per-

haps a hundred octavo volumes, every article written by an expert (who signs his name) and packed full of learning: sixteen articles on Ethics and Morality according to countries and religions, ten on Education; Petrie's long article of fifteen pages on Egyptian Religion, Crawley's exhaustive and interesting articles on Dress (significance in different religions) and Drink (in the same), etc. Strike in anywhere, reader, and come forth with rich trophies. Then notice such articles as Eschatology, nineteen pages, by MacCulloch; Ebionites, six pages, by Beveridge; Emerson, three and one half pages, by Ross; and Essenes, six pages, by Moffatt. We read with deep interest the article on Eucharist (to end of Middle Ages), by Srawley, and by Watt (modern times)—two of the best articles in church history which have yet appeared. We can, however, by no means see any "implied reference to the Christian sacrament" in John 6. The reference is neither explicit nor implied, as a careful attention to the language will soon convince the reader. Christ is thinking of a spiritual assimilation of himself which was then and there possible to the disciples, and not only possible, but indispensable. Besides, the word flesh is never used in the New Testament in reference to the Eucharist. Nor is the reference in John 6 exhausted by an assimilation of Christ "in the higher elements of his humanity." It is well to imitate Christ as the perfect man, but that does not give life. What does give life is to believe in him, and thus the *life of God* flows into the soul. Remember this: the Eucharist in itself does not impart Christ; it only presents more vividly to the imagination and to the spiritual faculties his atoning deed, and thus helps faith to get hold of Christ and all that he offers to his child. The author is perfectly correct in saying (p. 544, col. 1, near top) that in 1 Corinthians there is no sharp distinction between the meal as a love feast and the meal as a sacrament. "The whole meal had in Saint Paul's thought the character of a sacred meal." The "solemn liturgical acts" in connection with the meal had no existence in New Testament times, nor for a considerable time after. The author does well to reject the idea common to "advanced" critics like Heltmüller and Percy Gardner that Paul and the believers in Corinth borrowed in the Eucharist elements from the pagan mystery religions. While details in celebrations may have been influenced by what the Christians were familiar with in their pagan guild dinners, yet there is no evidence of any clothing of the Supper in New Testament times with ideas from Mithras or other religions. Watt has a fine putting of the doctrine of Zwingli (pp. 566-567), and over against Lutheran misrepresentation brings out the deeper elements in Zwingli's teaching, such as, for instance, the belief that "in the Eucharist Christ is truly our food, and through him our spiritual life is nourished, but he is appropriated by faith alone." There are fourteen articles under Expiation and Atonement, of which, of course, that on Christian interested us most. The author (Brown, of Union, New York) treats the matter historically, and, being most at home in systematic theology, makes some slips. For instance, Irenæus did *not* teach that the "death of Christ was a ransom paid by God to Satan" (p. 543, col. 1), and that theory did not at all have the vogue often assumed by those who have not specially studied the matter. If

the author had given close attention to Irenæus, or had read the able discussion by an eminent authority in the History of Doctrine, the late Professor Egbert C. Smyth, of Andover (Ransom to Satan, Boston, 1900, p. 24), he would not have emphasized quite so much the Satan theory. A form of the theory did play a part with some writers beginning with Origen, but its importance has been very much exaggerated. Irenæus says, indeed, that "since the apostasy tyrannized over us unjustly and (though we were by nature the property of the omnipotent God) alienated us contrary to nature, rendering us its own disciples, the Word of God, powerful in all things and not defective with regard to his own justice, did righteously turn against that apostasy, and redeem from it his own property, not by violent means (as the apostasy had obtained dominion over us at the beginning, when it insatiably snatched away what was not its own), but by means of persuasion, as became a God of counsel, who does not use violent means to obtain what he desires; so that neither justice should be infringed upon, nor the ancient handiwork of God go to destruction. Since the Lord thus has redeemed us through his own blood, giving his soul for our souls, his flesh for our flesh, and has poured out the Spirit of the Father for the union and communion of God and man, imparting, indeed, God to men by means of the Spirit," etc. (Adv. Haer. 5. 1, 1—Ante Nic. F. I, 527.) All Irenæus says here is that God turned against the apostasy and redeemed from it his own property, not by violence, but by persuasion. There is not a word about a ransom to Satan. Whether the persuasion was exercised upon himself (that is, in reference to eternal justice and holiness), upon man, or upon Satan, we do not know. See also Iren. 5. 21, 2; 5. 17, 3; 5. 22, 1; 5. 24, 4; 3. 23, 1; and 4. 33, 44; no trace of a ransom-to-Satan theory. Perhaps Irenæus's philosophy of the atonement (so far as he had any) is best expressed in 3. 18, 7. In 5. 17, 1, he says that in the "last times the Lord has restored us into friendship through his incarnation, having become the mediator between God and men [not the mediator between God and the devil]; propitiating indeed for us the Father [not Satan], against whom we had sinned, and canceling (*consolatus*) our disobedience by his own obedience, conferring also upon us the gift of communion with and subjection to our Maker." He also says that far from our being in debt to Satan, "we were debtors to none other but to him whose commandment we had transgressed at the beginning" (5. 16, 3). While Irenæus believed that one result of Christ's work was release from Satan, he did not believe, so far as we know, that any atonement was paid to Satan. Oxenham is the only one of the three authorities the author refers to who attributes this view to Irenæus (3 ed. 130-134), and even he does not do so plainly, which is also the case with Lidgett, while Moberly seems inclined to exculpate Irenæus. Experts in the History of Doctrine like Sheldon (1 121-122) are even more emphatic, and in his monograph on Irenæus (Berlin, 1871, 265 note) Ziegler says that to refute the assertion that Irenæus taught a ransom to Satan is "to fight against windmills, for no one affirms it." Our author greatly exaggerates when he says (643, col. 1) that this theory "continued for many centuries the prevailing interpretation of the death of Christ." Nor is it at all true that to

Athanasius "death is an incident in the saving work" of Christ. It is centrally important. "Redeeming all by the cross, he became Lord of all and King" (Orat. c. Ar. 2. 13). "He offered the faithful sacrifice, one which remains and does not come to nought. . . . The Saviour's sacrifice taking place once has perfected everything" (2. 9). "That he might himself for all offer to death his own body, and that thenceforth, as if all had died through him, the word of that sentence might be accomplished (for all died in Christ, and all through him might thereupon become free from sin)," etc. (2. 69). "For the Word perceiving that no otherwise could the corruption of men be undone save by death as a necessary condition," etc. (De Incarn. Verbi. 19). In fact, there is nothing in Athanasius different from the ordinary view of Christ's work as a real atonement for the sins of the world, except his emphasis upon the close union of God with us by the incarnation, which incarnation in itself is a kind of atonement, at least a conquest for man of sin and Satan and a deification of man, and thus a conferring upon him of immortality and eternal life. There is no trace of a ransom-to-Satan theory in Athanasius. We might add that the differentiation between the Greek and Latin theologians, as is done by Brown in this article and, say, by Allen in his *Continuity of Christian Thought* (1884, new ed. 1894), is very much overdriven, and needs to be corrected by more accurate and objective works in the History of Doctrine, such as Dorner, Seeberg, Sheldon, Loofs, etc. (In note 1 on p. 645, col. 2, the date of Köstlin's *Luther's Theologie* is wrongly given by error of proof or slip of pen. The first edition was published in 1863, the second thoroughly worked over in 1901, not long before the lamented author's death and after the appearance of Hay's translation.) The writer on Ethics (Muslim) calls attention not only to the well-known right of every Muslim to have four wives and as many concubines as he wishes (circumscribed in practice, however, by economic conditions and the supply of women, so that monogamy is all but universal among the peasantry and is practiced by the majority of the townspeople), but also to fearful facility of divorce. The husband can put away his wife at any time and for any reason, provided only he pays her a dowry or gives her a compensation. This liberty is widely taken advantage of. Mohammedan tradition and proverb have it that heaven is full of poor people and hell of women, and that women are deficient in understanding and religion. Women attend the mosque much less frequently than men, but are, on the other hand, much more addicted to the magical arts and the practice of visiting the graves of holy miracle workers. This writer (De Boer) also says that Mohammedan laws against luxury and intemperance are not strictly adhered to. The prohibition of wine is generally observed, but with many Muslims *bashish*, opium, and other intoxicants take the place that alcohol has in the West. There are many opium-smokers and much wine-drinking in Persia and Turkey. The article on Episcopacy by the High Churchman Darwell Stone is fairer than we might expect from that school, but it overstates the New Testament evidence of episcopacy. There is no evidence of "higher orders" in the modern sense in the New Testament. The whole situation was different. The apostles exercised as a matter of course a

moral oversight, but not at all a legal oversight in the sense of the "historic" episcopacy. The laying on of hands did not have the meaning of our ordination. It was the symbol of prayer for God's blessing for a certain work or duty, and might be repeated. The author's use of the word "ordained" is very misleading, though he has abundant justification in the numerous mistranslations of our High Church (in this respect) Authorized Version. Our word ordained does not occur at all in the Greek Testament in reference to the appointment of Christian workers, and we think it has usually, if not always, been omitted in the Revised Version. We shall never come to any accurate understanding of the New Testament in regard to the ministry until we first cease to carry back modern notions into that time, and until we throw overboard the King James Testament, with its numerous and vicious mistranslations and prejudiced translations. 1 Tim. 5. 22 does not refer to the laying on of hands in so-called ordination, but is to be interpreted by 3. 3, where the bishop is charged not to be "quarrelsome over wine and to be no striker," and means that Timothy must be patient and forbearing with disturbers of the meetings and other offenders, and not lay hands on them in sudden impatience. The seven in Acts 6 were not ordained at all in the modern sense, but simply by the symbol of prayer to a secular work. In our judgment of the evidence, it is quite certain that both in the New Testament and in the writers up to about 150 there was no bishop of a third order distinct from presbyter recognized as essential to the church everywhere. Ignatius (A. D. 110-17) recognizes a bishop as distinct from presbyter in certain Asiatic cities, but not in Rome. The Teaching of the XII Apostles, Clement of Rome, Polycarp to the Philippians, and Hermas tell quite a different story. There is a fine article on Edwards and the New England Theology by Warfield. We again earnestly commend this great encyclopædia to all earnest students of religion.

Efficiency in the Sunday School. By HENRY FREDERICK COPE, A.M., D.D., General Secretary of the Religious Education Association. 8vo, pp. viii, 253. New York: Hodder & Stoughton; George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, \$1, net.

The Graded Sunday School in Principle and Practice. By HENRY H. MEYER. 12mo, pp. x, 263. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, 85 cents, net.

Secrets of Sunday School Teaching. By EDWARD LEIGH PELL. 12mo, pp. 201. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, \$1, net.

THE Sunday school has entered upon an era of strategic importance in the life of the church. Its mission as an indispensable agent in the spread of the kingdom of God is fully recognized. Proof of its valuable place is seen in the fact that some of the keenest and maturest minds of the church have been consecrated to the furtherance of its interests. It is also worthy of note that the foremost educational experts of the country through the Religious Education Association are giving themselves to the serious study of this institution. When it is realized that the total enrollment for the Sunday schools of the United States in 1911 was approximately 15,500,000, with 1,600,000 officers and teachers, we can easily see what a vast amount of good can be done through the right direction of

these forces. In view of these things, the preacher who is not familiar with the modern emphases in Sunday school work is inexcusably behind the times. In the last analysis, he is the man on whom rests the responsibility to guide the activities of the Sunday school, so that it will become an effective aid in his ministrations to the whole church. This work, says Cope, "calls for the service of the scientific specialist. That means nothing esoteric, portentously academic, nor in any way removed from common sense. The pastor owes it to his people—the greater number of whom know nothing whatever on the subject of religious pedagogy, and therefore are unable to discuss it with absolute freedom—to lead them to a sympathetic understanding of the service that science is rendering in this particular. We need sermons such as Horace Bushnell preached for the education of the popular mind on religious education. We have to convert and educate the constituency upon which the school leans for moral and financial support." We hear a great deal in these days about the Sunday school being an educational institution, but let this not lead to misunderstanding. Religious education aims to bring one to moral and spiritual self-realization by developing and deepening the God-consciousness and by enlightening the spirit of man to all his human relationships and responsibilities. If this ideal is made the test of efficiency, we shall be compelled to confess that many popular standards of Sunday school success are seriously defective. It is not its size numerically, nor its strength financially, nor its skill to furnish picnics and excursions, but its ability to produce Christian character, which is the primary consideration. Questions dealing with methods of work and lesson material should stand on their own merits, and should be acceptable if workable, whether they are old or new. Dr. Cope discusses these and other subjects in a series of illuminating chapters. The value of his book lies in the fact that it is the result of both investigation and experimentation in a wide variety of fields. Dr. Meyer, Assistant Editor of our Sunday school literature, has written a valuable manual which is already in its third edition. He first deals with the ideal school and considers the essential qualifications of the teacher as well as the complex nature of the child. He voices the modern sentiment impressively that the course of study must be decided according to the needs of the child and not that the child should be compelled to put on a cast-iron garment which may even be a misfit. The second part is an interesting historical sketch of the various attempts to prepare lesson material. It is gratifying to note that honorable recognition is given to the noteworthy pioneer services of our Bishop Vincent in this important field. Dr. Meyer strongly favors the graded system of lessons as distinct from the uniform lessons, and points out that their general acceptance is inevitable. In the third part he illustrates this thesis and offers many practical suggestions that point toward a better to-morrow for the Sunday school. The subject of teacher-training receives careful consideration in both these volumes. It is a healthy sign that the leaders of the modern movement have a sense of relative values and lay stress on what is of fundamental importance. "I should regard it as very unfortunate," says Dr. McFarland, "if we should become more in-

fatuated with the scientific pedagogy of the movement than absorbed with what should be its spiritual purpose. Poor pedagogical methods joined with a glowing spiritual zeal intent upon bringing those taught to the knowledge of God and the experience of Christ's salvation may accomplish a great deal more than a perfectly correct pedagogy which is employed only with a scientific interest. Right methods are of importance only as they are employed in the name of Christ and for the ends for which he came into the world. Our young people must be saved, and Christ must save them. No theory of teaching, however correct, can take the place of a Christ-passion for the human soul." Dr. Pell's book finely supplements the other two volumes. He makes a great deal of the spiritual atmosphere of the Sunday school and urges that the supreme need of the average teacher is not a method of work, but a motive for work. Here is a sample of his *bon mots*: "As a rule children do not handle the Bible irreverently until the example is set for them by older persons. Sometimes it is set by their teacher. I was not surprised the other day to see a boy in Sunday school throw his Bible across the class when I found that the teacher, who happened to have a low chair, was sitting on her own copy of the Word of God." In a plain, pointed, matter-of-fact way he throws light on topics of momentous importance like attention, interest, enthusiasm, reverence, order. The book is nothing short of a tonic. Let the preacher get acquainted with these three books and also introduce them to his superintendents and teachers and do all in his power to work out some of these plans. The results that will come after patient, intelligent, and devoted work will make glad the city of God.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

A Little of Everything. By E. V. LUCAS. 16mo, pp. 239. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$1.25.

THE title is an exaggeration; sounds like an advertising overstatement. Not a little of everything; not so encyclopedic as that; only something of a variety of light matters. The light little book may fairly be called "light literature." It begins with a eulogy of the Aberdeen dog, described as a fascinating, naughty, incorrigible, and wholly adorable breed, and a litter of puppies hid away by their mother in a large deep hole under the roots of a tree; and closes with the story of one thousand three-penny bits—in all nearly thirty pieces of writing which may be called stories or essays or diversions or something else about dogs, jugglers, booksellers, philosophers, funerals, weddings, fir trees, dinner parties, holidays, and verses for children. E. V. Lucas is the author of an increasing number of genial volumes, which are credited by the reviews with "deftness and amenity," "charming entertainment," "a leisurely, tolerant manner," an "amused and generous outlook on this hasty scramble we call living." He is said to look upon men and events, letters and women and little children with something of Charles Lamb's gentleness and sweetness and humor. His book on woman entitled *The Ladies'*

Page, which gathers what great writers from Chaucer to Ruskin have said about the eternal feminine, can "fill your lonely apartment with the rustle of silks and the swish of lawns, with seemly wit and musical laughter, and the sweet essence which ascends from the censor of a true woman's heart to the high altar of the benignant and beneficent Maker of Women." A book that can really do all that should be one of the "best sellers," and as a substitute for a domestic establishment might reduce appreciably the high cost of living. Mr. Lucas's travel books, *A Wanderer in London, in Paris, in Holland, in Florence*, are praised as delightful cicerone talks, but needing a thorough overhauling in the interest of accuracy, indeed, so full of sheer blunders as to show a kind of genius for misinformation. His newest book is a novel entitled *London Lavender*, the chief characters in which are said to be only thin disguises for three well-known novelists who are half-caricatured in a delicate, deft, and jolly sort of way; Galsworthy, who lives in Devonshire, being disguised as Devon, the urbane reformer, with his warm heart, passionate sense of justice, his universal pity, and fastidious taste; H. G. Wells being thinly veiled in Speyde, the friend of freedom, the uncompromising analyst of the body and mind in revolt; and Arnold Bennett being intended in Saukville, who characterizes and criticizes with the expansive view and detached tolerance of an arbiter throned on a star. The title of the book we are now noticing, *A Little of Everything*, while as incorrect as Mr. Lucas's travel books are said to be, yet intimates the mixed and variegated character of its contents. Along with the story of a queer little Pekingese spaniel is a picture of a little Chinese girl who, dying young, ceased breathing with these words on her lips, as a description of human life: "Like a dream, like a vision, like a bubble, like a shadow, like dew, like lightning." And another Chinese girl, who, having two lovers and being bidden by her father to choose between them, expressed a preference for both, because she would like to live with the handsome one and eat with the rich one. And another who was so lovely that an admirer said, "Every step of hers makes a lily grow." And another who kindled in the heart of her lover such a flame that it set a temple on fire! And an observing old poet who set down the difference between canine and feline thus: "The dog will come when he is called, the cat will turn away." And Charles I playing with the ears of his dog, when he should have been studying the signs of the times so as to keep his head on his shoulders. And here is a "School for Sympathy" where children are taught to feel for the afflicted by being blind one day, and lame one day, and deaf one day, and dumb one day, and maimed one day; on each day acting out for many hours the part of the suffering one whom they are imitating; eyes bandaged all one day, limping at every step all one day, pretending to hear nothing all one day, speaking not one word all one day, hopping on one leg all one day as if the other had been cut off. Not a foolish nor unprofitable school that, in a world where the weak suffer much consideration from the strong who are cruel for want of thought as well as for want of heart. And here is a droll inimitable Music Hall entertainer, whose mission was to produce laughter and tears, nobody causing more

laughter or cleaner laughter, laughter irresistible yet never cruel, never at anybody, but with them. This is the description of him: "No matter what Dan did to his face, its air of wistfulness always conquered the pigments. It was the face of a grown-up child rather than a man, with many traces of early struggles. For he began in the poorest way, accompanying his parents as a stroller from town to town, and knowing every vicissitude. The face, with its expression of profound earnestness, gave irresistible effect to his many but gentle jokes. In the patter of wit with which he accompanied one of his songs he mentioned a fireworks explosion at home which he said carried both his parents through the roof. "*I shall always remember it,*" he added, gravely, while his face was lighted with gleeful satisfaction, "*because it was the only time that father and mother ever went out together*"; a hint of pathos underlying the gigantic absurdity of his fun. He is called "the sweetest-souled entertainer that ever amused an audience with grotesque and ingenious nonsense based on facts." Of him an artist said, "The odd thing about him is that he always makes me cry." Laughter and tears lie close together, and Blake said, "A tear is an intellectual thing." And here is big, gruff, old Doctor Sam Johnson in casual conversation with a lawyer who complains of his hard life and remarks that he often longs to be a parson and live in comfort and comparative idleness. Whereat the ponderous Doctor, much to Boswell's dismay, turns on the lawyer severely and comments thus: "Sir, I do not envy a clergyman's life as an easy life, nor do I envy the clergyman who makes it an easy life." Later this same lawyer said, "You are a philosopher, Dr. Johnson. I have tried, too, in my time, to be a philosopher; but I don't know how; in spite of all my efforts, *cheerfulness was always breaking in*"; which brings to mind Wordsworth's words about "the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world," which philosophers find small success or happiness in trying to explain or understand. At least that is the case if they fail to take the hint of Browning's mighty lines:

I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ,
Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
All questions in the earth or out of it,
And hath so far advanced thee to be wise.

Contrasting the old stage coach with the modern automobile, Mr. Lucas writes: "I am no enemy of the motor car as a useful adjunct for twentieth-century utilitarianism and progress; but for me that is its beginning and end; convenience is its only justification. I will keep business appointments in taxicabs, and be driven to and from stations in the motor cars of friends with perfect resignation; but only from a weak compliance will I ever again go for what is called a run in a motor car. They make me cold, they make me blind, they make me nervous (less for myself than for the people in the road), and they make me ashamed. They aggravate the insolence and success of the rich, and they increase the failure (if it be failure) and lowliness of the poor. It gives me no satisfaction to dim with my dust

the Sweet Williams and Marigolds of the cottage gardens; it does not delight me in the least to see old countrymen start and young children scatter in terror from their play as I come rushing by. It makes me feel ashamed of myself." And yet, do not invite Mr. Lucas to "take a run" in your motor car, if you do not wish him to accept. For all his moralizing, we fear he is something of a "sport." Our author tells us of a friend who was so gentle-hearted, so sweet-natured, so soft of touch and motion, so trustworthy, that wild birds on their nests in his garden were aware of these qualities in him, sensed his superfineness, and would not start or fly when he approached, but would allow his hand to take them off their nest, examine their eggs, and replace them. On the south side of the Thames rises far aloft a huge chimney belonging to the furnaces that run the machinery to supply London offices with electric light. Whenever the feel or look of the atmosphere suggests a fog, a man is sent to the top of that tall chimney to look in all directions for any sign of the mists rolling up. So soon as he gives notice, the furnaces are raked and restoked, and the drafts are opened, that the dynamos may be driven at greater speed to furnish brighter light for the workers in counting houses and offices as the fog closes in on great London and darkens the daylight. Meditating on this, our author exclaims: "All sentinels, all men on the lookout belong to romance; and from his great height this man peering off over the river shipping and the myriad roofs for tokens of untimely darkness has touched even a black London fog with romance for me. I think of his straining eyes, his call of warning, those roaring fires, and then those incandescent lights." Lighthouse keepers, lifesaving service men, pilots and sky-pilots, preachers, parents, teachers, are sentinels on the lookout to foresee darkness and danger, to give warning, to send light into the homes and haunts of men by which they can see to carry on all the great business of living. Not in any other occupation in the world is there so much real romance, so much thrill and throb, so much of the high and heroic, so much of "adventure," as Grenfell of Labrador calls it, as in the life of the true and faithful minister of Christ. On page 81 is a conversation on a modern novel which deals in an unpleasant if not vicious manner with the marital relation. In the discussion a man remarks sententiously, "The trouble with marriage is that while every woman is at heart a mother, every man is at heart a bachelor." "I don't agree with you," answered a wise, good white-haired woman severely. "There is no trouble with marriage. This new strange modern attitude with regard to that state is distressing and offensive. When I was a girl we neither talked about incompatibility and temperament and all the rest of that twaddle nor thought about them. We married, and stayed married. I have had to give up my library subscription because they send me nothing nowadays but nauseous novels about husbands and wives who cannot get on together." Fitly enough, a few pages farther on we come upon verses which tell how a man saw on the street one rainy midnight a married pair. The wife was pinched and tired, her dress was torn, her whole appearance most forlorn; the husband was weakly and shivering and seemed weary and broken. Homeward through

the rain those two were hurrying, arm in arm. Just as the warm, well-dressed, dryshod, vigorous gentleman overtook and passed the old couple he heard the woman say to her good man, "Yes, darling," and say it in a way which proved she loved her husband tenderly and knew herself beloved by him. And not far away is the happy verse of a loyal lover in praise of the glorified irregular, the homely plainness of a certain face dearer to him than any classic beauty:

There was an Irish girl I knew—
I would not have one freckle changed,
I would not have her grey eyes blue,
Her lawless flaming hair arranged.
She suits me as she is.

On the whole the literature in Mr. Lucas's book does not seem to us quite so light as when we began this notice. Its graceful and gentle gayety plays wholesomely over depths of pathos, and there is more seriousness in its suggestions than shows on the surface. But at the top of page 230 we come again upon that palpable and unpardonable grammatical blunder, the use of "whom" for "who," which mars with incredible frequency even the pages of educated and accomplished writers and of Reviews like *The Hibbert Journal*. Here is the sentence: "A large room with three grave gentlemen in it *whom* Alison supposed *were*," etc. "Whom . . . were"! Impossible to parse. "Who, Alison supposed, were," it should read. How can anyone fail to see it so?

Modernism and the Vatican. By ADAM J. LOEPPERT, D.D. With an introduction by BISHOP WILLIAM F. McDOWELL, D.D. 12mo, pp. 324. The Methodist Book Concern, Cincinnati-New York. Price, \$1.25, net.

THE oldest ecclesiastical body of Christians in the world, the Roman Catholic Church, commands the consideration of all thoughtful minds. In its desperate attempt to preserve utterly unchanged all its creeds, dogmas, decrees, traditions, formularies, and prove its motto always and everywhere the same, it seems to have set itself an unnecessary and impossible task. It is in conflict with the intellectual conditions of modern life, which an infallible Pope and an obstinate college of cardinals are trying vigorously to overthrow. It is medievalism against modernism, and it does not need much prophetic wisdom to foretell that if they are successful in shutting from the veins of the church the currents of modern life they will find themselves cherishing a mummy instead of a living, glowing, growing body. Liberty of thought is the cardinal doctrine of the democratic movement of the twentieth century, and it will hammer to pieces all the machinery of absolutism that opposes its onward march. Witness the overthrow in China of a hoarier despotism and in Turkey the death grapple with a more desperate oppression. Dr. Loepfert, one of the younger observers and students of our church, brings before us an admirable description of the conflict now on in the Church of Rome in the United States and various European countries. The "Prisoner of the Vatican," shut in from mankind with his

reactionary councilors, and shut out of the palpitating world, whose currents of life race with vigor in response to new intellectual demands and to new humanitarian endeavors, can know little of the problems which men are everywhere facing. Dr. McGlynn, a brave man who made a desperate fight against a most oppressive and repressive system, said once he hoped to see the Pope walking down Broadway in a frock coat and a silk hat. He had dreams of a Supreme Pontiff moving among men in the highways of life. The machine must be broken first. It has for centuries been breaking men. The time must come when men will break it. Dr. Loeppert give abundant proof of the working of the leaven of liberty in the Roman Catholic measure of meal, particularly in those countries where that church has had right of way for centuries. Italy ought, if opportunity, practically exclusive opportunity, counts for anything, to be overwhelmingly Christian and Catholic, but it is not. The church has allowed no one, no matter how competent, to search for the truth in any realm of thought, from Galileo down to Bartoli, and yet, as the astronomer remarked under his breath, as he gave under compulsion his recantation of the theory that the world moves, "It does move, though," so does the world of thought. The Vatican may be in a vacuum, but not so the rest of the earth. Associations in Italy and France and other countries where the Papal yoke has borne heaviest to circulate the Scriptures and get men to read them; the revival of the Old Catholic movement in Austria, Russia, Poland, even in England, are significant of tendencies which persist against strenuous opposition. Dr. Loeppert gives a full account, in his chapter on modernism in Germany, of the scholarly book of a distinguished Catholic professor, Josef Schnitzer, on the question, "Did Christ found the Papacy?" and the result of its publication. Rejecting tradition and setting himself to seek the truth from a thorough examination of all sources of information available, he reaches the conclusion that Christ did not establish the Papacy and had no thought of establishing it. He declares the words of Matthew 16. 18, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church," to be uncanonical, and that they crept into the gospel manuscript in the second or third century. He says they were unknown to the early church, and even if among the traditions received, they did not bear the interpretation afterward given to them. He puts these words at the beginning of the "monstrous fabrications" used to support the claims of the medieval popes. He denies, therefore, the divine origin of the Papacy and says the structure so laboriously reared falls to the ground like a pack of cards. This deliberate conclusion of an eminent Roman Catholic scholar, which must have given the Vatican something more than a tremor, is supported by another Roman Catholic professor, Dr. Hugo Koch, of the Catholic Divinity School at Braunsberg. He starts out by saying that the idea that Christ founded the Papacy when he addressed the above-quoted words to Peter is contradicted by the facts of history, and goes on to show that Saint Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, who died A. D. 258, knew nothing of any claim to superiority of standing and authority of the Bishop of Rome over other bishops. In any event

the words, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church," have, in Professor Koch's opinion, no more to do with the Papacy than those other words of the Master, "Get thee behind me, Satan." Of course such publications find a place immediately in the *Index Expurgatorius*, but that does not mean that they are not read. Often it seems to have the opposite effect from that intended. The vigilance of the Vatican is very great, doubtless; but it cannot know what Catholic scholars and priests are thinking; it can know only what they are making public by pen and tongue. Moreover, while it may break men like Bartoli, of Italy; Loisy, of France; Schnitzer and Koch, of Germany; and Tyrrell, of England; may silence others who do not want an open conflict, and may secure formal recantations from men who cannot afford to be driven out, it can neither suppress thinking nor securely shackle conscience. How this rigid system of repression is cultivating deceit and mental dishonesty is shown by the remarkable declaration of French priests, given in full in the volume before us. This requires a word or two of explanation concerning the antimodernist oath which the Pope requires priests and theological professors to take to protect the blood of the church from the taint of modernism, by which is meant the application of the rules of historical criticism to the dogmas, traditions, decrees, etc., of the Roman Catholic Church. It does not refer chiefly or directly to destructive higher biblical criticism, but particularly to views opposed to the divine origin of the Papacy, the supremacy of Peter, and similar subjects. Now let us return to the response French priests made to their bishops, one of the most remarkable documents of the age. They say that the church should not be identified with the Roman curia and congregations; that the law of nature does not recognize the right of any to tyrannize over conscience; that the oath required mingles together revealed truth and merely human opinions, for which unqualified assent must be given; that this measure would destroy all liberty among the faithful; that they ought to remain in the church as an obstacle to absolute despotism; that it would be useless to appeal to the tribunal of the Inquisition, which has often blundered and will blunder again. For these and other reasons, and following an example approved by the highest religious authority, never to hesitate to affirm in civil courts what is known to be false, such affirmation being merely an "external gesture" and not binding, therefore "a body of priests belonging to every diocese in France have determined to give merely external submission" and take the oath, insisting that "this act does not bind them in conscience and does not in the least imply a change in their ideas." What a comment on the strenuous stupidity of a hierarchy which forces consciences to commit moral suicide! We commend Dr. Loepfert's volume for the industry, intelligence, judgment, and skill evinced in the gathering, arranging, classifying, and orderly presentation of the vast amount of information it contains. It will be a revelation to most men who have not had opportunity to keep up with the stream of events in many countries. We hope another edition will soon be necessary. Many minor corrections need to be made.

A Psychological Study of Religion. Its Origin, Function, and Future. By JAMES H. LEUBA, Professor of Psychology, Bryn Mawr College, U. S. A. 8vo, pp. xiv + 371. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$2, net.

THE absorbing interest in psychology is a welcome sign of the reaction against materialism and intellectualism. It was inevitable that the deeper study of life should reveal the fact that man is not only a unit, but also a complex mechanism with the power of will that directs all action. But we must be careful lest we swing to the other extreme and multiply confusion instead of furnishing light. The business of the psychologist is to make a careful analysis of what is fundamental and essential in human nature and to report what he has discovered without prejudice or dogmatism. "It is not the world as it ought to appear," says Stout, "but the world as it does appear which is the outcome of psychological development." The psychologist will therefore be going outside of his province if he undertakes to criticize, commend, or furnish reconstructions. It is needless to state that inner facts cannot be easily sifted and that it is difficult always to obtain their right perspective. If the results, then, are to be satisfactory, the method pursued must be scientific, by which is meant the open acceptance of facts. There has been no little perplexity because the theory about the facts has often been mistaken for the facts themselves. Just as the philosophy of religion has been confused with religion, so also, if we are not careful, the psychology of religion, which is only a method of approach, may become an end in itself. We shall then be stranded in the sands of psychology and obtain no vision of the benefits of religion. We can never have a clear conception of religion by a study of undeveloped types as they exist among primitive savage tribes; nor can we get much help by considering erratic and abnormal forms which have flourished so surprisingly in America. We must study religion at its best as in Jesus Christ if we would know how indispensable has been its redemptive influence in humanity. Professor Leuba has published an important book, but it is marred by serious defects. He deals with the subject of religion from the naturalistic point of view, and sees no need for the presence of the supernatural. He is satisfied that physiological psychology explains the weird gyrations of the dervish no less than the life that is hid with Christ in God of a Paul, a Wesley, and a Livingstone. Human experience at its worst or at its best can thus be explained in terms of physical nature. In this way he has cut out both sky and horizon and man is left with his introspections. "I cannot persuade myself," he says, "that divine personal beings, be they primitive gods or the Christian Father, have more than a subjective existence." The fact of God is therefore a sublime conjecture and nothing more. He refuses to acknowledge that a first cause can by any means be personal. It is an unwarranted assumption to say that a belief in a personal God is no longer possible. Leuba is innocently surprised that religious theism continues to be so tenacious in the face of its rejection by philosophy. One wonders whether this student of psychology has ever heard of Borden P. Bowne, whose ability as a keen and incisive thinker was recently acknowledged by Rudolf Eucken. This American

sage has an indispensable book on Theism in which he discusses the reality of a world-ground as intelligent, personal, ethical, and a self-consistent unity. Leuba concedes that while gods are only the outward projection of the inward consciousness, a belief in them has produced infinite benefit; but what about the ethical duplicity of such a faith? We cannot conceive of an ideal morality on a basis of self-deception. This writer does not reckon with the transcendental, though he unwittingly concedes that there is some value in its acceptance. He says that it is not necessary to understand or even to know God, since all that signifies is whether he is useful. Such utilitarianism has not appeared historically in the evolutionary progress of the religious consciousness. It is, moreover, very far removed from the New Testament revelation of the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Naturalism has confessed its incompetency to explain the central factors of life. It can do so no better if it comes in the guise of a psychologist. If human testimony is of any worth at all, we are not justified in turning down the witnesses of the Christian centuries on the gross assumption that they are "phénomène hallucinatoire." The chapter on "Theology and Psychology" has many inexcusable errors. It is true that Protestants depend upon religious experience, but it is absurd to say that this is a makeshift because of the insufficiency of metaphysical arguments and the weakness of historical proofs. The psychologist is supposed to be investigating facts and not to be drawing conclusions, least of all such far-fetched ones as are found here, in which even the honesty of writers is questioned. We are disagreeably reminded of the barbed weapons used by theological controversialists of a former day. Dr. Rufus M. Jones, in his important *Studies in Mystical Religion* (Macmillan Company), describes mysticism as "the type of religion which puts the emphasis on immediate awareness of relation with God, on direct and intimate consciousness of the divine Presence. It is religion in its most acute, intense, and living stage." We are aware that the immediate experience of God in Christ has been confused with the interpretation thereof, but this same mistake has been made even by psychologists in their department of investigation. And yet no one presumes to discredit the value of psychology because of the loose reasoning of some of its representatives. We Christians assert the primacy of the inner experience and do not hesitate to submit the available data to any investigator, be he psychologist or scientist; but we do insist that all the facts should be considered, and this includes the explanation of the witnesses themselves who know him whom they have believed. The criticism which Dr. Leuba makes of a writer who has given to the word "religion" a meaning at variance with common usage can be made of him concerning the meaning which he gives to the phrase "spiritual life." He takes it to mean merely "conscious existence—impulses, desires, volitions, feelings, ideas." Not so has it been understood by Christendom. George Steiner is more correct when he says, in *The Psychology of the Christian Soul*, that "the spiritual life of man depends on the communion of man with God and of God with man." The consciousness of God is so ingrained in human nature that

even Buddhism, in spite of what is said to the contrary in this book, rapidly departed from the explicit tenets of its founder, and organized a very pantheon of gods, to whom worship has been zealously offered. The coming religion, according to Leuba, is one in which "Humanity would be regarded as an expression of a transhuman Power realizing itself in Humanity." Eucken well said that positivism is nothing else than a system of mediæval Catholicism without its religion. The eclectic cult that is offered in this volume brings in a God by the back door, but he is pathetically incapable of helping us to realize our highest ideals. Until a nobler and better path of spiritual victory is opened to us we shall be content to rejoice in Jesus Christ, the bringer of eternal life.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate. By H. B. WHIPPLE, D.D., LL.D., Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Minnesota. 12mo, pp. 575. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, illustrated and with portraits, \$2, net.

BISHOP WHIPPLE's most honorable and distinguishing title, as the world knows, is "The Friend of the Indians." The Red Men of the Northwest never had a braver, wiser, stancher, more influential friend. As a rule white men were their predaceous enemies. To make up for the baseness and brutality of many, God sent them one of his own noble-men to help them in their helplessness and to show them a pattern of real godliness of the robust and royal sort. In youth Whipple's strongest predilection was toward political affairs, in which he had the approval of so astute a statesman as Thurlow Weed and of Governor John A. Dix. He was given the rank of colonel on the Governor's staff. But, when a student at Oberlin, his soul had felt the touch of President Finney; and when the young man supposed himself starting on a political career, a serious fit of illness shut him up with the solemn realities of existence; his mind turned to the truths of the gospel, his own spiritual condition, and the needs of the sinning and suffering human race; and after deep and prolonged searchings of heart he felt constrained to give his life to the holy work of the ministry. After years of labor and honor, with much exposure, hardship, and heroism, Bishop Whipple bore testimony to the enduring satisfactions of that holy work in these words, "A happier life God never gave to man than that of a shepherd of Christ's flock." The first time young Whipple preached in Grace Church, Utica, he had this friendly, if not flattering, comment from Judge Beardsley, who had known him from childhood: "Henry, no matter how long you live, never preach that sermon again. I know more philosophy than you have learned. You must not try to preach to the judge, but to the tempted, sinful man. Tell him of the love of Jesus Christ; then you will help him." A niece of Daniel Webster told Whipple that in New Hampshire the great statesman attended the little church morning and evening. A fellow senator said to him: "Mr. Webster, I am surprised that you go twice on Sunday to hear a plain country preacher, when you pay little attention to far abler sermons in Washington." To which Webster re-

plied: "In Washington they preach to Webster the statesman, but this man tells Daniel Webster, the sinner, about Jesus, the Saviour, and it helps him." Whipple tells the following concerning a United States Court Judge, Isaac H. Bronson: "He was an invalid, unable to attend public service, and although not a communicant of the church, he always welcomed my visits, and seemed deeply interested in the subject of religion. I well remember our first conversation upon the Fatherhood of God, when I was asking myself what I could say to touch the heart of this ripe scholar. Suddenly he exclaimed, 'Mr. Whipple, tell me of Jesus Christ as you would tell my black boy Jim, and I shall be grateful. I am bewildered by the theories of men.'" In 1853 Whipple spent the winter in Florida on account of his wife's health, and held services in many of the old plantation homes, baptizing white children and black children together with the same water. He relates the following stories: "After one of these services at Mr. Dupont's plantation, an old slave woman brought me a large basket of eggs, which were then selling for fifty cents a dozen. Turning to an old sexton, David, I said, 'David, you have done wrong to beg these eggs of these poor people.' 'Massa,' broke in one of the women, 'David done ask fur no eggs. We done ask him down ter de quarters what youse doin' fur de Lord at Saint Augustine. David say youse done fixin' de church bigger. We says we'se guine ter have somefing in dat us selfs. So I done give ten eggs, an' Clarissey five eggs, an' Sally fifteen eggs, and Cloey two eggs, an' so along; an', Massa, please takes um; dey's fur de Lord.' Old David was a devout man who believed in Jesus Christ as if he had put his finger in the prints of the nails. Jesus walked with him, was in his home and heard his prayers. He believed in 'Apostolic Secession,' as he called it. In those days black and white were members of one household of faith and knelt beside one altar. I had a large class of black servants preparing for confirmation, and David always stood at the door listening to the lessons, which he afterward repeated to others. At the close of my last instruction, I said, 'I am glad to hear from your masters that you are trying to live Christian lives, and next Sunday I will present you to the bishop for confirmation.' David stepped forward and said respectfully, 'Massa, tell dem ef dey done comes in ter dis yere church, deys got ter *stick*. Dis yere church don' take in nobody ter go off ter Mefodist an' Presbyterian; here dey's got ter *stick*, shu!' I missed David one Sunday, and finding that he had gone to the Dupont plantation to hold service, I said to him the next day, 'David, I hear that you were preaching yesterday.' He looked surprised, but answered solemnly: 'Massa, I isn't no such man es dat. I done knows all about dat blessed doctrine of Apostolic Secession. Nobody preach in dis yere church except he's *sent*. Nobody send me; I goes myself. But, Massa, dere's one ting done puzzlin' me—why so many fokes Christ died fo' don' have nobody *sent* ter 'em. So I says I'se guine myself and done tell 'em all I knows 'bout Jesus. Now, Massa, when de dear Lord sees 'em comin' home in white robes, singin' dat song dey done can't sing 'less dey's redeemed, doesn't yer tink, Massa, he'll done be jes' as glad ter see 'em as ef dey'd come

de reg'lar way?" In 1857 Whipple left his parish in Rome, N. Y., and went to Chicago to organize a new church in a neglected poor region, though warned by a bishop that he would starve if he went. Here are some of his experiences there: "At first my parishioners were from the highways and hedges, and the support came from the freewill offerings of the people. I visited every shop, saloon, and factory within a mile of the hall, leaving a card giving the place and hour of worship, and stating that I would be at the service of any one needing help, day or night. I called on William McAlpine, the chief engineer of the Galena Railway, to ask his advice as to the best way to reach the operatives, for there were hundreds of railway men in Chicago. Mr. McAlpine asked, 'How much do you know about a steam engine?' 'Nothing,' I replied. 'Then,' he said, 'read Lardner's Railway Economy until you are able to ask an engineer a question about a locomotive and he not think you a fool.' I followed this advice, and in due season went to the roundhouse of the Galena Railway, where I found a number of engineers standing by a locomotive which the firemen were cleaning. Observing that it was a Taunton engine with inside connections, I asked at a venture, 'Which do you like the better, inside or outside connections?' This was followed by questions about steam heaters and variable exhausts, and in less than half an hour I was taught far more than I had learned from my book. In leaving, I said: 'Boys, where do you go to church? I have a free church in Metropolitan Hall where I shall be glad to see you, and if at any time you have an accident or need me, I will gladly go to you.' The following Sunday every man was in church. This was before the day of airbrakes, and accidents were frequent. Whenever I heard of one I immediately went to the sufferer, and very soon I found that superintendents and station masters were expressing their approval of 'that sort of religion,' and many of the officials became members of my congregation. There are no men who deserve and need the sympathy of Christian men more than railway operatives. They are intelligent and brave, and face death for us every day. I learned to esteem and love them as I looked into their earnest faces turned up to me for God's message of love. Much of my work and visiting was among the poor and outcasts. Volumes would not hold the experiences of those days. So often the shadows were shifted to show that in the most brutalized lives there were traces of God's image left. I was one day called to a house of sin to see a dying girl, whom I found in the depths of sorrow. Her story was the old story of man's inhumanity to woman, and of parents' pitilessness to an erring child. Dr. Kelly, the girl's physician, who accompanied me on my visits, suddenly advised me to discontinue them, saying that 'the brute who owned the house had declared that he would kill me if I appeared again.' On my next visit the menacing figure of the man confronted me. Taking him by surprise, I put my hand on his shoulder and said: 'I heard your threat, but I know you will not injure me, because you have had a mother. I must help this poor girl, for whatever she is to others, to me she is a wandering lamb of the Saviour.' The threatening attitude was changed, there were

no more threats, and I believe that the child found mercy at the hand of him who pardoned the Magdalene of nineteen hundred years ago. This experience was not as trying as that of the Rev. Benjamin Evans, for many years one of my clergy. He was summoned to a dying girl at Corlears Hook in New York. The house of shame was kept by an incarnate devil. After several visits he was met at the door by a servant, who said: 'The mistress has been away; she has just heard that you have been here; she says if you ever pray again in her house she will kill you.' Mr. Evans went to the room of the sick girl, and a moment after the woman appeared with a drawn bowie-knife, screaming, 'Get out! Don't pray here. If you do I will kill you!' With his usual courtesy Mr. Evans replied, quietly: 'Madam, I came here to commend this dying girl to Jesus Christ. I can pray with my eyes open. I shall now pray, and if you stir one step while I am praying, I will break your head with this stick.' What a scene! The virago stood with uplifted bowie-knife, while the clergyman with his oak stick raised, and tears rolling down his cheeks, pleaded for mercy for the dying girl." Bishop Whipple, when in Italy one winter, had long conversations with Charlotte Cushman, the actress, about Christ and Christian duty. Years later, when she was giving readings in Cleveland, he called upon her. She met him with outstretched hands with the words: "Bishop, that is all settled. You know I have undergone severe suffering since I saw you, and what could I have done without Jesus? How can I thank you enough for the help and comfort you have given me?" The heroic qualities which Whipple showed in his hard Chicago field caused him to be elected in 1859 as bishop of Minnesota, which was then missionary territory, the neediest souls in which were the Indian tribes of the Northwest. Bishop Burgess' sermon at Whipple's consecration as bishop referred to him as "one who from this day gives up the blessed ties which unite a pastor to his people; who will henceforth endure hardships, bear heavy burdens, and often find no help but in Jesus Christ; who will have to build up waste places, heal heart-burnings, and make peace between enemies, and be a wanderer until called home by the Great Shepherd." Within ten days after he began work in his diocese Bishop Whipple was ministering to the wretched Indians on Gull Lake, whose condition was indescribably pitiable. In one wigwam he found half-naked children crying from cold and hunger, while the gaunt mother was scraping the inner bark of a pine tree for pitch to give her starving little ones. In the midst of such scenes this bishop "was overwhelmed by the thought of the joy which would fill the heart of the world's Redeemer when he should look down upon these poor people of the trembling eye and the wandering foot and see them kneeling at his feet." He spent several days visiting among the wigwams. One Indian mother asked him to bury her child, and this true shepherd of lost sheep writes tenderly, "The burial service never sounded sweeter to me than when the body of this little lamb was committed dust to dust." Bishop Whipple adds: "The next day this mother brought me a lock of hair and said: 'Kicht-me-ka-de-wi-con-aye [Great Black-Robed Priest], I have heard that when a white mother loses her

baby, she has its hair made into a cross to remind her of the baby who has gone and of Jesus who has taken it. Will you have my baby's hair made into a cross?" I had the cross made. I learned that an Indian mother's heart is like that of a white mother." When some good man advised him not to waste himself on the Indians, on the ground that they were a degraded and perishing race, Bishop John Williams, of Connecticut, said: "They are a perishing people, but the Son of God came to save a perishing world; and if the red race is perishing, the more reason for making haste to carry them the gospel." And a missionary in Africa encouraged the Minnesota bishop with money, saying, "Before I left Africa our Christian black men gave me seventy dollars to carry the gospel to heathen in America. I give it to you for your missions among the Indians." Bishop Whipple said: "I know the difficulty and danger, but when I bow at the foot of the Cross I believe it was reared and reddened for all men, and, God being my helper, it shall never be said of the first bishop of Minnesota that he turned his back upon the heathen at his door." To this vow he was faithful in sturdy and heroic fashion. Many chapters are full of his life among the Indians and their characteristics. "To the Indian school at Faribault Christian women had given Carlo Dolce's 'Ecce Homo.' There was a noted orator among the Sioux, named Red Owl, who, when he spoke in council, seemed to sway his listeners as leaves are moved by the wind. Afraid of losing his influence with his people, he never attended church; but one day he came to the schoolroom, and, seeing the picture of that sweet, sad face of the Saviour, he sat down before it and remained for some time silently gazing upon it. He then asked: 'Who is that? Why is he bound? Why is there blood on his face? Why are the thorns on his head?' The story was told him, and without a word he went away. A few days after he came again and sat down before the picture and went away without speaking. He did this again and again. On my next visit, a few months later, I was on my way to an Indian village when I saw on the prairie a wooden cross over a newly made grave. I asked what it meant, and was told it was the grave of Red Owl, who, before he died, called his friends around him and said: 'That story which the white man brought us is true! When I am dead I want you to put a cross over my grave like the one on the mission house, so that when the Indians see it, they may know what was in Red Owl's heart.'" On foot and in canoe, this pioneer bishop traveled the narrow trails of the wild Indian country carrying the gospel to the red men. Here are extracts from his early diaries: "We broke camp on Mountain Lake at 4 A. M., after repeating Creed and Lord's Prayer in Chippewa tongue. Breakfasted at High Lake. Leech Lake at 1 P. M. Started from there in two canoes. Killed a mallard duck. Had severe walk with packs on our backs across two-mile portage. Crossed another lake two miles, and a one-mile portage. Caught fish for supper in Cass Lake. After prayers and religious conversation slept, thankful to God for his care. Rose at 5, cooked breakfast in rain. Started at 7; halted for dinner—bacon and hard bread. Crossed Great Lake, then two-mile portage and camped for night. Nothing could be

wilder than scene at camp fire—wild men and civilized men mingling, some cooking supper, some mending clothing or drying moccasins, the blazing fire and tall pines. Stillness of night broken by hoot of owls, cry of loons, bark of wild beasts. Rose at 4, prayers and breakfast, started half-past five. Saw wolf without any hair. Reached a shallow lake; waist-deep in water we dragged our canoes through the rushes till we reached a portage. On foot to Red Lake, fifteen miles. Walking very hard. Wrenched ankle badly and severely bruised my feet on roots and snags. Supper of cornbread and molasses. On Sunday preached to Indians, all in blankets, paint, and feathers. Nothing is more heart-moving than to look into the faces of these heathen, who know nothing of the love of Christ, and then feel the thrill that comes as a gleam is detected on some face, showing that the gospel has taken effect. I talked to the Indians about their besetting sins. One woman said: 'I was baptized by a priest a few years ago. He gave me a cross and some beads. Told me to look at cross and count beads, and then I be good Christian. I lost cross and beads, so no more Christian. I forgot all.' One morning the bishop writes: "I failed signally trying to make cornbread for breakfast." Indians suffer often from toothache. Bishop Whipple carried forceps in his travels, and having induced his Chicago dentist to teach him how to pull teeth, he relieved many sufferers. One Sunday after service a chief came forward holding his hand to his swollen cheek. The sick tooth was a large molar on the upper jaw, hard to extract. But Indians never show signs of pain, and the bishop "yanked it out" and stopped the profuse bleeding with salt. The grateful chief told his people that Kichimekadewieonaye (Bishop Whipple's Indian name) was a great medicine man. The bishop also gave medicines and did some surgery. One woman said: "Bishop sewed up my wounds, made me well. He one good Christian man." Once he was dangerously ill with an infected hand gotten in treating wounds. The poor red men have had no better friend than Henry B. Whipple, and surely no unfortunate race ever needed one more. Many times he went to Washington to expose the villainies and cruelties of Indian agents and traders, and to persuade or compel the Government to protect the Indians and do justice to them. For long and shameful years this nation deceived the red men, violated the sacred treaties it had framed, and made the name of white man hateful. Army officers know the atrocious and sickening story. A friend said to General Crook, "It is a hard fate to have to fight Indians—wars which can bring no honors." "Yes," replied the general, "but the hardest thing about it is to be obliged to fight men when you know they have right on their side." Of the atrocities committed by United States troops on the Cheyennes, General Sherman said in a report, "The scenes of that day would have disgraced the fiercest tribe in Africa. This Indian problem, like many other problems, can be solved by obeying one sentence in an old Book, 'Do unto others as ye would have them do to you.'" There was little honor or hope in our Indian affairs until President Grant, a soldier, appointed a Christian commission and sought the advice of Christian men in the appointment of Indian agents. This truly Chris-

tian bishop regarded his red men as his children. He gave one Indian boy his own name, Henry Whipple, in baptism, and to a mixed Negro and Indian boy the name of his son, Charles Whipple. Some of them became his ordained missionaries among their own people. Here is part of a bright letter from one of them to Bishop Whipple: "All of your red children send you their love and say, 'Tell him that we remember and pray for him, and that our prayers are not lip prayers—they are from the heart.' We uneducated red men do not know the seat of the faculties of men. Some wise men say it is in the brain. We do not know. We do know that 'the Lord said unto Moses that Pharaoh's heart was hardened.' He did not say that Pharaoh's brain was hardened. Jesus said, 'Son, give me thy heart.' He did not say give me thy brains. Jesus said, 'Let not your heart be troubled.' He did not say let not your brain be troubled. As I said, the seat of the mind we do not know. We do remember the advice you gave us to pray out of our hearts. Had you told us to pray out of our brains, we should have tried to do it; but I think they would have been brainless prayers." Some white settlers named their village after Good Thunder, who was one of Bishop Whipple's Indian preachers. At a dinner which was given there in his honor he said to them with quiet dignity: "My friends, you have called your village Good Thunder. Perhaps when I am dead some one will ask why the white men gave this name. He will be told that it was named after a Christian Sioux who thought it would please the Great Spirit if he saved some of his white children from death. I thank you for naming your village after me. But, my friends, if this village has no praying day; if it worships in a saloon instead of a church; if its people swear, it will not be an honor to have it bear my name. I hope you will be people who love the Great Spirit and who love each other. Good-by. I am done." Lord Charles Hervey visited Bishop Whipple to learn about Indian missions. The bishop took him to see one of the Indian villages. The Indians, without the bishop's knowledge, had prepared a pantomime for their visitor's instruction. The bishop describes it: "We were sitting on the greensward in front of a log house, when the chief, Wahbonaquot, said to me: 'Your friend comes from across the great water; would he like to know the history of my people?' Lord Charles said he should be very glad to hear it, and the chief began: 'Before the white man came the forests and prairies were full of game, the lakes and rivers were full of fish, and the wild rice was everywhere—the gift of Manitou to his red children. I will show you some of my people as they were before the white man came.' He clapped his hands and the door of the log house opened and a man and woman appeared, fine specimens of the free-born native American, dressed in skins ornamented with colored porcupine quills and with brilliant feathers in their hair. 'These are my people before the white man came,' said the chief. 'Shall I show you what the white man did for us?' He told us that we had no houses, no fire horses, no fire canoes, no books, and that if we would give him our land he would make us like white men. He had a forked tongue. This is what he did for us.' He again clapped his hands;

and then appeared in the doorway a wretched-looking Indian in tattered blanket, without leggings, and by his side a miserable woman in a ragged gown. 'O, Manitou!' cried the chief, 'are these my people? How came it?' The man drew a black bottle from under his blanket and answered: 'Ish-ko-te-wabo [fire-water], the gift of the white man!' Turning to Lord Charles, the chief continued: 'I would not have told you this, but there is more to tell. Many moons ago a pale-faced man came to see us. We hated white men, and would not listen to his words. Each year when the sun was so high we saw this white man coming through the forest. One day I called my people in council. I said: Why does this pale face come to see us? He does not trade; he does not ask anything of us; perhaps the Great Spirit has sent him. Our ears must be open. We then listened to his story; we took it to our hearts. This is what it has done for us.' He clapped his hands and a manly young Indian clergyman in clerical clothes appeared, and by his side a gentle woman in a neat gray gown. 'My friend,' said the chief, 'there is only one religion that can lift a man from the mire and tell him to call the Great Spirit *Father*, and that is the religion of Jesus Christ.' A skeptical friend who was with me grasped my hand and exclaimed: 'Bishop, all the arguments which I have ever read in defense of Christianity are not equal to what I have seen to-day.' " We close this notice of a thoroughly interesting book with a sample of Bishop Whipple's style of ministry. This is his story: "At the time of the building of the Northern Pacific Railway, when on my way to Oak Lake, one of the moving towns made up of tents, which the border men call 'hell-on-wheels,' a man said to me, 'Bishop, I reckon you will find a place at last where you can't hold service.' On reaching the town I hired a new tent which had just been put up, and after a prayer to Almighty God I went out to find a congregation. Of the forty-eight tents, all but two were gambling or dance places. I entered them all, and wherever I met the sin-stained men and women, I asked them as courteously as I would ask a brother bishop if they would come to my afternoon service. At one place where I found a table crowded with gamblers, I said, 'Gentlemen, I shall be so grateful to you if you will come over to the tent this afternoon and help me out with a good congregation.' Every voice answered, as they took off their hats, 'We'll be there, Bishop.' And they were. When the time came the tent was crowded. My text was, 'This man receiveth sinners.' I drew a picture of the crowd which came to Jesus; the sneer of the righteous Pharisees, the answer of our Lord, the lost sheep, the Good Shepherd, and the story, so often repeated, of the prodigal who had wandered far and who, when all was gone, looked on his rags and remembered that he had a father. I tried to bring the lesson home to the wanderers, showing them that the sorrow which follows sin is not the result of an arbitrary law, as jails are made for criminals, but flows out of infinite holiness; that a violated law of God must bring sorrow; that it is not enough that the father loved the prodigal and forgave him; it was not until he came back to the father that he found peace. The tear-dimmed eyes were many, and

God only knows whose hearts were reached. But a young man said to me: 'Bishop, God sent you to Oak Lake to save me. I am from Virginia; my widowed mother is a communicant of the church. I came West hoping to find a good business opening, but I fell into bad company and have gone from bad to worse, until I was on the point of committing suicide. You have saved me. I am going home to my mother and, so help me God, I will begin a new life.' Simple incidents like these have taught me that 'He who goeth forth bearing precious seed, and weeping, shall come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.' Much of the doubt and unbelief of our day is a revolt from a caricature of God, or from hard lines of extreme Calvinistic theology, and it needs only the presentation of the infinite love of our Saviour, who has revealed to us that God is Love, to answer most of the doubts that perplex men." Henry B. Whipple was a truly apostolic bishop, as clearly in the "Apostolic Succession" as was John G. Paton of the New Hebrides Islands, or David Livingstone of Africa, or William Taylor, the world-evangelist.

Historical Setting of the Early Gospel. By THOMAS CUMING HALL, Professor of Christian Ethics in Union Theological Seminary, New York. 12mo, pp. 171. New York: Eaton & Maina. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, 75 cents, net.

Crises in the Early Church. By JOHN ALFRED FAULKNER, Professor of Historical Theology in Drew Theological Seminary. 12mo, pp. 166. New York: Eaton & Maina. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, 75 cents, net.

BISHOP LIGHTFOOT is reported to have said that a study of church history is the best cordial for depressed spirits. The preacher can get his bearings and practice the art of adjustment as regards his message only as he takes a wide survey of the many situations that confronted the church in her onward march down the centuries and through the countries of the world. He will then have "the sense of historical spiritual continuity" and understand why the church has always been on the defensive as well as on the aggressive, and that every advance has been made in the teeth of opposition. In spite of the wide diffusion of Christianity, it is only through much tribulation that the church even to-day can enter upon her possessions. We therefore welcome these two books which interpret the early Christian centuries from two different, but supplementary, points of view. Dr. Hall takes us back to the social, political, and economic conditions under which the gospel first made its appearance. Such a study has been possible only in these recent years, thanks to the researches of Hatch, Dill, Ramsay, Harnack, Diessmann, and other archaeologists. It is a great thing to be able to exercise the historical imagination and get back to the early Christian church so as to feel the first thrill of its earliest enthusiasm and enter into the heats and struggles out of which she triumphantly emerged. That was a period of social reconstruction, keen ethical interest, mystery worship, abnormal asceticism, and animated religious unrest. "It was a world," says Dr. Hall, "full of clamorous voices calling to men and women to believe this or that, to accept this or that. It was full of prophets and teachers and sophists, of men and women with sects and enthusiasms, with cosmic theories and

wondrous revelations. Ignorance jostled with very high intelligence, and the total lack of all historical background or of any critical system left all men to take or leave much in accordance with the whim of the moment or the loudness of the claimant for a hearing." The analogies between that age and our own are suggestively traced in the first chapter on "The World Then and Now." We are learning that the humble classes were not represented in the art and literature of those days. Christianity achieved its greatest successes among the artisan class, who were despised by the inflated aristocracy. The gospel was primarily interested in the ethical and spiritual life, but the seed of the evangel also produced valuable economic harvests, by reason of the fact that Christianity proclaimed a gospel of industry. It was a new brotherhood with a new economic life. It was democratic in its spirit, so that even slaves could rise to the highest positions in the church. It is well to be reminded that the church reached down into the divisions of nationality and locality and succeeded in making important adjustments of society in ways that helped to unify the world. Some of the bitter persecutions of the church were due to jealousy of the economic and social power of this new and growing organization. The chapter on "The Church in the House" throws valuable light on the inevitable and irresistible spread of the gospel of Jesus as Saviour. It met a vast variety of needs, so that persons of divers temperaments, different positions in life, and various conditions of intellectual, moral, and spiritual trouble found in Jesus both a Redeemer and an Illuminator. Verily, he was central in the discussions and activities of the early church. It is worth remembering that the heresies which divided the church were attempts to establish the position of Jesus Christ in the world. Dr. Workman states in his indispensable book on Christian Thought to the Reformation (Scribners) that "The supreme end of Christian theology must be the giving full intellectual expression to the truth as manifested to men once for all in the person and life of Jesus Christ." He also states that the study of theology cannot be divorced from the study of history without the truth being endangered. Professor Faulkner, who needs no introduction to the readers of the *METHODIST REVIEW*, relates in a colloquial style how the early church survived certain serious crises and became all the stronger because of her intense loyalty and devotion to Christ. While Dr. Hall discusses the difficulties from outside, Dr. Faulkner considers some of the divisive forces that were operating within the church. The heretical movements began as protests against church laxity and negligence. While they failed, one result of the controversies was to strengthen sound Christian thinking. We can only briefly touch on them and refer the reader to Professor Faulkner's interesting volume. Gnosticism attempted to change Christianity into a philosophy of history, but it failed largely owing to its fundamental error that matter is inherently evil; and yet it compelled the church to produce a series of apologetic writings, which still continue to appear. Montanism protested against the tendency to crush out the freedom of the Spirit, but it was wrecked by its weird fanaticisms. This movement, however, led the church to make more of historical Christianity. Monarchianism

arose in the interest of orthodoxy and emphasized the unity of God, but owing to confused thinking, its utterances were contradictory concerning the Incarnate Christ. Chiliasm emphasized the divine interpretation of history and recognized the spiritual possibilities of mankind, but its conception of progress through catastrophes was utterly false. Arianism was overwhelmingly defeated because the church saw that Christianity is a living fellowship with God and Christ. This victory was due to the spiritual intuition of Athanasius, who unflinchingly declared the full sufficiency of Christ as the sole and supreme Saviour, and whose faith in the deity of Christ saved Christianity for all time, so that it became the regnant and regenerating force in humanity. Problems as serious as these historical ones face the modern church. Theosophy, Christian Science, Spiritualism, Socialism, and the like are attempts to emphasize certain phases of life in its spiritual and social applications. They are such dangerous errors because of their half-truths and their misplaced emphasis. Their presence is a challenge to the modern minister to contend for the faith as did the fathers, and who were steadfast and victorious because they honestly faced the facts and were also loyal to the living Christ.

A History of the Literature of Ancient Israel from the Earliest Times to 135 B. C. By HENRY THATCHER FOWLER, Ph.D., Professor of Biblical Literature and History in Brown University. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1912. Price, cloth, \$2.25, net.

PROFESSOR HENRY THATCHER FOWLER, of Brown University, has recently published a volume entitled *A History of the Literature of Ancient Israel*, in which he traces in detail the development of Jewish literature from the earliest times to about B. C. 135. Many valuable introductions to the literature of the Hebrews contained in the Old Testament have been written—one of the best known being Professor Driver's "Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament"—but all these differ from the present work in that they "discuss the literary history of each book, but do not arrange the books and documents in historical order," preferring to follow the order of the books in the modern translations or in the Hebrew text. The popularity of Driver's Introduction and of similar works seems to show that the ordinary introduction meets the demands of the majority of Old Testament students. Nevertheless there is an ever growing number of intelligent men and women who are interested in the writings of the Hebrews, and who feel the need of a more systematic treatment of the history and development of this literature. It must be admitted, therefore, that Professor Fowler has recognized and seeks to supply a real need. Is the time ripe for such undertaking? For more than a century the literature of Israel has been subject to close study and scrutiny. Theories have been formulated about the origin of certain portions, only to be superseded by others; and in books like *The Problem of the Old Testament*, by Professor Orr, those out of sympathy with the modern method of study have taken great delight in pointing out the great diversity of opinions held by various scholars in the course of the investigation. If this were the whole truth the time for a work like Professor Fowler's would hardly

be ripe. However, the chaos has made way for order, and at the present time scholars are pretty well agreed on practically all the important questions relating to the literary history of Israel. The author is perfectly correct when he says: "It is now possible to arrange the writings of ancient Israel in their historical connections with more detail and certainty than in the case of most early literatures, and the time seems ripe for writing a history of the literature of this nation similar to those written for ancient Greece, Rome, India, Persia, Arabia, and more modern peoples." The discussion is arranged in twenty-six chapters. Chapter one is introductory and discusses the position of Israel in the ancient Semitic world. The remaining chapters trace the development of the literature from its small beginnings, before B. C. 1040, to the Maccabean age, B. C. 160-135. It had a humble beginning. "We can only say that a few poetic bits, preserved to us, probably assumed fixed form before the entrance into Canaan, and that several short poems and one of some ninety lines—Song of Deborah—have existed in substantially their original form since the early years of struggle for possession of Palestine." Connected prose writing, he believes, began in Israel not earlier than the time of David and Solomon. Like most modern scholars, he holds that four principal documents are embodied in the Pentateuch—J, written in Judah, before B. C. 800; E, written in Ephraim, about 800 to 750; D, written before 621, and P, about 480. The prophetic books he assigns to the commonly accepted dates. Some of the psalms are placed in the pre-exilic period; most of them, however, are assigned to the centuries after the exile, also, most of the Wisdom literature. Job is dated in the latter part of the fourth century; Daniel is given as one of the latest books written in the Maccabean age. It is an interesting story the author has to tell, and he tells it in an interesting way. He proposes no startling new theories, though there are many evidences of independent thought and research. His principal aim is to make more easily and generally accessible the conclusions reached and approved by modern criticism. Whatever the reader's opinion of these conclusions may be, he must admit that Professor Fowler has shown great skill and excellent judgment in the accomplishment of his task.